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THE

DECAMERON;

OR

TEN DAYS' ENTERTAINMENT

OF

BOCCACCIO.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

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WITH PORTRAIT AFTER RAFFAELLE, AND TEN DESIGNS BY T. STOTHARD.

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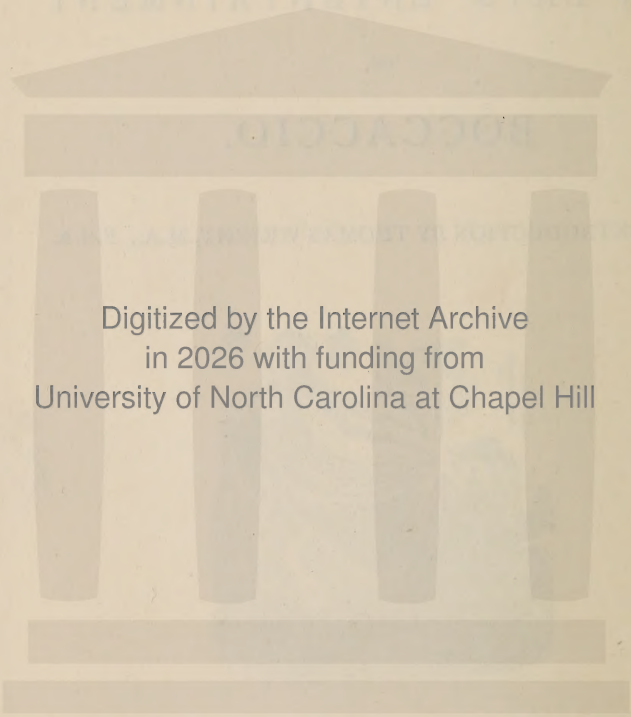

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BOCCACCIO - - 13

INTRODUCTION - - - - - - - - 29

THE FIRST DAY.

NOVEL I.—Chappelet imposes upon the priest by a sham confession, and dies; and, although a very wicked fellow, was afterwards reputed a saint; and called St. Chappelet - - - 41

NOVEL II.—Abraham, the Jew, at the instigation of Jeannot de Chivigni, goes to the court of Rome, and seeing the wickedness of the clergy there, returns to Paris, and becomes a Christian - 51

NOVEL III.—Melchizedeck, a Jew, by a story of the three rings, escapes a most dangerous snare, which Saladin had prepared for him 54

NOVEL IV.—A monk having committed an offence, for which he ought to have been severely punished, saves himself by wittily proving his abbot guilty of the very same fault - - - 56

NOVEL V.—The Marchioness of Monferrat, by an entertainment of hens, and some witty speeches, cures the King of France of his dishonourable love - - - - - - - - 59

NOVEL VI.—A plain honest man, by a jest accidentally let fall, very wittily reproves the hypocrisy of the clergy - - - 61

NOVEL VII.—Bergamino, by telling a tale of a certain witty person named Primasso, very handsomely reproves the avarice which had lately appeared in M. Cane della Scala - - - - 63

NOVEL VIII.—Gulielmo Borsiere, by a few smart words, checks the miserable covetousness of M. Ermino de' Grimaldi - - 66

NOVEL IX.—The King of Cyprus was so much affected by the words of a gentlewoman of Gascogne, that from being a vicious prince he became very virtuous - - - - - - 68

NOVEL X.—Master Albert of Bologna puts a lady to the blush, who thought to have done as much to him, because she perceived him to be amorously inclined towards her - - - - 69

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THE SECOND DAY.

PAGE

NOVEL I.—Martellino, feigning himself to be a cripple, pretends to be cured by being laid upon the body of Saint Arrigo; but his roguery being discovered, he gets soundly beaten, and is afterwards apprehended, and in danger of being hanged, but at last escapes - - - - - - - - - 75

NOVEL II.—Rinaldo d'Asti having been robbed, comes to Castel Gulielmo, where he is entertained by a widow lady, makes good his loss, and returns safe home - - - - - - 79

NOVEL III.—Three young gentlemen lavish away their fortunes, and a nephew of theirs returning home in as desperate a condition, falls in company with an Abbot, whom he afterwards found to be the King of England's daughter, who marries him, and makes good his uncles' losses, resettling them in their former prosperity - - 83

NOVEL IV.—Landolpho Ruffolo, falling into poverty, became a pirate, and was taken by the Genoese, and suffered shipwreck, but saved himself upon a cask of jewels, and was taken out of the sea by a woman at Corfu, and afterwards returned home very rich - - - - - - - - - 89

NOVEL V.—Andreuccio, of Perugia, coming to Naples to buy horses, met with three remarkable accidents in one night; from all which he escapes, and returns with a ruby of value - - - - 93

NOVEL VI.—Madam Beritola was found on an island with two goats, having lost her two sons, and went from thence to Lunigiana, where one of her sons became servant to the lord thereof; and being found with his daughter, was by him sent to prison; afterwards, when the country of Sicily rebelled against King Charles, that same son was known again by his mother, and was married to his master's daughter; and his brother being found likewise, they both returned to great estate and credit - - - - 103

NOVEL VII.—The Sultan of Babylon sends one of his daughters to be married to the King of Algarve, who, by divers accidents in the space of four years fell into the hands of nine different men in different places. At length, being restored to her father, she went to the King of Algarve as a maid, and, as at first she was intended, to be his wife - - - - - - - - 113

NOVEL VIII.—The Count d'Angiers, being falsely accused, was banished from France, and left his two children in different parts of England. Returning afterwards privately out of Ireland, he found them settled in great repute; from thence he goes as a common servant into the King of France's army, and his innocence being made public at last, he is restored to his former dignity - 129

NOVEL IX.—Bernard of Genoa is imposed upon by one Ambrose, loses his money, and orders his wife, who is quite innocent, to be put to death. She makes her escape, and goes in man's dress into the service of the Sultan; there she meets with the deceiver; and, sending for her husband to Alexandria, has him punished; she

PAGE

then resumes her former habit, and returns with her husband rich to Genoa - - - - - - - - - 140

Novel X.—Paganino da Monaca carries away the wife of Signior Ricciardo di Chinzica, who, understanding where she was, went thither, and growing acquainted with Paganino, he demanded her back, which the other consents to, provided she is willing: she refuses to return; and upon Ricciardo's death became the wife of Paganino - - - - - - - - - 149

THE THIRD DAY.

Novel I.—Masetto da Lamporecchio, pretending to be dumb, is taken in to be gardener to a monastery of nuns; what happens in consequence - - - - - - - - 159

Novel II.—An equerry belonging to King Agilulf lies with his queen, of which the king making a secret discovery, set a mark upon him by shearing the hair off his head: upon which he who was so shorn, cut that of his fellow-servants in like manner, and so escaped further punishment - - - - - - - - 163

Novel III.—A lady, under pretence of confessing, and a pure conscience, being in love with a young gentleman, makes a sanctified friar bring them together, without his knowing anything of her intention - - - - - - - - - 166

Novel IV.—A young scholar, named Felix, teaches one Puccio how he may be saved, by performing a penance which he shews him: this he puts into execution; and, in the meantime, Felix amuses himself with his wife - - - - - - - 173

Novel V.—Ricciardo, surnamed the Beau, makes a present of a fine horse to Francisco Vergellesi, upon condition that he should have the liberty of speaking to his wife: and she making him no reply, he answers for her, which accordingly has its effect - - 176

Novel VI.—Ricciardo Minutolo is in love with the wife of Philippello Fighinolfi; and knowing her to be jealous of her husband, makes her believe that he was to meet his wife that night at a bagnio. Accordingly she goes thither; and, imagining she had been with her husband all the time, finds herself at last with Ricciardo - - - - - - - - - 179

Novel VII.—Tedaldo, having a misunderstanding with his mistress, leaves Florence: he returns thither afterwards in the habit of a pilgrim, and makes himself known to her; when he convinces her of her mistake, and saves her husband from being put to death for his murder, for which he had been condemned. He then reconciles him to his brethren, and lives upon good terms with her for the future - - - - - - - - 185

Novel VIII.—Ferondo, by taking a certain drug, is buried for dead, and by the abbot, who has an intrigue with his wife, is taken out of the grave and put into a dungeon, when he is made to believe that he is in purgatory; being raised up again, he rears a child as his own, which the abbot had got by his wife - - - 194

PAGE

Novel IX.—Giletta de Narbonne cures the King of France of a complaint, and demands the Count de Roussilon in marriage, as her reward; he marries her against his will, and goes in a pet to Florence, where he fell in love with a young lady, and lay with his own wife, when he thought himself in bed with his mistress. She had two sons by him, and, by that means, matters were accommodated at last between them - - - - 201

Novel X.—Alibech, a young girl desirous of becoming a Christian, travels to a desert to consult some holy men as to the best means of serving and pleasing God. Rusticus, a devout hermit, informs her that the Devil had escaped from hell, that nothing could be more acceptable to God than his being sent back again, and teaches her how to accomplish it; which she does with his pious assistance, to her great satisfaction - - - - - - 207

THE FOURTH DAY.

Novel I.—Tancred, Prince of Salerno, puts his daughter's lover to death, and sends his heart to her in a golden cup; she pours water upon it, which she had poisoned, and so dies - - - 215

Novel II.—Friar Albert makes a woman believe that an angel is in love with her, and in that shape deceives her. Afterwards, for fear of her relations, he throws himself out of the window, and takes shelter in a poor man's house; who exposes him the next day in the public market-place in the form of a wild man; when he is discovered by two friars, and put into prison - - - 221

Novel III.—Three young men fall in love with three sisters, and fly with them into Crete. The eldest destroys her lover out of jealousy; and the second, by consenting to the Duke of Crete's request, is the means of saving her sister's life: afterwards her lover kills her, and goes away with the eldest sister. The third couple is charged with her death, which they confess, and afterwards fee their keepers, and, making their escape, die at Rhodes at last in great necessity - - - - - - 227

Novel IV.—Gerbino, contrary to a treaty made by King William, his grandfather, fought with a ship belonging to the King of Tunis, with a design to take away his daughter; who being slain by the ship's crew, he slew them likewise, and was afterwards beheaded for it - - - - - - - - 231

Novel V.—Isabella's brothers put her lover to death; he appears to her in a dream, and shows her where he is buried. She privately brings away his head; and, putting it into a pot of basil and other sweet herbs, laments over it a considerable time every day. At length they take it away from her, and she soon after dies for grief - - - - - - - - 235

Novel VI.—A young lady, named Andrevuola, was in love with Gabriotto; they relate to each other their dreams, when he falls down dead in her arms; as she and her maid are carrying him out, they are apprehended by the officers of justice, and she relates how the affair happened Afterwards the magistrate would force

PAGE

her, but she resists; at length her father hears of it, and as her innocence is clear, has her set at liberty. From that period she grows weary of the world, and becomes a nun - - - - 238

NOVEL VII.—Pasquino is in love with Simona; and, being in a garden together, he happens to rub his teeth with a leaf of sage, and immediately dies. She is brought before the judge, when, being desirous of shewing him the cause of Pasquino's death, she rubs her teeth with the same herb, and meets with a similar fate 243

NOVEL VIII.—Girolamo is in love with Salvestra, and is obliged by his mother to go to Paris. On his return he finds her married; and getting privately into her house, he breathes his last by her side. Being carried from thence to a church to be buried, she dies likewise upon his corpse - - - - - - 246

NOVEL IX.—Gulielmo Rossiglione gives his wife to eat the heart of Gulielmo Guardastagno, her gallant, whom he had slain; as soon as she knew this, she threw herself out of a window, and, dying, was buried along with him - - - - - 250

NOVEL X.—A doctor's wife puts her gallant into a chest, imagining him to be dead; which chest is stolen by two usurers, and carried home. He comes to himself, and is taken for a thief; whilst the lady's maid informs the magistrates that she had put him into a chest, which the usurers had carried away; upon which he escapes, and they are fined a sum of money - - - - 252

THE FIFTH DAY.

NOVEL I.—Cymon becomes wise by being in love, and by force of arms wins Ephigenia his mistress upon the seas; and is imprisoned at Rhodes. Being delivered from thence by Lysimachus, with him he recovers Ephigenia, and flies with her to Crete, where he is married to her, and is afterwards recalled home - - 262

NOVEL II.—Constantia is in love with Martuccio Gomito; and hearing that he was dead, out of despair, goes alone into a boat, which is driven by the wind to Susa: finding him alive at Tunis, she makes herself known; whilst he, being a great favourite there of the king's, marries her, and returns home with her to Lipari, very rich - - - - - - - - - 271

NOVEL III.—Pietro Boccamazza running away with his mistress, is set upon by thieves, whilst the lady makes her escape into a forest, from whence she is conducted to a castle. He is taken, but escapes by some accident, and arrives at the same castle, where they are married, and return from thence to Rome - - - 275

NOVEL IV.—Ricciardo Manardi is found by Lizio along with his daughter, whom he marries, and they become reconciled together 280

NOVEL V.—Guidotto da Cremona dying, left a daughter to the care of Giacomino da Pavia. Giannole di Severino and Minghino di Mingole are both in love with her, and fight on her account, when she is known to be Giannole's sister, and is married to Minghino 283

PAGE

NOVEL VI.—Gianni di Procida is discovered with a young lady, formerly his mistress, but then given to King Frederick, for which he is condemned to be burnt with her at a stake. When, being known by Ruggieri dell' Oria, he escapes, and marries her - 287

NOVEL VII.—Theodoro is in love with Violante, his master's daughter; she proves with child, for which he is condemned to be hanged; when being led out to execution, he is known by his father, set at liberty, and afterwards marries her - - 291

NOVEL VIII.—Anastasio being in love with a young lady, spent a good part of his fortune without being able to gain her affections. At the request of his relations he retires to Chiassi, where he sees a lady pursued and slain by a gentleman, and then given to the dogs to be devoured. He invites his friends, along with his mistress, to come and dine with him, when they see the same thing, and she, fearing the like punishment, takes him for her husband 296

NOVEL IX.—Federigo being in love, without meeting with any return, spends all his substance, having nothing left but one poor hawk, which he gives to his lady for her dinner when she comes to his house; she, knowing this, changes her resolution, and marries him, by which means he becomes very rich - - - 300

NOVEL X.—Pietro di Vinciolo goes to sup at a friend's house; his wife in the meantime has her gallant: Pietro returns, when she hides him under a chicken coop. Pietro relates, that a young fellow was found in Hercolano's house where he supped, who had been concealed by his wife. Pietro's wife blames very much the wife of Hercolano; whilst an ass happening to tread on the young man's fingers, who lay hidden, he cries out. Pietro runs to see what is the matter, and finds out the trick. At length they make it up - - - - - - - - 304

THE SIXTH DAY.

NOVEL I.—A certain knight offers a lady to carry her behind him, and to tell her a pleasant story by the way; but doing it with an ill grace, she chose rather to walk on foot - - - 310

NOVEL II.—Cisti the baker, by a smart reply, makes Signer Geri Spina sensible of an unreasonable request - - - 311

NOVEL III.—Madam Nonna de' Pulci silences the Bishop of Florence, by a smart reply to an unseemly piece of raillery - - 314

NOVEL IV.—Chichibio, cook to Currado Gianfiliazzi, by a sudden reply, which he made to his master, turns his wrath into laughter, and so escapes the punishment with which he had threatened him 315

NOVEL V.—Forese da Rabatta and Giotto the painter, coming from Mugello, laugh at the meanness of each other's appearance - 317

NOVEL VI.—Michael Scalza proves to certain young gentlemen, that the family of the Baronci is the most honourable of any in the world, and wins a supper by it - - - - - 319

PAGE

NOVEL VII.—Madam Philippa being surprised with her gallant by her husband, is accused and tried for it; but saves herself by her quick reply, and has the laws moderated for the future - - 321

NOVEL VIII.—Fresco advises his niece that if she could not endure to look at any disagreeable people, she should never behold herself 322

NOVEL IX.—Guido Cavalcanti genteelly reprimands the folly of some Florentine gentlemen, who came unawares upon him - 323

NOVEL X.—Friar Onion promises some country people to shew them a feather from the wing of the angel Gabriel; instead of which he finds only some coals, which he tells them are the same that roasted St. Laurence - - - - - - - 325

THE SEVENTH DAY.

NOVEL I.—Gianni Lotteringhi hears a knocking at his door, and wakes his wife, who makes him believe it is a spirit, and they both go to conjure it away with a certain prayer, after which the noise ceases - - - - - - - - - 337

NOVEL II.—Peronella puts her gallant into a tub on her husband's coming home; which tub the husband had sold; she consequently tells him that she had also sold it to a person who was then in it to see if it were sound. Upon this the man jumps out, makes the husband clean it for him, and carries it home - - - 340

NOVEL III.—Friar Rinaldo has an affair with a lady in the neighbourhood, when he makes the husband believe that he is upon a charm to cure their child of the worms - - - - 342

NOVEL IV.—Tofano shuts his wife one night out of doors; who, not being able to persuade him to let her come in, pretends to throw herself into a well, by throwing a stone in: he runs thither to see, during which she enters, and locking him out, abuses him well - - - - - - - - - 345

NOVEL V.—A jealous man confesses his wife under a priest's habit, who tells him that she is visited every night by a friar: and, whilst he is watching the door, she lets her lover in at the house-top - - - - - - - - - - 348

NOVEL VI.—Isabella, being in company with her gallant, called Leonetto, and being visited at the same time by one Lambertuccio, her husband returns, when she sends Lambertuccio away with a drawn sword in his hand, whilst the husband guards Leonetto safe to his own house - - - - - - - 353

NOVEL VII.—Lodovico being in love with Beatrice, she sends her husband into the garden, disguised like herself, so that her lover may be with her in the meantime; and he afterwards goes into the garden, and beats him - - - - - 356

NOVEL VIII.—A woman who had a very jealous husband, tied a thread to her great toe, by which she informed her lover whether he should come or not. The husband found it out, and whilst he

PAGE

was pursuing the lover, she puts her maid in her place. He takes her to be his wife, beats her, cuts off her hair, and then fetches his wife's relations, who find nothing of what he had told them, and so load him with reproaches - - - - - 360

Novel IX.—Lydia, the wife of Nicostratus, being in love with Pyrrhus, did three things which he had enjoined her, to convince him of her affection. She afterwards used some familiarities with him before her husband's face, making him believe that what he had seen was not real - - - - - - 365

Novel X.—Two inhabitants of Siena love the same woman, one of whom was godfather to her son. This man dies, and returns, according to his promise, to his friend, and gives him an account of what is done in the other world - - - - 372

THE EIGHTH DAY.

Novel I.—Gulfardo borrows a sum of money of Guasparruolo, in order to give it his wife for granting him a favour: he afterwards tells Guasparruolo, whilst she was present, that he had paid it to her, which she acknowledges to be true - - - - 376

Novel II.—The parson of Varlungo receives favours from a woman of his parish, and leaves his cloak in pawn for them. He afterwards borrows a mortar of her, which he returns, and demands his cloak, which he says he left only as a token. She mutinies, but is forced by her husband to send it - - - - 378

Novel III.—Calandrino, Bruno, and Buffalmacco go to Mugnone to look for the Heliotrope; and Calandrino returns laden with stones, supposing that he had found it. Upon this his wife scolds him, and he beats her for it; and then tells his companions what they knew better than himself - - - - - - 382

Novel IV.—The provost of the church of Fiesole is in love with a lady who has no liking to him; and he, thinking that he is with her, is all the time with her maid, when her brothers bring the bishop thither to witness it - - - - - 387

Novel V.—Three young sparks play a trick with a judge, whilst he is sitting upon the bench hearing causes - - - - 390

Novel VI.—Bruno and Buffalmacco steal a pig from Calandrino, and make a charm to find out the thief with pills made of ginger and some sack; giving him, at the same time, pills made of aloes: whence it appeared that he had it himself, and they make him pay handsomely, for fear they should tell his wife - - - 392

Novel VII.—A certain scholar is in love with a widow lady named Helena; who, being enamoured of another person, makes the former wait a whole night for her during the midst of winter in the snow. In return, he afterwards contrives that she shall stand naked on the top of a tower in the middle of July, exposed to the sun and the bite of insects - - - 397

PAGE

NOVEL VIII.—Two neighbours are very intimate together; when one making very free with the other's wife, the other finds it out, and returns the compliment, whilst the friend is locked up in a chest all the time - - - - - - - 412

NOVEL IX.—Master Simon, the doctor, is imposed upon by Bruno and Buffalmacco, and made to believe that he is to be one of the company of rovers, and afterwards they leave him in a ditch - 415

NOVEL X.—A certain Sicilian damsel cheats a merchant of all the money he had taken for his goods at Palermo. Afterwards he pretends to return with a greater stock of goods than before; when he contrives to borrow a large sum of money of her, leaving sham pledges for her security - - - - - 425

THE NINTH DAY.

NOVEL I.—Madam Francesca having two lovers, and liking neither of them, rids herself of both by making one go and lie down in a person's grave, and sending the other to fetch him out - - 435

NOVEL II.—An abbess, going in haste, and in the dark, to surprise one of her nuns, instead of her veil, puts on the priest's breeches. The lady accused makes a just remark upon this, and so escapes 439

NOVEL III.—Master Simon, the doctor, with Bruno, and the rest, make Calandrino believe that he is with child; who gives them fowls and money, to compose a medicine for him; and he recovers without being delivered - - - - - - 441

NOVEL IV.—Fortarrigo played away all that he had at Buonconvento, as also the money of Angiolieri, who was his master; then running away in his shirt, and pretending that the other had robbed him, he caused him to be seized by the country people, when he put on his clothes, and rode away upon his horse, leaving him there in his shirt - - - - - - - 444

NOVEL V.—Calandrino is in love with a certain damsel, when Bruno prepares a charm for her, by virtue of which she follows him, and they are found together by his wife - - - - 447

NOVEL VI.—Two young gentlemen lie at an inn, one of whom goes to bed to the landlord's daughter; whilst the wife, by mistake, lies with the other. Afterwards, he that had lain with the daughter gets to bed to the father, and tells him all that had passed, thinking it had been his friend: a great uproar is made about it; upon which the wife goes to bed to the daughter, and very cunningly sets all to rights again - - - - 451

NOVEL VII.—Talano di Molese dreamed that a wolf tore his wife's face and throat; and he bids her take care of herself: but she not regarding him, it happens as he dreamed - - - - 455

NOVEL VIII.—Biondello imposes upon one Ciacco with regard to a dinner: who revenges himself afterwards, and causes the other to be soundly beaten - - - - 456

PAGE

NOVEL IX.—Two young men go to King Solomon for his advice; the one to know how he is to behave to be beloved, the other how to manage an untoward wife. To the first he replies, Love; to the second, Go to Goosebridge - - - - - 459

NOVEL X.—Don John, at the request of his companion Peter, proceeds by enchantment to turn his wife into a mare; but when he is about to attach the tail, Peter, in crying out that he will not have the tail, breaks the enchantment - - - - 462

THE TENTH DAY.

NOVEL I.—A certain knight in the service of the King of Spain thinks himself not sufficiently rewarded, when the king gives a remarkable proof that it was not his fault so much as the knight's ill fortune; and afterwards nobly requites him - - - 467

NOVEL II.—Ghino di Tacco takes the Abbot of Cligni prisoner, and cures him of a pain in his stomach, and then sets him at liberty; when he returns to the court of Rome, and reconciling him with Pope Boniface, he is made prior of an hospital - - - 470

NOVEL III.—Mithridanes envied the generosity of Nathan, and went to kill him; when, conversing together, without knowing him, and being informed in what manner he might do it, he went to meet him in a wood as he had directed. There he calls him to mind, is ashamed, and becomes his friend - - - 473

NOVEL IV.—Signor Gentil de' Carisendi takes a lady out of the grave, whom he had loved, and who was buried for dead. She recovers, and is brought to bed of a son, which he presents along with the lady to her husband - - - - - 478

NOVEL V.—Dianora requires Ansaldo to present her with a garden in January as beautiful as in May. He engages a necromancer to do it. Her husband, upon this, gives her leave to keep her word with Ansaldo; who, hearing of the husband's generosity, quits her of her promise; and the necromancer likewise takes nothing for his trouble - - - - - - - - 482

NOVEL VI.—Old King Charles, surnamed the Victorious, being in love with a young lady, and ashamed afterwards of his folly, marries both her and her sister much to their advantage - - 486

NOVEL VII.—King Pietro, knowing that a lady was love-sick for him, makes her a visit, and marries her to a worthy gentleman; then kissing her forehead, calls himself ever afterwards her knight 490

NOVEL VIII.—Sophronia, believing herself to be the wife of Gisippus, is really married to Titus Quintus Fulvius, who carries her to Rome; where Gisippus arrives some time after in great distress, and, thinking himself despised by Titus, confesses himself guilty of a murder, in order to put an end to his life. Titus recollects him, and, to save him, accuses himself; which, when the murderer sees, he delivers himself up as the guilty person. On which account they are all set at liberty by Octavius, and Titus marries Gisippus to his sister, and gives him half his estate 495

PAGE

NOVEL IX.—Saladin, disguising himself like a merchant, is generously entertained by Signor Torello; who, going upon an expedition to the Holy Land, allowed his wife a certain time to marry again. In the meantime he is taken prisoner, and being employed to look after the hawks, is known to the Soldan, who shews him great respect. Afterwards Torello falls sick, and is conveyed, by magic art, in one night, to Pavia, at the very time that his wife was to have been married: when he makes himself known to her, and returns with her home - - - - - - - 508

NOVEL X.—The Marquis of Saluzzo having been prevailed upon by his subjects to marry, in order to please himself in the affair, made choice of a countryman's daughter, by whom he had two children, which he pretended to put to death. Afterwards, seeming as though he was weary of her, and had taken another, he had his own daughter brought home, as if he had espoused her, whilst his wife was sent away in a most distressed condition. At length, being convinced of her patience, he brought her home again, presented her children to her, who were now of considerable years, and ever afterwards loved and honoured her as his lady - - 522

PREFACE.

THE *Decameron* of Boccaccio is one of the earliest and most remarkable of those collections of popular stories which appeared after the celebrated collection of the *Gesta Romanorum*, which were clothed in Latin, the ruling language of the early middle ages. This collection has not in the same degree any special plan, but consists merely of a number of the stories which were then current, assumed to be the histories of the ruling families of that race which then ruled the world, and made by and for the clergy. The *Gesta Romanorum* are found more or less imperfect, and present generally the character of a series of the stories which were at the time popular, with moralities which made them useful to the clergy by the facility they afforded of applying them in sermons.

We have evidence that these stories were widely popular, and were received with favour, with the same design, in all parts of Christendom; and they were thus used in the language of the people among whom they happened to be told: in Italy they would have an Italian text, and in France a French one, for the use of those who understood best their maternal tongue. Of course the ecclesiastics still held to the Latin stories. Their use was soon felt in the popular literature of each particular country, but this was more especially the case with French and Italian, the two principal mediæval languages derived from the Latin, and Italian and French collections of stories of this class were soon made and published to the world.

The Latin *Gesta Romanorum* seem to have reached their

greatest importance about the fourteenth century. It is about that time that we find the two earliest collections of these stories made in the local dialects. The first of these was the celebrated *Decameron* of Giovanni Boccaccio, and represents the popular mediæval stories as told in the Italian language. This collection, in an English translation, forms the present volume.

The idea, or rather the plot, of these collections appears to be an imitation of those of the Orientals, as given in the "Arabian Nights." In the great plague in the city of Florence, in the year 1348, a party of ladies, tied together by the bonds of friendship, agree to avoid the danger by retiring together into the country, and to occupy their leisure in this retirement by telling, each in her turn, a story for their amusement. They pass ten days in this manner, and each day is occupied with ten stories, put into the mouths of the ladies, and some three male friends, who compose the party.

The French collection (the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*) is of nearly the same date as the Italian, as the stories which compose it are supposed to be narrated at the court of Burgundy, during the reign of Philippe le Bon, when that court served as the refuge of the Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XI., from 1456 to the death of that monarch in 1461. The various stories are here placed severally in the mouths of the courtiers of the Duke of Burgundy.

These are the two collections of popular stories, known in their earliest Latin form as the *Gesta Romanorum*, as they made their appearance in their Italian and French costume. They both became very important parts of the literatures of the time.

T. W.

LONDON, *Dec.* 2, 1872.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

BOCCACCIO.

LIKE many of the greatest geniuses of antiquity, little more is known of Boccaccio than his writings; and though many have pretended to give his memoirs, the more important part of what they have advanced has been founded on conjecture. Among the many writers of more modern times who have undertaken this task, no one seems to have been better qualified to do justice to the subject than Girolami Tiraboschi. In his History of Italian literature he has faithfully compared, and duly appreciated, whatever had been advanced by his predecessors; and we feel that we cannot more readily afford satisfaction to our readers, than by following the course which he has taken in giving a short sketch of the life and writings of the noble Florentine.

Our author was the son of Boccaccio de Chellino de Buonajuto. The Chelini, who have since taken the name of Boccaccio, were originally of Certaldo, a small castle situated in the Val d'Elsa, about twenty miles from Florence, on the road de Voltero. "This castle," says Boccaccio himself, "was the residence of my ancestors before Florence had received them among the number of her citizens." This observation will sufficiently explain to us the reason why he calls Certaldo his country in the inscription which he desired might be placed on his tomb: and this, together with the circumstance of his still retaining some property at Certaldo, might have been sufficient to induce him sometimes to take the name of Boccaccio de Certaldo, although it was not the place of his nativity.

It is far from being certain, that Boccaccio was born at Florence.

Le Manni asserts it is a fact; but, as Tiraboschi remarks, "it had been well if he had advanced some proofs;" especially as the earlier writers leave the matter open to considerable doubt.

Villani, the historian, says, that the father of Boccaccio having been led to Paris by his commercial affairs, became enamoured of a young lady of that city, whom he espoused, and who became the mother of Giovani. Dominic D'Arezzo, who generally follows Villani, differs from him in this place, and says that he was a natural son, and that it was not till long after his birth that his father married that lady. Le Manni even asserts, that Suarez, Bishop of Vaison, found in the archives of Avignon, a dispensation granted to Boccaccio, to enable him to enter into holy orders, notwithstanding his defect of legitimate birth. Tiraboschi concludes that all we can say on the subject is, that it is *very probable* that he was born at Paris; and he expresses a wish that some Florentine would, at a future day, endeavour to throw light on this obscure occurrence.

It has been pretended that the parents of Boccaccio were poor and of an obscure rank; and Bayle calls him "the son of a peasant." Le Manni observes, that these assertions are proved to be untrue by the important employments which were entrusted both to our author and his father; by the extensive commerce of the latter, and by the property which his family possessed. It must be admitted, however, that the fortune of Boccaccio himself, towards the end of his life, could not be very considerable; though we cannot admit Petrarch's legacy as any proof of this, as that must be considered rather as being given as a mark of esteem, than by way of relief to his necessities. In the edition of L'Ameto —Rome, 1478, Boccaccio is called "The Noble Florentine." If nothing conclusive can be gathered from this title, it is at least certain that in that flourishing republic nobility was not incompatible with commerce; and the Medici were at once the most illustrious family of Florence, and the first merchants in the universe.

There can be no doubt respecting the year of Boccaccio's birth. Petrarch, who was born in 1304, writes to him, "I was nine years old when you were born." Boccaccio then was born in 1313. It is certain that our author was brought up in Florence; whether he was born there, or whether he was brought thither by his father on his return from Paris. He acquired the first rudiments of his education under John, son of the famous poet Zenobi de Strada.

His father, who would rather have made him a great merchant than a celebrated poet, took him from school at the age of ten years, and placed him in the house of a Florentine merchant for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of commerce. The merchant for the furthering the improvement of his pupil, took him as his companion in several journeys which he made into different cities; and among other places they visited Paris. But here perceiving that he had a greater taste for literature and the study of the sciences than for the more active avocations of trade, he sent him back to Florence. His father, however, would by no means admit of his applying himself to letters, and the unfortunate Boccaccio was again obliged to travel and occupy himself in details for which he had not the slightest inclination. Having about the twenty-eighth year of his age made a journey to Naples, he happened to visit the tomb of Virgil; here he, as if inspired by some divine enthusiasm, resolved to bid a perpetual adieu to commerce, and to dedicate himself entirely to poetry. His father, who now lost all hopes, became compelled, as it were, to let him follow the bent of his taste for the sciences, on condition that he should apply himself to the study of the common law. It has been asserted that the professor under whom he placed himself, and to whose lectures he attended for near six years, was the celebrated Cino de Pistoia; and this has been attempted to be proved by a letter which le Doni asserts to have been written by Boccaccio to this famous lawyer. Mazzuchelli proves that this letter was fabricated by le Doni; and further that Cino, who taught the civil law and not the canon law, died in 1336, when Boccaccio was but twenty years of age, and employed in his mercantile pursuits. At all events, the attempt to make him a doctor of canon law was attended with little success; and his father dying in 1348, left him master of his own pursuits.

Boccaccio being now at his own disposal, devoted himself to poetry, without however neglecting the more useful sciences. He tells us that Andalion del Nero was his master in astronomy; and, without explaining himself, says, that in his youth he had studied the sciences which appertain to sacred philosophy. Benveuto d'Imolo, Francis Barberin, and Paul d'Abacco have also been assigned to him as tutors, but without any foundation, according to Mazzuchelli; who observes that so far from being master of Boccaccio, the latter was actually his pupil. From Leonzio Pilato

Boccaccio learned the Greek language; and he even made considerable efforts to inspire his countrymen with a taste for that which he calls the true language of science.

From the intercourse which he maintained with the most learned men of his age, from collecting in every quarter, and copying the best authors of antiquity, both Greek and Latin, Boccaccio became not only one of the most elegant writers, but one of the most learned men of that period; as is evident from his works on mythology, geography, and history; and the variety of his travels either in the character of an ambassador, or in his private capacity, were well calculated to add a high degree of polish to his manners. But we may be assured that nothing was of greater advantage to Boccaccio than the correspondence which was maintained between him and Petrarch. It is difficult to fix the epoch of the commencement of this correspondence. Though he relates the most minute particulars of his journey to Naples, he never once mentions the name of Petrarch. In a letter which the latter wrote to Boccaccio in 1363, he calls him his "old friend," and reminds him that "he had seen him in passing through Florence on his way to Rome, in that memorable year when all Christendom were assembled there;" speaking, no doubt, of the jubilee in 1350. This friendship was still more closely cemented in 1351, when Boccaccio was sent by the Florentines to acquaint Petrarch, then residing at Padua, that his family estate had been restored to him; and to beg that he would honour with his presence his native university. From that period they had a very frequent correspondence by letter, and appear to have had no secrets from each other.

Boccaccio was employed in other very honourable embassies. About the year 1346 he was sent into Romagnia, and to Ostasio the sovereign of Ravenna. The preface to the Decameron proves that in 1348 he was at Florence, or at least in the country in its vicinity, where he resided during the plague. We have said that in 1351 he was sent to Padua. At the end of the same year the Florentines sent him to Louis, Marquis of Brandenburg, to solicit him to come into Italy for the purpose of opposing the power of the Counts of Milan. This embassy had not the success which was expected; and on the report that the Emperor Charles IV. intended to pass into Italy, Boccaccio was sent by his countrymen to Avignon, for the purpose of concerting with Innocent VI. the

reception which should be given him. Up to this period the interviews of Boccaccio and Petrarch had been no more than visits *en passant*, but in 1359 our author made a journey to Milan for the express purpose of visiting his friend, and that he might enjoy his conversation with less restraint. On this occasion Boccaccio avows himself under considerable obligations to Petrarch; particularly for the good advice he had received from him, the object of which was to induce him to detach himself from the pleasures of this life, and to turn all his thoughts towards things of eternity.

It must be admitted that the previous life of Boccaccio was not the most regular or the most exemplary. His works, and particularly the Decameron, bespeak him a man too loose in his manners, and who did not always pay a due respect to sacred things. Petrarch, on the other hand, had, amidst many foibles, always retained a sense of religion and piety; and his friendship was therefore extremely useful to Boccaccio, who, from this period, began to make serious reflections; and who, in 1362, entirely changed his manner of life. Having been struck in a singular manner by a kind of prediction which had been made concerning him by father Petronius, a Carthusian friar of Sienna,* Boccaccio

* This circumstance is related by Mrs. Dobson in the following words:

Letter from Boccaccio to Petrarch.

"A Carthusian of Sienna, whom I know not, came to me at Florence, and asked to speak to me in private. 'I came hither,' says he, 'from the desire of the blessed father Petroni, a Carthusian of Sienna, who though he never saw you, by the illumination of Heaven knows you thoroughly; he charged me to represent to you your extreme danger, unless you reform your manners and your writings, which are the instruments the devil uses to draw men into his snares, to tempt them to sinful lusts, and to promote the depravity of their conduct. Ought you not to blush for such an abuse of the talents God has given you for his glory? What a reward might you have obtained had you made a good use of that wit and eloquence with which he has endowed you! On the contrary, what ought you not to fear for devoting yourself to love, and waging war with modesty, by giving lessons of libertinism both in your life and writings! The blessed Petroni, celebrated for his miracles and the sobriety of his life, speaks to you by my voice. He charged me in his last moments to beseech and exhort you, in the most sacred manner, to renounce poetry and those profane studies which have been your constant employment, and prevented you discharging your duty as a Christian. If you do not follow my directions, be assured you have but a short time to live, and that you shall suffer eternal punishments after your death. God has revealed this to father Petroni, who gave me a strict charge to inform you of it."

now resolved to renounce poetry and the Belles Lettres altogether, and to get rid of all his books. But here the good sense of his friend interposed itself. Petrarch told him that it was not at all necessary to cease from the study of profane writers, much less to dispose of all his books; and that it would be sufficient if he made a good use of them, according to the example of the most pious persons, and even of the fathers and doctors of the church. It is not improbable that it was at this time he took the clerical

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The Carthusian who spoke this to Boccace was called Joachim Ciani; he was the countryman and friend of father Petroni, who died in a religious rapture, May, 1361; and it was said, wrought several miracles before and after his death. Father Ciani was with him when he was on his death-bed, and heard him utter several predictions concerning different persons; among whom was Petrarch. Boccace, terrified at what father Ciani had said, asked him how his friend came to know him and Petrarch, as they had no knowledge of his friend; to which the good Carthusian replied: "Father Petroni had resolved to undertake something for the glory of God, but death preventing him, he prayed to God with fervour to point out some one who should execute his enterprise. His prayer was heard; Jesus Christ appeared to him, and he saw written on his face all that passes upon earth, the present, the past, and the future. After this he cast his eyes upon me for the performance of this good work, and charged me with this commission for you, with some others to Naples, France, and England; after which I shall go to Petrarch."

To convince Boccace of the truth of what he said, the holy father acquainted him with a secret which Boccace thought none knew but himself. This discovery, and the threat that he had not long to live, impressed him so strongly, that he was no longer the same man: seized with a panic terror, and believing death at his heels, he reformed his manners, renounced love and poetry, and determined to part with his library, which was almost entirely composed of profane authors. In this situation of his mind he wrote to his master Petrarch, to give him an account of what had happened to him, of the resolution he had made to reform his manners, and to offer him his library, giving him the preference to all others; and begging he would fix the price of the books, some of which might serve as a discharge of some debts he owed him. Petrarch's reply to this letter was as follows:—

"To see Jesus Christ with bodily eyes is indeed a wonderful thing! it only remains that we know if it is true. In all ages men have covered falsehoods with the veil of religion, that the appearance of divinity might conceal the human fraud. When I have myself beheld the messenger of father Petroni, I shall see what faith is to be given to his words; his age, his forehead, his eyes, his behaviour, his clothes, his motions, his manner of sitting, his voice, his discourse, and the whole united, will serve to enlighten my judgment.

"As to what respects yourself, that you are not long for this world, if we reflect coolly, this is a matter of joy rather than of sorrow. Were it an old man on the borders of the grave, one might justly say to him,

habit. It is certain, however, that he did take it; and his will, which may be seen in le Manni, furnishes an incontrovertible proof.

In 1363, Nicolas Acciaoli, grand seneschal of Naples, having invited him to that capital, Boccaccio suffered himself to be persuaded to accept the invitation, and repaired thither accordingly. But not having been received with the degree of respect to which he conceived himself entitled, he immediately left the court in

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Do not at your years give yourself up to poetry, leave the Muses and Parnassus; they only suit the days of youth.—Your imagination is extinguished, your memory fails, your feelings are lost; think rather of death, who is at your heels, and prepare yourself for that awful passage. But for a man in the middle age of life, who has cultivated letters and the Muses with success from his youth, and who makes them his amusement in riper years, to renounce them then is to deprive himself of a great consolation. If this had been required of Lactantius, of St. Augustine, or St. Jerome, would the former have discovered the absurdities of the heathen superstition? Would Augustine with so much art have built up the city of God; or St. Jerome combatted heretics with so much strength and success? I know, by experience, how much the knowledge of letters may contribute to produce just opinions; to render a man eloquent; to perfect his manners; and, which is much more important, to defend his religion. If men were not permitted to read poets and heathen writers, because they do not speak of Jesus Christ, whom they never knew, how much less ought they to read the works of heretics, who oppose his doctrine! yet this is done with the greatest care by all the defenders of the faith. It is with profane authors as with solid food, it nourishes the man who has a good stomach, and is pernicious only to those who cannot digest it; to the mind that is judicious they are wholesome, but poison to the weak and ignorant. Letters may even render the former more religious, of which we have many examples, and to them they will never be an obstacle to piety. There are many ways of arriving at truth and heaven; long, short, clear, obscure, high, and low, according to the different necessities of men: but ignorance is the only road the idle walk in; surely wisdom may produce as many saints as folly; and we should be careful that we never compare a lazy and blind devotion with an enlightened and industrious piety. If you resolve, however, to part with your books, I will never suffer them to fall into base hands; though separated in body we are united in mind; I cannot fix any price upon them, and I will make only one condition with you, that we pass the remainder of our lives together, and that you shall thus enjoy my books and your own. Why do you speak of debt to me? You owe me nothing but friendship; and herein we are equal, because you have always rendered love for love. Be not, however, deaf to the voice of a friend who calls you to him. I cannot enrich you; if I could, you would have been rich long ago; but I have all that is requisite for two friends, who are united in heart, and sheltered under the same roof."—Life of Petrarch, collected from *Memoires pour la vie de Petrarch.* Vol. ii. p. 298.

disgust. It is even said that his reception there gave him a disgust to the world, and that it was on that occasion he became a Carthusian; and Francis Sachetti has composed a sonnet on the subject. On his return from Naples, Boccaccio passed through Venice, and remained three months there with Petrarch. Two years after this he was sent by the Florentines as ambassador to Urban V., then at Avignon. This pope was dissatisfied with them, for some cause or other, and Boccaccio was so fortunate as to be able to appease him, by the explanation he gave of their conduct. On his return he was nominated one of the magistrates appointed for the superintendence of the military establishments. In 1368, he again visited Venice, under the hope of meeting Petrarch, but had the mortification to find that he had just left that city for Pavia. In 1373, the Florentines gave a still further proof of their esteem for him. Having resolved to found a public chair for the elucidation of the poetry of Dante, nobody appeared to them so well calculated for the office as Boccaccio, and he accordingly, in October, 1373, began his explication of that poet, whom even the Italians themselves scarcely understood, though it was then not quite fifty years since his death. Petrarch died the 18th of July, 1374, and his friend, who has been improperly called his disciple, survived him little more than a year. During the disturbances into which Florence was thrown by the contending interests of its factions, Boccaccio frequently retired to Certaldo, and in that retreat he died the 21st of December, 1375, and was interred with those honours which were due to his personal merits.

With us Boccaccio is only known as a novelist, but the Italians have always considered him as one of the greatest masters of their language. His contemporaries considered him a man of the greatest understanding; and his natural genius, together with his uncommonly extensive acquirements, rendered him at once capable of serving his country in the most delicate negociations, and of doing her honour by his writings.

Villani says, that in his person Boccaccio was "rather inclined to corpulence, but his stature was portly; his face was round, with a nose a little depressed above the nostrils; his lips rather full, but nevertheless handsome and well formed; his chin dimpled, and beautiful when he smiled; his aspect jocund and gay, and his conversation agreeable and polished."

It may perhaps seem strange to some that we have not already said something of his amours with the fair Fiammetta. We are not ignorant that it has been pretended that Boccaccio having visited Naples in his youth, became enamoured of a lady to whom he gave the name of Fiammetta, but whose true name was Maria; that she was natural daughter to king Robert; and that, though married to a nobleman of distinguished rank, she returned the passion of Boccaccio in a manner not quite consistent with the character of modesty. That Boccaccio had an attachment for a lady, to whom he gave the name of Fiammetta, is no doubt true; and that king Robert before he mounted the throne, had an intrigue with a lady, by whom he had a daughter, may be equally true; but it is far from being certain that this daughter was the person to whom Boccaccio gave the name of Fiammetta.

Boccaccio composed, in Latin, *An Abridgment of the Roman History*, from Romulus to the year of Rome 724, with a parallel of the seven kings of Rome, and of the emperors till Nero, inclusive: *The History of Illustrious Women; The Genealogy of the Gods: A Treatise of Mountains, Seas, Rivers, &c.—De casibus, Virorum Illustrium.* This work began with Adam, and ended with John, king of France, taken by the English in the year 1356. It was translated into Italian, Spanish, English, and French. We may add a letter to Fra Martino da Segni Agostiniano, his confessor, and in Latin verse sixteen eclogues.

As for the books which are ascribed to Boccaccio, *de Victoriis Sigismundi Imperatoris in Turchas; de Hæresibus Boemorum; de Capta Constantinopoli;* and *de Tartarorum Victoria in Turchas;* they seem chimerical, and some of them certainly are so.

In Italian he wrote, *Il Filocopo, La Fiammetta, L'Ameto, Il Laberinto d'Amore, Il Comento di Dante, La Vita di Dante, and* Il Decamerone. With respect to his poetical compositions they have been said to be far from placing him high on the rolls of Parnassus. Balthasar, perhaps too severely, styles him *versificator ineptissimus;* and Paolo Rolli, at the end of his edition of the Decameron, 1725, makes these remarks on this head. Boccaccio professed poetry, but *ne' volgari versi*, he was by no means blessed with a favourable vein. He did not understand the varieties of versification, and although his novels are replete with poetical images, and phrases full of grace and elegance, yet the *Canzoni*, at the conclusion of each day, are below mediocrity. Rolli then

observes that many excellent verses are, however, scattered throughout his delightful prose; and proceeds to lay before the reader a collection, amounting in number to six hundred and sixty-two.

But whatever our facetious and ingenious novelist may suffer from criticism, on the score of mediocrity in his verses, is amply recompensed by the tribute so readily and universally paid to his prose compositions, in his native tongue; and if, in the former, he falls short of many, in the latter he has undoubtedly the advantage of surpassing all. "The merit of Boccaccio," observes Mr. Roscoe, in his life of Lorenzo de Medici, v. i. p. 239, "has been frequently recognized and appreciated, but perhaps by no one with more accuracy than by Lorenzo himself. In attempting to shew the importance and dignity of the Italian tongue, he justly remarks, that the proofs of its excellence are to be sought for in the writings of Dante, Petrarcha, and Boccaccio; 'who,' says he, 'have fully shewn with what facility this language may be adapted to the expression of every sentiment.'" He then proceeds to speak of our author in these terms:—"The prose compositions of the learned and eloquent Boccaccio may be considered as unrivalled, not only on account of the invention which they display, but for the copiousness and elegance of the style. If, on perusing the Decameron, we attend to the diversity of the subjects, sometimes serious or tragical, at others, humorous or ridiculous, exhibiting all the perturbations incident to mankind, of affection and of aversion, of hope and of fear; if we consider the great variety of the narrative, and the invention of circumstances which display all the peculiarities of our nature, and all the effects of our passions, we may undoubtedly be allowed to determine, that no language is better adapted to the purposes of expression than our own."

The dramatic form which Boccaccio gave to his collection of tales or novels about the middle of the fourteenth century, must be allowed to have been a capital improvement of that species of composition. The Decameron, in that respect, not to mention many others, has the same advantage over the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, which are supposed to have preceded it in point of time, that a regular comedy will necessarily have over an equal number of single unconnected scenes. Perhaps, indeed, there would be no great harm, according to the opinion of Mr. Tyrwhitt, from whom we are now quoting, if the critics would permit us to consider the

Decameron, and other compositions of that kind, in the light of comedies not intended for the stage.

The action of the Decameron being supposed in 1348, the year of the great pestilence, it is probable that Boccaccio did not set about his work till after that period. How soon he completed it is uncertain. It should seem that a part (containing, perhaps, the first three days) was published separately; for in the introduction to the fourth day he takes pains to answer the censures which had been passed upon him by several persons who had read his novels. One of the censures is, "that it did not become *his age* to write for the amusement of women, &c." In his answer he seems to allow the fact, that he was rather an old fellow, but endeavours to justify himself by the examples of "Guido Cavalcanti et Dante Alighieri *gia vecchi* et Messer Cino da Pistoia *vecchissimo*." It appears from a passage in the *Laberinto d'Amore* [Ed. 1723, t. iii. p. 24] that Boccaccio considered himself as an elderly man when he was a little turned of forty; and therefore the publication of the first part of the Decameron may very well have been, as Salviati has fixed it, in 1353, when Boccaccio was just forty years of age. If we consider the nature of the work, and that the author, in his conclusion, calls it repeatedly "*lunga fatica*," and says that "*molto tempo*" had passed between the commencement and the completion of it, we can hardly suppose that it was finished in less than ten years, which will bring the publication of the entire collection of novels, as we now have it, down to 1358.

Boccaccio is taxed in his Latin works with plagiarism, and Vannozzi also accuses him of the same practice in the Decameron. That this is true in some degree will not be doubted, but in what measure cannot now be well ascertained.

Warton, in his History of English Poetry, says he once fancied that Boccaccio might have procured the stories of several of his late tales in the Decameron from some of his learned friends among the Grecian exiles; who, being driven from Constantinople, took refuge in Italy about the fourteenth century; as, for instance, that of *Cymon and Iphigenia*, where the names are entirely Grecian, and the scene laid in Rhodes, Cyprus, Crete, and other parts of Greece, belonging to the Imperial territory.

The *Historiæ* and *Poetica opera* mentioned by Boccaccio, as brought from Constantinople by his preceptor Barlaam, were undoubtedly works of entertainment, and perhaps chiefly of the

romantic and fictitious species. It is natural to suppose that Boccaccio, both from his connexions and his curiosity, was no stranger to these treasures: and that many of these species, thus imported into Italy by the dispersion of the Constantinopolitan exiles, are only known at present through the medium of his writings. It is certain that many oriental fictions found their way into Europe by means of this communication.

Another source of Boccaccio's Tales. Philip's story of the goose, or of the young man who had never seen a woman, in the prologue to the fourth day of the Decameron, is taken from a spiritual romance, called the History of Barlaam and Josaphat. This fabulous narrative, in which Barlaam is a hermit, and Josaphat a king of India, is supposed to have been originally written in Greek by Johannes Damascenus. The Greek is no uncommon manuscript.

He copied many of the best tales from the *Troubadours*, the circulation of whose poetry in other countries was greatly facilitated by the early universality of the French language; particularly from Rutebeuf and Hebers. Rutebeuf was living in the year 1310. He wrote tales and stories of entertainment in verse. It is certain that Boccaccio took from this old French Minstrel, nov. x. Giorn ix. and perhaps two or three others. Hebers lived about the year 1200. He wrote a French romance, in verse, called the *Seven Sages of Greece, or Dolopathos.* He translated it from the Latin of Dom Johans, a monk of the abbey of Haute-selve. It has great variety, and contains several agreeable stories, pleasant adventures, emblems, and proverbs. Our author has taken from it four tales.

It must not be forgotten that Sachetti published tales before Boccaccio. But the publication of the Decameron gave a stability to this mode of composition, which had existed in a rude state before the revival of letters in Italy. Boccaccio collected the common tales of his country, and procured, as we have observed, others of Grecian origin from his friends and preceptors, the Constantinopolitan exiles, which he decorated with new circumstances, and delivered in the purest style. Some few, perhaps, are of his own invention. He was soon imitated, yet often unsuccessfully, by many of his countrymen; Poggio, Bandello, the anonymous author of *Le ciento Novelle Antike*, Cinthio, Firenzuola, Malespini, and others.—Even Machiavel, who united the liveliest wit with the profoundest reflection, and who composed two comedies while

he was compiling a political history of his country, condescended to adorn this fashionable species of writing with his *Novella di Belfegor*, or the Tale of Belphegor.

Before the year 1570, William Paynter, clerk of the office of arms within the Tower of London, and who seems to have been master of the school of Sevenoaks in Kent, printed a very considerable part of Boccaccio's novels. His first collection is entitled, "*The Palace of Pleasure*, the first volume, containing sixty novels out of Boccaccio. London. 1566." It is dedicated to Lord Warwick. A second volume soon appeared. "*The Palace of Pleasure*, the second volume, containing thirty-four novels. London. 1567." This is dedicated to Sir George Howard, and dated from his house near the Tower, as is the former volume. It would be superfluous to point out here the uses which Shakespeare made of these productions, after the investigation which his ancient allusions and his plots have so fully and minutely received from his commentators, whose ingenious researches have been connected and enriched by the able and learned Isaac Reed, in his complete edition of Shakespeare's Plays, in twenty-one volumes, 8vo., 1803.

Several tales of Boccaccio's Decameron were now translated into English rhymes. The celebrated story of the friendship of *Titus and Gesippus* was rendered by Edward Lewicke, a name not known in the catalogue of English poets, in 1562. It is not suspected, says Warton, that those affecting stories, the *Cymon and Iphigenia*, and the *Theodore and Honoria* of our novelist, so beautifully paraphrased by Dryden, appeared in English verse early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Chaucer's *Clerke* declares, in his prologue to the *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale*, or the story of *Patient Grisilde*, that he learned it of Petrarch, at Padua. But it was the invention of Boccaccio, and is the last in his Decameron. Petrarch, although most intimately connected with Boccaccio for nearly thirty years, never had seen the Decameron till just before his death.

It accidentally fell into his hands while he resided at Arque, between Venice and Padua, in the year 1374. The tale of Grisilde struck him the most of any; so much, that he got it by heart, to relate to his friends at Padua. Finding that it was the most popular of Boccaccio's tales, for the benefit of those who did not understand Italian, and to spread its circulation, he translated it into Latin.

with some alterations. Petrarch relates this in a letter to Boccaccio, and adds that, on shewing the translation to one of his Paduan friends, the latter, touched with the tenderness of the story, burst into such frequent and violent fits of tears, that he could not read to the end. In the same letter he says that a Veronese, having heard of the Paduan's exquisiteness of feeling upon this occasion, resolved to try the experiment. He read the whole aloud, from the beginning to the end, without the least change of voice or countenance; but, on returning the book to Petrarch, confessed that it was an affecting story: "I should have wept," added he, "like the Paduan, had I thought the story true. But the whole is a manifest fiction. There never was, nor ever will be, such a wife as Grisilde."

Chaucer, as our *Clerke's* declaration in the prologue seems to imply, received this tale from Petrarch, and not from Boccaccio; and we are inclined to think that he did not take it from Petrarch's Latin translation, but that he was one of those friends to whom Petrarch used to relate it at Padua.—This too appears sufficiently pointed out in the words of the Prologue.

> I wolle you telle a tale which that I
> Lernid at Padow of a worthie clerke:
> Frauncis Petrarke, the laureate poete,
> Hightin this clerke, whose rhetorike so sweete
> Enluminid Italie of poetrie.

Chaucer's tale is also much longer and more circumstantial than Boccaccio's. Petrarch's Latin translation from the latter was never printed. It is in the royal library at Paris, and in that of Magdalene College at Oxford.

The story soon became so popular in France, that the comedians of Paris represented a mystery in French verse, entitled *Le Mystere de Griseildis Marquis de Saluces*, in the year 1393. Lydgate, almost Chaucer's contemporary, in his manuscript poem, entitled, *The Temple of Glass*, among the celebrated lovers painted on the walls of the Temple, mentions Dido, Medea and Jason, Penelope, Alcestis, *Patient Grisilde*, Bel Isoulde and Sir Tristram, Pyramus and Thisbe, Theseus, Lucretia, Canace, Palamon and Emilia.

In the *osservazioni* prefixed to Martinelli's edition of Boccaccio, London, 1762, Signor Manni has, with some research and learning,

investigated the merits of each novel, its language and its origin, whether entirely fictitious, or founded in fact, borrowed or original, and what obligations are owing to it by others since its publication. These observations, however occupy thirty-five quarto pages, and as they proceed on the system of entering into every novel, which system must be wholly or not at all pursued, we reluctantly abandon them, preferring rather to say too little than to extend our account to such an inordinate length as to become heavy and wearisome. Here, then, we shall briefly (if we may be allowed at this hour to use such a term) remark, that Boccaccio's Tales have been translated, at different periods, into most languages, and his imitators and debtors are without end. His Decameron has been a store from which, confessedly, and frequently otherwise, innumerable authors, since his day, have drawn without scruple, and often with more wisdom than honesty. We have pointed out some instances of the wealth acquired by Chaucer from this source; and various advantages which Shakespeare and others have derived from the same spring, might, but for the reason already given, be added to swell the list; for we may justly say, with Milton, alluding to this work of our author:

> Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
> Repairing, in their golden urns, draw light.

Or we may affirm of him what Doctor Johnson has well observed of Homer, "That nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than *transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.*"

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE LADIES.

WHENEVER I reflect how disposed you are by nature to compassion, I cannot help being apprehensive, lest what I now offer to your acceptance should seem to have but a melancholy beginning. For it calls to mind the remembrance of that most fatal plague, so terrible yet in the memories of us all, an account of which is in the front of the book. But be not frightened too soon, as if you expected to meet with nothing else. This beginning, disagreeable as it is, is as a rugged and steep mountain placed before a delightful valley, which appears more beautiful and pleasant, as the way to it was more difficult: for as joy usually ends with sorrow, so again the end of sorrow is joy. To this short fatigue (I call it short, because contained in few words) immediately succeeds the mirth and pleasure I had before promised you; and which, but for that promise, you would scarcely expect to find. And in truth could I have brought you by any other way than this, I would gladly have done it: but as the occasion of the occurrences, of which I am going to treat, could not well be made out without such a relation, I am forced to use this Introduction.

In the year then of our Lord 1348, there happened at Florence, the finest city in all Italy, a most terrible plague; which, whether owing to the influence of the planets, or that it was sent from God as a just punishment for our sins, had broken out some years before in the Levant; and after passing from place to place, and making incredible havoc all the way, had now reached the west; where, spite of all the means that art and human foresight could suggest, as keeping the city clear from filth, and excluding all suspected persons; notwithstanding frequent consultations what else was to be done; nor omitting prayers to God in frequent proces-

sions: in the spring of the foregoing year, it began to shew itself in a sad and wonderful manner; and, different from what it had been in the east, where bleeding from the nose is the fatal prognostic, here there appeared certain tumours in the groin, or under the arm-pits, some as big as a small apple, others as an egg; and afterwards purple spots in most parts of the body: in some cases large and but few in number, in others less and more numerous, both sorts the usual messengers of death. To the cure of this malady, neither medical knowledge nor the power of drugs was of any effect; whether because the disease was in its own nature mortal, or that the physicians (the number of whom, taking quacks and women pretenders into the account, was grown very great) could form no just idea of the cause, nor consequently ground a true method of cure; whichever was the reason, few or none escaped; but they generally died the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms, without a fever or other bad circumstance attending. And the disease, by being communicated from the sick to the well, seemed daily to get a-head, and to rage the more, as fire will do by laying on fresh combustibles. Nor was it given by conversing with only, or coming near the sick, but even by touching their clothes, or anything that they had before touched. It is wonderful what I am going to mention; which, had I not seen it with my own eyes, and were there not many witnesses to attest it besides myself, I should never venture to relate, however credibly I might have been informed about it: such, I say, was the quality of the pestilential matter, as to pass not only from man to man, but, what is more strange and has been often known, that anything belonging to the infected, if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect, and even kill that creature in a short space of time: and one instance of this kind I took particular notice of, namely, that the rags of a poor man just dead, being thrown into the street, and two hogs coming by at the same time and rooting amongst them, and shaking them about in their mouths, in less than an hour turned round and died on the spot. These accidents, and others of the like sort, occasioned various fears and devices amongst those people that survived, all tending to the same uncharitable and cruel end; which was to avoid the sick, and everything that had been near them; expecting by that means to save themselves. And some holding it best to live temperately, and to avoid excesses of all kinds, made parties, and shut

themselves up from the rest of the world; eating and drinking moderately of the best, and diverting themselves with music, and such other entertainments as they might have within doors; never listening to anything from without, to make them uneasy. Others maintained free living to be a beter preservative, and would baulk no passion or appetite they wished to gratify, drinking and revelling incessantly from tavern to tavern, or in private houses; which were frequently found deserted by the owners, and therefore common to everyone; yet avoiding, with all this irregularity, to come near the infected. And such at that time was the public distress, that the laws, human and divine, were not regarded: for the officers to put them in force, being either dead, sick, or in want of persons to assist them; everyone did just as he pleased. A third sort of people chose a method between these two; not confining themselves to rules of diet like the former, and yet avoiding the intemperance of the latter; but eating and drinking what their appetites required, they walked everywhere with odours and nosegays to smell to; as holding it best to corroborate the brain: for they supposed the whole atmosphere to be tainted with the stink of dead bodies, arising partly from the distemper itself, and partly from the fermenting of the medicines within them. Others of a more cruel disposition, as perhaps the more safe to themselves, declared that the only remedy was to avoid it: persuaded, therefore, of this, and taking care for themselves only, men and women in great numbers left the city, their houses, relations, and effects, and fled into the country: as if the wrath of God had been restrained to visit those only within the walls of the city; or else concluding that none ought to stay in a place thus doomed to destruction. Divided as they were, neither did all die nor all escape; but falling sick indifferently, as well those of one as of another opinion; they who first set the example by forsaking others, now languished themselves without mercy. I pass over the little regard that citizens and relations shewed to each other; for their terror was such that a brother even fled from his brother, a wife from her husband, and, what is more uncommon, a parent from its own child. On which account numbers that fell sick could have no help but what the charity of friends, who were very few, or the avarice of servants supplied; and even these were scarce, and at extravagant wages, and so little used to the business, that they were fit only to reach what was called for, and observe when they

died; and this desire of getting money often cost them their lives. From this desertion of friends, and scarcity of servants, an unheard-of custom prevailed; no lady, however young or handsome, would disdain being attended by a man-servant, whether young or old it mattered not; and to expose herself naked to him, the necessity of the distemper requiring it, as though it was to a woman; which might make those who recovered less modest for the time to come. And many lost their lives who might have escaped had they been looked after at all. So that between the scarcity of servants and violence of the distemper, such numbers were continually dying, as made it terrible to hear as well as to behold. Whence from mere necessity, many customs were introduced, different from what had been before known in the city. It had been usual, as it now is, for the women who were friends and neighbours to the deceased, to meet together at his house, and to lament with his relations; at the same time the men would get together at the door, with a number of clergy, according to the person's circumstances; and the corpse was carried by people of his own rank, with the solemnity of tapers and singing, to that church where the person had desired to be buried; which custom was now laid aside, and, so far from having a crowd of women to lament over them, that great numbers passed out of the world without a single person: and few had the tears of their friends at their departure; but those friends would laugh, and make themselves merry; for even the women had learned to postpone every other concern to that of their own lives. Nor was a corpse attended by more than ten or a dozen, nor those citizens of credit, but fellows hired for the purpose; who would put themselves under the bier, and carry it with all possible haste to the nearest church; and the corpse was interred, without any great ceremony, where they could find room.

With regard to the lower sort, and many of a middling rank, the scene was still more affecting; for they staying at home either through poverty, or hopes of succour in distress, fell sick daily by thousands, and, having nobody to attend them, generally died: some breathed their last in the streets, and others shut up in their own houses, when the stench that came from them made the first discovery of their deaths to the neighbourhood. And, indeed, every place was filled with the dead. A method now was taken, as well out of regard to the living, as pity for the dead, for the

neighbours, assisted by what porters they could meet with, to clear all the houses, and lay the bodies at the doors; and every morning great numbers might be seen brought out in this manner; from whence they were carried away on biers, or tables, two or three at a time; and sometimes it has happened that a wife and her husband, two or three brothers, and a father and son, have been laid on together: it has been observed also, whilst two or three priests have walked before a corpse with their crucifix, that two or three sets of porters have fallen in with them; and where they knew but of one, they have buried six, eight, or more: nor was there any to follow and shed a few tears over them; for things were come to that pass, that men's lives were no more regarded than the lives of so many beasts. Hence it plainly appeared, that what the wisest in the ordinary course of things, and by a common train of calamities, could never be taught, namely, to bear them patiently; this, by the excess of those calamities, was now grown a familiar lesson to the most simple and unthinking. The consecrated ground no longer containing the numbers which were continually brought thither, especially as they were desirous of laying everyone in the parts allotted to their families; they were forced to dig trenches and to put them in by hundreds, piling them up in rows, as goods are stowed in a ship, and throwing in little earth till they were filled to the top. Not to rake any farther into the particulars of our misery, I shall observe that it fared no better with the adjacent country; for to omit the different castles about us, which presented the same view in miniature with the city, you might see the poor distressed labourers with their families, without either the plague or physicians, or help of servants, languishing on the highways, in the fields, and in their own houses, and dying rather like cattle than human creatures; and growing dissolute in their manners like the citizens, and careless of everything, as supposing every day to be their last, their thoughts were not so much employed how to improve as to make use of their substance for their present support: whence it happened that the flocks, herds, &c., and the dogs themselves, ever faithful to their masters, being driven from their own homes, would wander, no regard being had to them, among the forsaken harvest; and many times, after they had filled themselves in the day, would return of their own accord like rational creatures at night. What can I say more, if I return to the city? unless that such was the

cruelty of Heaven, and perhaps of men, that between March and July following, it is supposed, and made pretty certain that upwards of a hundred thousand souls perished in the city only; whereas, before that calamity, it was not supposed to have contained so many inhabitants. What magnificent dwellings, what noble palaces were then depopulated to the last person! what families extinct! what riches and vast possessions left, and no known heir to inherit! what numbers of both sexes in the prime and vigour of youth, whom in the morning neither Galen, Hippocrates, nor Æsculapius himself, but would have declared in perfect health, after dining heartily with their friends here, have supped with their departed friends in the other world! But I am weary of recounting our late miseries; therefore, passing by everything that I can well omit, I shall only observe, that the city being left almost without inhabitants, it happened one Tuesday in the evening, as I was informed by persons of good credit, that seven ladies all in deep mourning, as most proper for that time, had been attending Divine service (being the whole congregation), in new St. Mary's Church: who, as united by the ties either of friendship or relation, and of suitable years; viz., the youngest not less than eighteen, nor the eldest exceeding twenty-eight; so were they all discreet, nobly descended, and perfectly accomplished, both in person and behaviour. I do not mention their names, lest they should be displeased with some things said to have passed in conversation, there being a greater restraint on those diversions now; nor would I give a handle to ill-natured persons, who carp at everything that is praiseworthy, to detract in any way from their modesty by injurious reflections. And that I may relate therefore all that occurred without confusion, I shall affix names to everyone bearing some resemblance to the quality of the person. The eldest then I call Pampinea, the next to her Flammetta, the third Philomena, the fourth Emilia, the fifth Lauretta, the sixth Neiphile, and the youngest Eliza: who being got together by chance rather than any appointment, into a corner of the church, and there seated in a ring; and leaving off their devotions, and falling into some discourse together concerning the nature of the times; in a little while Pampinea thus began:

"My dear girls, you have often heard, as well as I, that no one is injured, where we only make an honest use of our own reason: now reason tells us that we are to preserve our lives by all possible

means; and, in some cases, at the expense of the lives of others. And if the laws which regard the good of the community allow this, may not we much rather (and all that mean honestly as we do), without giving offence to any, use the means now in our power for our own preservation? Every moment when I think of what has passed to-day, and every day, I perceive, as you may also, that we are all in pain for ourselves. Nor do I wonder at this; but much rather, as we are women, do I wonder that none of us should look out for a remedy, where we have so much reason to be afraid. We stay here for no other purpose, that I can see, but to observe what numbers come to be buried, or to listen if the monks, who are now reduced to a very few, sing their services at the proper times, or else to shew by our habits the greatness of our distress. And if we go from hence, we are saluted with numbers of the dead and sick carried along the streets; or with persons who had been outlawed for their villanies, now facing it out publicly, in defiance of the laws. Or we see the scum of the city enriched with the public calamity, and insulting us with reproachful ballads. Nor is anything talked of but that such an one is dead or dying; and, were any left to mourn, we should hear nothing but lamentations. Or if we go home (I know not whether it fares with you as with myself), when I find out of a numerous family not one left, besides a maid-servant, I am frightened out of my senses; and go where I will, the ghosts of the departed seem always before; not like the persons whilst they were living, but assuming a ghastly and dreadful aspect.

"Therefore the case is the same, whether we stay here, depart hence, or go home; especially as there are few who are able to go, and have a place to go to, left but ourselves. And those few, I am told, fall into all sorts of debauchery; and even the religious and ladies shut up in monasteries, supposing themselves entitled to equal liberties with others, are as bad as the worst. And if this be so, (as you see plainly it is) what do we here? What are we dreaming of? Why less regardful of our lives than other people of theirs? Are we of less value to ourselves, or are our souls and bodies more firmly united, and so in less danger of dissolution? 'Tis monstrous to think in such a manner; so many of both sexes dying of this distemper in the very prime of their youth affords us an undeniable argument to the contrary. Wherefore, lest through our own wilfulness or neglect this calamity, which might have

been prevented, should befal us, I should think it best (and I hope you will join with me) for us to quit the town, and avoiding, as we would death itself, the bad example of others, to choose some place of retirement, of which every one of us has more than one, where we may make ourselves innocently merry, without offering the least violence to the dictates of reason and our own consciences. There will our ears be entertained with the warbling of the birds, and our eyes with the verdure of the hills and valleys; with the waving of corn-fields like the sea itself; with trees of a thousand different kinds, and a more open and serene sky? which, however overcast, yet affords a far more agreeable prospect than these desolate walls. The air also is pleasanter, and there is greater plenty of everything, attended with fewer inconveniences: for, though people die there as well as here, yet we shall have fewer such objects before us, as the inhabitants are less in number; and on the other part, if I judge right, we desert nobody, but are rather ourselves forsaken. For all our friends, either by death, or endeavouring to avoid it, have left us, as if we in no way belonged to them. As no blame then can ensue by following this advice, and perhaps sickness and death by not doing so, I would have us take our maids, and everything we may be supposed to want, and to remove every day to a different place, taking all the diversions in the meantime which the seasons will permit; and there continue, unless death should interpose, till we see what end Providence designs for these things. And this I remind you of, that your character will stand as fair by our going away reputably, as the characters of others will do, who stay at home with discredit."

The ladies having heard what Pampinea had to offer, not only approved of it, but were going to concert measures for their departure, when Philomena, who was a most discreet person, made answer: "Though Pampinea has spoken well, yet there is no occasion to run hand over head into it, as you are about to do. We are but women, nor is any of us so ignorant not to know how little able we shall be to conduct such an affair, without some man to help us. We are naturally fickle, obstinate, suspicious, and fearful; and I doubt much, unless we take somebody into our scheme to manage it for us, lest it soon be at an end; and perhaps, little to our reputation. Let us provide against this, therefore, before we begin."

Eliza then replied: "It is true, man is the head of a woman,

and without his management it seldom happens that any undertaking of ours succeeds well. But how are these men to be come at? We all know that the greatest part of our male acquaintance are dead, and the rest all dispersed abroad, avoiding what we seek to avoid, and without our knowing where to find them. And to take strangers with us, would not be altogether so proper; for, whilst we have regard to our health, we should so contrive matters that, wherever we go to repose and divert ourselves, no scandal may ensue from it." Whilst this was debated, behold, three gentlemen came into the church, the youngest not less than twenty-five years of age, and in whom neither the adversity of the times, the loss of relations and friends, nor even fear for themselves, could stifle, or indeed cool, the passion of love. One was called Pamphilus, the second Philostratus, and the third Dioneus, all of them well bred, and pleasant companions; and who, to divert themselves in this time of affliction, were then in pursuit of their mistresses, who by chance were three of these seven ladies, and the other four all related to one or other of them. These gentlemen were no sooner within view, but the ladies had immediately their eyes upon them; and Pampinea said, with a smile, "See, fortune is with us, and has thrown in our way three prudent and worthy gentlemen, who will conduct and wait upon us, if we think fit to accept of their service." Neiphile, with a blush, because she was one that had an admirer, answered: "Take care what you say; I know them all indeed to be persons of character, and fit to be trusted, even in affairs of more consequence, and in better company; but, as some of them are enamoured of certain ladies here, I am only concerned lest we be drawn into some scrape or scandal, without either our fault or theirs." Philomena replied: "Never tell me, so long as I know myself to be virtuous, what other people may think; God and the truth will be my defence: and if they be willing to go, we will say with Pampinea, that fortune is with us." The rest hearing her speak in this manner, gave consent that they should be called, and invited to partake in this expedition. And, without more words, Pampinea, related to one of the three, rose up, and made towards them, who were standing at a distance, attentive to what passed, and, after a cheerful salutation, acquainted them with their design, and entreated that they would, out of pure friendship, oblige them with their company. The gentlemen at first took it all for a jest; but, being assured to the contrary, immediately

answered that they were ready; and to lose no time, gave the necessary orders for what they would have done. Everything being thus prepared, and a messenger dispatched before, whither they intended to go, the next morning, which was Wednesday, by break of day, the ladies, with some of their women, and the gentlemen, with every one his servant, set out from the city, and, after they had travelled two short miles, came to the place appointed. It was a little eminence, remote from any great road, covered with trees and plants of an agreeable verdure, on the top of which was a stately palace, with a grand and beautiful court in the middle: within were galleries, and fine apartments elegantly fitted up, and adorned with most curious paintings; around it were fine meadows, and most delightful gardens, with fountains of the purest and best water. The vaults also were stored with the richest wines, suited rather to the taste of debauchees, than of modest and virtuous ladies. This palace they found cleared out, and everything set in order for their reception, with the rooms all graced with the flowers of the season, to their great satisfaction. Being seated, Dioneus, who was the pleasantest of them all, and full of words, began: "Your wisdom it is, ladies, rather than any foresight of ours, which has brought us hither. I know not how you have disposed of your cares; as for mine I left them all behind me when I came from home. Either prepare, then, to be as merry as myself (I mean with decency), or give me leave to go back again, and resume my cares where I left them." To whom Pampinea, as if she had disposed of hers in like manner, answered: "You say right, sir, we will be merry; we fled from our troubles for no other reason. But, as extremes are never likely to last, I who first proposed the means by which such an agreeable set of company is now got together, and being desirous to make our mirth of some continuance, find there is a necessity for our appointing a principal, whom we should honour and obey in all things as our head; whose province it shall be to regulate our diversions. And that every one may make trial of the burthen which attends care, as well as the pleasure which there is in superiority, nor, therefore envy what he hath not yet tried, I hold it best that every one should experience both the trouble and the honour for one day. The first to be elected by us all, and who on the approach of the evening, shall name a person to succeed for the following day; who, during the time of their government, are to give orders concerning the place where, and the

manner how, we are to live." These words gave a general satisfaction, and they named her, with one consent, for the first day: whilst Philomena, running to a laurel tree, as having often heard how much that tree had always been esteemed, and what honour was conferred on those who were deservedly crowned with it, made a garland, and put it upon her head, which whilst the company continued together, was hereafter to be the ensign of sovereignty.

Pampinea, thus elected queen, enjoined silence, and having summoned the gentlemen's servants, and their own women, who were four in number, before her: "To give you the first example," said she, "how, by proceeding from good to better, we may live orderly and pleasantly, and continue together, without the least reproach, as long as we please: in the first place I declare Parmeno, Dioneus's servant, master of my household, and to him I commit the care of my family, and everything relating to my hall. Siriscus, Pamphilus's servant, I appoint my treasurer, and to be under the direction of Parmeno; and Tindarus I command to wait on Philostratus and the other two gentlemen, whilst their servants are thus employed. Mysia, my woman, and Licisca, Philomena's, I order into the kitchen, there to get ready what shall be provided by Parmeno. To Chimera, Lauretta's, and Stratilia, Flammetta's, I give the care of the ladies' chambers, and to keep the room clean where we sit. And I will and command you all, on pain of my displeasure, that wherever you go, or whatever you hear and see, you bring me no news here but what is good." These orders were approved by them all; and she, rising from her seat, with a good deal of gaiety, added, "Here are gardens and meadows, where you may divert yourselves till three o'clock, when I shall expect you back, that we may dine in the cool of the day."

The company were now at liberty, and the gentlemen and ladies took a pleasant walk in the garden, talking over a thousand merry things by the way, and diverting themselves there by singing love-songs, and weaving garlands of flowers, and returned at the time appointed, when they found Parmeno busy in the execution of his office: for in a saloon below was the table set forth, covered with the neatest linen, with glasses reflecting a lustre like silver; and having washed their hands, by the queen's order, Parmeno desired them to sit down. The dishes now were served up in the most elegant manner, and the best wines brought in, the servants waiting all the time with the most profound silence; and, being well pleased

with their entertainment, they dined with all the facetiousness and mirth imaginable. When dinner was over, as they could all dance, and some both play and sing well, the queen ordered in the musical instruments, and commanding Dioneus to take a lute, and Flammetta a viol, they struck up a dance, and the queen, with the rest of the company, took an agreeable turn or two, whilst the servants were sent to dinner; and when the dance was ended, they began to sing, and continued till the queen thought it time to break up. Her permission being given, the gentlemen retired to their chambers, remote from the ladies' lodging rooms, and the ladies did the same, and undressed themselves for bed.

It was no sooner nine, than the queen arose, and ordered all to be called, alleging, that much sleep in the day-time was unwholesome; and they went into a meadow of deep grass, where the sun had little power; and having the benefit of a pleasant breeze, they sat down in a circle, as the queen had commanded, who spoke in this manner:—"As the sun is high, and the heat excessive, and nothing is to be heard but the chirping of the grasshoppers among the olives, it would be madness for us to think of moving yet; this is an airy place, and here are chess-boards and gammon-tables to divert yourselves with; but if you are ruled by me, you will not play at all, since it often makes one party uneasy, without any great pleasure to the other, or to the looker-on; but let us begin and tell stories, and in this manner one person will entertain the whole company; and by the time it has gone round, the worst part of the day will be over, and then we can divert ourselves as we like best. If this be agreeable to you, then, for I wait to know your pleasure, let us begin; if not, you are at your own disposal till the evening." This motion was approved by all; whilst the queen continued, "Let every one for this first day take what subject he fancies most:" and turning to Pamphilus, who sat on her right hand, bade him begin; who, in ready obedience to her commands, and being well heard, spoke to this effect

Il Decamerone.

(First Day.)

THE DECAMERON.

THE FIRST DAY

NOVEL I.

Chappelet imposes upon the priest by a sham confession, and dies; and although a very wicked fellow, was afterwards reputed a saint; and called St. Chappelet.

LADIES, It is most meet and right, that every thing we do should be begun in the name of Him who is the maker of all things. Therefore, as I am to entertain you first, I shall make choice of a very extraordinary instance, which may direct us to place all our hopes in him, as the only unchangeable being, and evermore to praise him. Certain it is, that all earthly things are transitory and mortal; attended with great troubles, and subject to infinite dangers, which we who live embroiled with them, and are even part of them, could neither endure, nor find a remedy for, were it not for the especial grace of God that enables us: which blessing we are not to expect through our own merits, but his goodness, and the intercession of those saints who, having been once mortal men like ourselves, and done his will whilst on earth, now enjoy happiness and immortality in heaven; to whom, as to fit agents, informed of our frailties by their own experience, and not daring, perhaps, immediately to address ourselves to so great a Judge, we offer up our prayers for what we want. And we find his mercy the greater, as, not being able to pry into the secrets of his divine will, we may sometimes make choice of a mediator before him, who is banished eternally from his presence: and yet he from whom nothing is hidden, having regard to the purity of the supplicant, rather than to his ignorance, or the situation of the person to whom he applies himself, hears those who pray in this manner,

as if that person were really a saint: which will most plainly appear from the following story; I say most plainly, not considering the judgment of God, but that of man.

There lived in France a person whose name was Musciat; who, from a wealthy merchant, became a courtier, and went into Tuscany with Charles, surnamed Lackland, brother to the King of France, who was instigated to that expedition by Pope Boniface. This gentleman, finding his affairs considerably perplexed, and lying, as is usual to persons in trade, in abundance of hands; nor being able to right them himself, without a good deal of time and trouble, resolved to entrust them with several people; and settled everything to his mind, excepting some debts which were standing out from persons living in Burgundy. The reason was, he had found them to be a set of perverse, ill-conditioned, rascally fellows, and he could not for his life conceive, where a man might be met with bad enough to match them: after much thinking about it, he at last called to mind one Ciapperello da Prato, who used to come much to his house at Paris; and being a little pragmatical fellow, the French, not knowing the meaning of his true name, but thinking him to have been called Cappello, gave him the diminutive name of Ciappelletto, or Chappelet, by which he was generally known there.

Now the character of the man was this: Being by trade a scrivener, he was really ashamed if any writings of his (he did not draw many indeed) were found without some fault, or flaw; and would do that sort of work for nothing with more pleasure than a just thing that he was to be well paid for. He was glad at all times of being a false witness, whether it was required of him or not: and as great regard was had to an oath in France, he, who made no scruple to forswear himself on every occasion, was sure of every cause that depended on his single testimony. To foment quarrels and disputes was his utmost pleasure, especially amongst friends or relations; and the more mischief he occasioned, the greater was his satisfaction. Was a man to be dispatched at any time; he was the person to undertake it, and would do it with his own hands. He was a great blasphemer of God and his saints, swearing and cursing on every occasion. He went to church at no time, but spoke always of the holy sacraments in the same abominable terms, as he would do of the vilest things in the world; on the contrary, he was eternally at taverns, and places of bad

repute. Of women he was as fond as a dog is of a stick ; but to unnatural vice, no wretch so abandoned as himself. He would pilfer and steal with as much conscience as others give to charity. He was a glutton and drunkard to the ruin of his constitution. He was also a most notorious gamester ; making use always of false dice. And, to sum up his character in few words, perhaps his equal in wickedness has not yet been born. Yet, bad as he was, he had all along been screened by the favour and interest of Musciat, as well from the resentment of private persons, whom he had often injured, as from that of the court, to which he gave daily provocation.

This man coming into Musciat's thoughts at last, who was no stranger to every part of his life, he concluded him to be such an one as the tempers of the people he had to deal with required ; and sending for him, he addressed him thus :

"Master Chappelet, you know that I am about to leave this country, and as I have affairs to settle with some people of Burgundy, who are full of quirks and deceit, I do not know any one that I can employ so fit to manage them as yourself : you have a good deal of spare time, and if you will undertake it, I will procure you recommendatory letters from court, and allow you a reasonable part of what you recover."

Chappelet, who found himself much embarrassed in the world, and likely to be more so when his great friend was gone, without hesitating at all about it, answered that he was willing. They agreed upon terms ; Musciat gave him a deputation, and procuring him the letters he had promised, he set out for Burgundy ; where, being quite a stranger, he endeavoured, contrary to his former manner, to do the business he came about by fair means ; reserving a different behaviour to the last. He lodged with two brothers ; who were usurers ; and they entertained him well on Musciat's account ; and falling sick there, they had physicians to him, and servants to attend him ; nor was anything omitted that could be of service, but all in vain ; for this worthy good man, who was advanced in years, and had been also an irregular liver, grew worse and worse in the judgment of the physicians ; so that he was looked upon as a dead man ; at which the brothers were greatly concerned. And one day being near the chamber where he lay, they began to have some talk together about it ; and one said to the other :

"What shall we do with this fellow? We have a fine affair upon our hands, by means of his wickedness. For to turn him out in this condition would afford matter for reproach, and also be a proof of our want of understanding; the people seeing us receive him before into our house, and supply him with physic, and all things necessary; and now send him out whilst he is dying, without his having been able to do anything that we ought to be offended at.—And on the other hand, he has been such a vile fellow always, that he will never be brought to confess, and to receive the sacraments of the church; and should he die without them, no church will receive his body; but he must be put into the ground like a dog. Or should he confess, his sins will appear so enormous, that the like were never known: nor can any priest be found that will give him absolution: and without that he must still be thrown into a ditch: and should this happen, the people of this country, who think ours an iniquitous trade, and are daily reviling us, would be apt to raise a mutiny, and declare publicly, that they will no longer bear with these Lombards, these extortioning villains, whom the church disdains to receive into her bosom; and make that a pretence to plunder us of all we are worth, and abuse our persons into the bargain; so that it will be bad for us on all sides, should this man die."

Chappelet, whom we observed not to lie far off, heard all this, as sick people are often quick of hearing, and calling them to him he said:

"I would have you be in no doubts or fears of harm to yourselves on my account. I have heard what you have been talking about, and am confident the thing would happen as you say, were everything to be as you suppose; but I will take care that it shall happen otherwise: I have been guilty of so much wickedness, in my lifetime, that to add one sin at my death, will not make the sum much greater: therefore send out for the most able and religious priest you know of, if a religious one can be found, and I will take such care of your affairs, as well as of my own, that you shall have reason to be satisfied."

The brothers expected no great matters from this; but went however to a convent, and desired that some learned and holy person would come. and take the confession of a Lombard, who was sick in their house. Accordingly, a venerable old friar, of great sanctity and learning, and much reverenced by the whole city, was

ordered to go with them; who being come into the room, and seated by the sick man's bed-side, began, after some heavenly consolations, to inquire of him, how long it was since he had last confessed. To whom Chappelet, who had never confessed in his whole life, answered:

"Holy father, it has been usual with me always to confess once a week at least; and sometimes oftener; but it is true, since I have been sick, my affliction has been such, that I have not confessed at all."

The friar replied: "Son, it is well, thus you should always do; and I perceive, as you have confessed so often, that I shall have but little trouble, either in hearing or asking you questions."

"Good father, do not say so," cried Chappelet: "I have never so often confessed, but that I would always mention every sin that I could recollect from the hour I was born. Therefore I beg you would examine me as particularly as if I had never confessed at all; and do not regard my languishing condition; for I had much rather do what may disoblige the flesh, than, by consulting the ease of my body, bring damnation on my soul, which my Saviour has purchased with his most precious blood."

The good old man was ravished with these expressions, esteeming them proofs of a well-disposed mind; and having commended his piety, he asked him whether he had ever offended God by the knowledge of women. To whom Chappelet, fetching a deep sigh, replied:

"I am ashamed to speak the truth, lest I should be thought to offend by vain-glory."

"Speak out boldly," said the priest, "for there can be no harm in telling truth, whether at confession or any other time."

"Since you make me easy in this," quoth Chappelet, "I will speak out; I am as pure, in that respect, as when I first came into the world."

"God bless my son," said the friar, "you have done well; and this is so much the more meritorious, as you have liberties far beyond us, of doing otherwise:" and he added, "but were you never given to gluttony?"

Chappelet answered with a groan:

"Yes, very often; for besides fasting in Lent, as all devout persons do, I have accustomed myself to live three days in a week at least on bread and water; and I have drunk the water some-

times, especially if I have been fatigued with praying, or performing a pilgrimage, with as much pleasure as drunkards drink wine; and sometimes I have wished for salads, and have eat my bread with more pleasure than a person ought, who fasts out of devotion."

"My son," replied the friar, "these are very natural and trivial crimes, and I would not have you burthen your conscience more than is necessary: every one, be he ever so holy, eats with a good appetite after fasting, and drinks with pleasure when he has been fatigued."

"Do not tell me these things to comfort me only," said Chappelet, "you know I cannot be ignorant, that whatever relates to the service of God should be done sincerely, and with a good will, otherwise we are guilty of sin."

"I am well satisfied," returned the friar, "in your being of that opinion, and much approve the purity of your conscience: but tell me, have you not been guilty of the sin of covetousness, desiring more than was fit, or detaining what was not your due?"

"I would not have you think so," said Chappelet, "because you see me in the house with these usurers: I have no concern with them, but came purely to persuade them to leave off that abominable way of living; and believe I might have prevailed, had it not pleased God to visit me in this manner. My father left me a plentiful fortune, and I immediately disposed of the greater part of it to religious uses; and betook myself to trade for a maintenance, and to have it in my power to relieve the poor in Christ: I cannot say indeed that I have not been desirous of gain; but I always gave half to the poor, and kept the other part for my own necessary occasions; and God hath so far blessed me, that my affairs have always prospered."

"You have done well," said the confessor: "but have you not been often transported with anger and passion?"

"Very often truly!" answered the penitent, "but who can forbear, seeing the common degeneracy of mankind, who are every day breaking the commandments of God, and are not kept in awe by his judgments? I could rather choose to be out of the world, than to see youth run after vanity, swear and forswear, haunt taverns, neglect going to church, and follow the ways of the world before those of God."

"My son," said the friar, "passion here is commendable; nor shall I enjoin you any penance for it: but have you been trans-

ported by rage at no time, to murder, or use indecent expressions, or to do any other injury?"

"Alas, sir!" answered Chappelet, "how can you, who appear to be so good a man, mention any such thing? Do you believe, had I ever entertained such thoughts, that God would have suffered me to live? These are the actions of robbers and villains, whom I never look upon without offering up a prayer to God for their conversion."

"God bless thee again, my dear child," said the good old man; "but have you never borne false witness against, or spoken ill of another, or taken away that from him which properly belonged to him?"

"Yes, reverend father," answered he, "I must needs confess I have spoken ill of another, for I had once a neighbour, who used to beat his wife without cause; and I gave him a bad character to her parents; so much did I pity the poor woman, who was always ill treated by him, as often as he got drunk."

"But," said the friar, "you tell me you have been a merchant, did you never cheat any person, as is common for them to do?"

"Yes, in good truth, sir," he replied, "but I know only of one person, who, having brought the money for a piece of cloth which I had sold him, I put it into a bag without counting it, and at the month's end, when I came to tell it over, I found fourpence too much; but as I was not able to find the owner again, after keeping it a year, I gave it to the poor."

"This is a mere trifle," said the friar, "and you did well to dispose of it in that manner."

He then put some other questions to him, which Chappelet answered as he had done the rest; and just as he was proceeding to absolution, Chappelet cried out,

"There is another thing hangs upon me, which I have not confessed."

The priest inquired what that was; and he answered,

"I remember once making my maid clean the house on a holiday; and I have not shewed that regard for the Lord's day which I ought."

"Oh!" said the friar, "that is a small matter, my son."

"Do not call it so, dear father," quoth the other, "Sunday is a day much to be reverenced, being the day on which our Lord rose from the dead."

"Then," said the priest, "is there anything more?"

"Yes," answered he, "I remember, once in my life, to have spit in the house of God."

The friar smiled, and said, "My son, that is not to be regarded; we ourselves spit there every day."

"And you are much to blame for it," returned he, "for nothing should be kept so clean as the temple of God, where we offer sacrifice." In short, he told him many more things of that kind, and at last, as he could weep when he pleased, he fell groaning and sobbing, as though he would burst his very heart.

"Son, what is the matter?" said the friar:

He answered, "Alas, sir! there is one sin left behind, which I could never endure to confess, the shame to mention it is so great, and which, as often as I recollect, I lament in the manner you now see; nay, I am convinced that God will never forgive it."

"Go, go, my son," quoth the friar, "what is that you say? I tell you, that if all the wickedness that ever was committed by man, or can be committed whilst the world endures, was to be amassed in one person, if that person was thoroughly penitent, as I see you are, so great is God's mercy, that upon confession, it would all be forgiven him; tell me then what it is."

"Alas! father," said Chappelet, shedding abundance of tears, "my sin is so heinous, that I despair altogether of pardon, unless you assist me, and move God by your prayers."

"Speak out, then," said the friar, "and I promise to intercede for you."

Chappelet yet kept weeping, and would say nothing; the priest exhorting him all the while to clear his conscience; and after he had held him some time in suspense, he fetched a deep sigh, and said,

"Since you have promised to pray for me, I will disclose it: you must know then, that when I was a child, I once cursed my mother;" and here he began to lament afresh in a most grievous manner.

"My good son," said the friar, "does this seem so great a sin? Men are cursing God every day, yet he pardons them upon repentance; and do you think you shall never be forgiven? Weep not; but let this be your comfort, that though you had even a hand in nailing Christ upon the cross, yet would that sin be forgiven on such a repentance as yours."

"What do you say?" quoth Chappelet; "what! to curse my dearest mother, who bore me day and night in her womb for nine months, and suckled me many hundreds of times at her breast! No, the sin is so great, that I must inevitably perish, unless your prayers prevent it."

The friar finding he had no more to say, absolved and gave him his benediction; and, supposing that he spoke truth all the while, thought him the most pious man living. And, indeed, who could think otherwise, having it all from a dying man? He afterwards said to him, "Monsieur Chappelet, by God's assistance you will soon recover; but if it should please the Almighty to take your blessed and well-disposed soul unto himself, will you give leave for your body to be buried in our convent?"

"I would have it laid nowhere else," answered he, "both because you have promised to pray for me, and as I have always had a great regard for your order; therefore, when you go home I beg you would take care that the real body of our Lord, which was consecrated at your altar this morning, may be brought to me; for, unworthy as I am, I intend, with your leave, to receive it, and after that extreme unction; so that though I have been a great sinner all my life, I may die at least like a Christian."

The holy man was much pleased, and told him that he said well, and promised that it should be brought that day; and so it was.

The brothers being a little suspicious that he intended to impose upon them, had posted themselves behind a partition of the room, where they heard all that passed; insomuch that they could scarcely refrain from laughing; and said one to the other,

"What a strange fellow this is! whom neither age, sickness, fear of death, which is at hand, nor of God, at whose tribunal he must shortly appear, are sufficient to deter from his wicked courses, or to prevent his dying as he has always lived!" But as he had obtained burial in the church by that means, they cared no farther. He then received the sacrament, and growing worse and worse had extreme unction, and died the evening that he had made this extraordinary confession. The brothers took immediate care that he should be honourably interred, and sent forthwith to the convent to desire they would come, as was usual, and perform vigils and matins for the deceased: and the priest, to whom he had confessed, went upon this notice to the prior, and had a chapter called,

when he informed them how holy a person Chappelet was, as he could easily perceive by his confession: and hoping that God would work many miracles by him, he persuaded them to receive his body with all due reverence and devotion; to which the prior and the credulous brotherhood all consented, and that night they came in a body to the place where the corpse lay, and sang the great and solemn vigils; and in the morning they all went in their hoods and surplices, with books in their hands, and the cross carried before them for the body, singing all the way; and they brought it with the utmost solemnity to their church, being followed by the whole city: and having set it down there, the good confessor mounted the pulpit, and told them wonderful things concerning his life, fastings, chastity, simplicity, innocence, and sanctity; speaking more particularly of that great crime, which he had confessed with so much concern, as scarcely to be persuaded that God would forgive him. And from thence he took occasion to reprimand his audience in this manner: "Yet you, wicked as you are, make no scruple to curse God, the holy mother of God, and all the host of heaven, for the least trifle." He flourished much concerning his truth and purity; and worked so far upon them by his discourse, to which all yielded an implicit faith, that when the service was ended they pressed forward to kiss the deceased's hands and feet; and the funeral clothes were immediately rent to pieces, every one thinking himself happy who could get a single rag. All that day he was kept, so that every one might see and visit him; and at night most honourably interred in a marble sepulchre: and on the following day was a great procession of devout persons, to worship at his shrine with lighted tapers, and to offer the waxen images which they had vowed. And such was the fame of his sanctity, and the people's devotion towards him, that nobody in time of trouble would apply themselves to any other saint but him, calling him St. Chappelet, and affirming, that God had wrought many miracles by him, and still continued to work for such as recommended themselves devoutly to him.

Thus lived and died master Ciapperello da Prato, and became a saint as you have heard, of whom I will not say but he may be happy; for though his whole life could not be worse, it is not impossible, but, before the hour of his death, he might be such a penitent, that God should have mercy on him, and receive him into his kingdom. But as this we know nothing of, we have much

more reason, from what appears, to conclude that he is more likely in the hands of the devil in purgatory, than amongst the angels in Paradise. And if it be so, great is God's mercy towards us; who, not regarding our errors, but the purity of our intention, whenever we make choice of an improper mediator, hears us as well as if we had applied ourselves to one truly a saint. And therefore, that his grace may preserve us in our present calamity, and in this cheerful and agreeable society, let us praise his name, as we first began; recommending ourselves to him in time of need, with a full assurance of being always heard.

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NOVEL II.

Abraham the Jew, at the instigation of Jeannot de Chivigni, goes to the court of Rome, and seeing the wickedness of the clergy there, returns to Paris, and becomes a Christian.

SOME parts of Pamphilus's story made them laugh heartily; and the whole was much commended by the ladies, who had been very attentive; and, as it was now ended, the queen ordered Neiphile, in the next seat to her, to go on in the method she had prescribed, who, being as affable in behaviour as her person was beautiful, very cheerfully answered that she was willing, and began in this manner:—

Pamphilus has shewed us, in his novel, the great goodness of God in not regarding any errors of ours, which proceed from the blindness and imperfection of our nature. And I intend to set forth in mine, how the same goodness of God (by bearing with the vices of those persons, who, though obliged to give testimony both in their words and actions concerning it, yet do the reverse) displays itself in the most plain and evident manner; whence we may be taught more steadily to persevere in what we believe.

At Paris there lived, as I have been told, a great merchant, and a worthy person, called Jeannot de Chivigni, a dealer in silk, and an intimate friend to a certain rich Jew, whose name was Abraham, a merchant also, and a very honest man; and Jeannot, being no stranger to his good and upright intentions, was greatly troubled that the soul of so wise and well-meaning a person should perish through his unbelief. He began, therefore, in the most friendly manner, to entreat him to renounce the errors of Judaism, and embrace the truth of Christianity, which he might plainly see

the most wise and holy institution, daily to gain ground, and flourish more and more, whereas their religion was dwindling to nothing. The Jew answered, that he esteemed no religion like his own; that he was born in it, and in it he intended to live and die; nor could anything make him alter his resolution. Notwithstanding this, Jeannot began, in a few days, with the same arguments over again, setting forth, in as awkward a manner as a merchant must be supposed to do, for what reasons our religion ought to be preferred: and though the Jew was well read in their law, yet, whether it was his regard to the man, or that Jeannot had the spirit of God upon his tongue, he began to be greatly pleased with his arguments; but continued obstinate, nevertheless, in his opinion, nor would suffer himself to be converted. Jeannot continued his most earnest solicitations, insomuch that the Jew, overcome at last by them, said: "I perceive, Jeannot, you are very desirous I should become a Christian; I am willing to do as you would have me, but first I have a mind to go to Rome, to see him whom you call God's vicar on earth, and to consider his ways a little, and those of his brother cardinals; and if they appear in such a light to me that I may be able to comprehend by them, and by what you have said, that your religion is better than mine, as you would persuade me, I will then do as I said; otherwise I will continue a Jew as I am." When Jeannot heard this he was much troubled, and said to himself: "I have lost all my labour, which I thought well-bestowed, expecting to have converted this man; for should he go to Rome, and see the wickedness of the clergy there, so far from turning Christian, were he a Christian, he would certainly become a Jew." Then applying himself to Abraham, he said: "Alas! my friend, why should you be at the great trouble and expense of such a journey? Not to mention the dangers, both by sea and land, to which so rich a person as yourself must be exposed, do you think to find nobody here that can baptize you? Or if you have any doubts and scruples, where will you meet with more able persons than are here to clear them up for you, and to answer such questions as you shall put to them? You may suppose the prelates to be like what you see in France; but more perfect indeed, as they are nearer to the principal pastor. Then let me advise you to save this journey against another time, when you may want some pardon or indulgence, and probably then I may bear you company."

The Jew answered, "I believe it is as you say; but to make short of the matter, I am fully resolved, if you would have me to do what you have so much solicited, to go thither; else I will in no wise comply." Jeannot seeing him determined, said, "God be with you!" and, supposing that he would never be a Christian after he had seen Rome, gave him over for lost. The Jew took horse, and made the best of his way to Rome, where he was most honourably received by his brethren, the Jews; and, without saying a word what he was come about, he began to inspect narrowly into the manner of living of the pope, the cardinals, and other prelates, and of the whole court; and, from what he himself perceived, being a person quick of sight, and as he was informed by others, he found that, from the highest to the lowest, they were given to all sorts of lewdness, without the least shame or remorse; so that the only way to obtain any thing considerable was, by applying to prostitutes of every description. He observed, also, that they were generally drunkards and gluttons, and, like brutes, more solicitous about their bellies than any thing else. Inquiring farther, he found them all such lovers of money, that they would not only buy and sell man's blood in general, but even the blood of Christians, and sacred things, of what kind soever, whether benefices, or pertaining to the altar: and they drove as great a trade of this, as there is in selling cloth and other commodities at Paris: that to palpable simony they had given the plausible name of procuration, and debaucheries they called supporting the body; as if God had been unacquainted with their wicked intentions, and, like men, was to be imposed upon by the names of things. These and other things which I shall pass over, gave great offence to the Jew, who was a sober and modest person; and now thinking he had seen enough, he returned home.

As soon as Jeannot heard of his arrival, he went to see him, thinking of nothing so little as his conversion; and they received one another with a great deal of pleasure: and in a day or two, after he had recovered from his fatigue, Jeannot began to inquire of him what he thought of the holy father, the cardinals, and the rest of the court! To whom the Jew immediately answered: "To me it seems as if God was much kinder to them than they deserve; for, if I may be allowed to judge, I must be bold to tell you, that I have neither seen sanctity, devotion, or anything good in the clergy of Rome; but, on the contrary, luxury, avarice, gluttony, and

worse than these, if worse things can be, are so much in fashion with all sorts of people, that I should rather esteem the court of Rome to be a forge, if you allow the expression, for diabolical operations than things divine ; and, for what I can perceive, your pastor, and consequently the rest, strive with their whole might and skill to overthrow the Christian religion, and to drive it from off the face of the earth, even where they ought to be its chief succour and support. But as I do not see this come to pass, which they so earnestly aim at ; on the contrary, that your religion gains strength, and becomes every day more glorious ; I plainly perceive the Spirit of God to be the protector of it, as the most true and holy of all others. For which reason, though I continued obstinate to your exhortations, nor would suffer myself to be converted by them, now I declare to you, that I will no longer defer being made a Christian. Let us go then to the church, and do you take care that I be baptised according to the manner of your holy faith." Jeannot, who expected a quite different conclusion, was the most overjoyed man that could be ; and taking him to our Lady's church at Paris, he requested the priests there to baptize Abraham ; and they, finding that it was his desire, immediately performed it ; Jeannot being his sponsor, gave him the name of John. He afterwards took care to have him well instructed in our faith, in which he made a speedy proficiency, and became, in time, a great and good man.

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NOVEL III.

Melchizedeck, a Jew, by a story of the three rings, escapes a most dangerous snare, which Saladin had prepared for him.

THIS novel was universally applauded when Philomena thus began :—

Neiphile's story puts me in mind of what happened to a certain Jew ; for as enough has been said concerning God and the truth of our religion, it will not be amiss if we descend to the actions of men. I proceed, therefore, to the relation of a thing, which may make you more cautious for the time to come, in answering questions that shall be put to you. For you must know, that, as a man's folly often brings him down from the most exalted state of life to the greatest misery, so shall his good sense secure him in the midst of the utmost danger, and procure him a safe and hon-

ourable repose There are many instances of people being reduced by their foolishness, which I choose to omit, as they happen daily; but what great cause for comfort a person's good understanding may at some times afford, I shall make appear, as I promised, in the following short novel.

Saladin was so brave and great a man, that he had raised himself from an inconsiderable person to be Sultan of Babylon, and had gained many victories over both the Turkish and Christian princes. This monarch, having in divers wars, and by many extraordinary expenses, run through all his treasure, some urgent occasion fell out, that he wanted a large sum of money. Not knowing which way he might raise enough to answer his necessities, he at last called to mind a rich Jew of Alexandria, named Melchizedeck, who let out money to interest. Him he believed to have wherewithal to serve him; but then he was so covetous, that he would never do it willingly, and he was unwilling to force him. But as necessity has no law, after much thinking which way the matter might best be effected, he at last resolved to use force under some colour of reason. He therefore sent for, and received him in a most gracious manner, and making him sit down, he thus addressed him: "Honest man, I hear from divers persons that thou art very wise, and knowing in religious matters; wherefore I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one, viz. the Jewish, the Mahometan, or the Christian?" The Jew (truly a wise man) found that Saladin had a mind to trap him; and perceiving that he must gain his point should he prefer any one religion, after considering a little how best to avoid the snare, his invention at last supplied him with the following answer. "The question which your Highness has proposed is very curious; and, that I may give you my sentiments, I must beg leave to tell a short story.

"I remember often to have heard of a great and rich man, who, among his most rare and precious jewels, had a ring of exceeding great beauty and value; and being proud of possessing a thing of such worth, and desirous that it should continue for ever in his family, he declared, by will, that to which soever of his sons he should give this ring, him he designed for his heir, and that he should be respected as the head of the family. That son to whom the ring was given, made the same law with respect to his descendants, and the ring passed from one to another in a long

succession, till it came to a person who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and all equally beloved by him. And the young men, knowing what depended upon the ring, and ambitious of superiority, began to entreat their father, who was now growing old, every one for himself, that he would give the ring to him. The good man, equally fond of all, was at a loss which to prefer; and as he had promised all, and being willing to satisfy all, privately got an artist to make two others, which were so like the first, that he himself scarcely knew the true one! and at his death gave one privately to each of his sons. They afterwards all claimed the honour and estate, each disputing them with his brothers, and producing his ring; and the rings were found so much alike, that the true one could not be distinguished. To law then they went, which should succeed, nor is that yet decided. And thus it has happened, my lord, with regard to the three laws given by God the Father, concerning which you proposed your question: every one believes he is the true heir of God, has his law, and obeys his commandments; but which is in the right is uncertain in like manner as of the rings."

Saladin perceived that he had escaped the net which was spread for him; he therefore resolved to discover his necessity to him, to see if he would lend him money, telling him at the same time what he designed to have done, had not his discreet answer prevented him. The Jew freely supplied him with what he wanted, Saladin afterwards paid him with a great deal of honour, made him large presents, besides maintaining him nobly at his court, and was his friend as long as he lived.

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NOVEL IV.

A monk having committed an offence, for which he ought to have been severely punished, saves himself by wittily proving his abbot guilty of the very same fault.

THUS ended Philomena, when Dioneus, who sat next to her, (without waiting the queen's order, as knowing that he was to follow in course), spoke as follows:

If I understand you right, ladies, we are assembled here to amuse ourselves by telling stories: whilst nothing, then, is done contrary to this intention, I suppose every one has liberty to relate

what he thinks will be most entertaining; therefore, having heard how, by the pious admonitions of Jeannot de Chivigni, Abraham the Jew was advised to his soul's salvation; and also how Melchizedek, by his good sense, saved his wealth from the designs of Saladin; I shall, without fear of reproof, shew, in few words, how cunningly a monk saved his bones from the punishment intended him.

There was once, in the territories of Lunigiana, a monastery, better stored both with monks and religion than many are now-a-days, to which belonged a young monk, whose constitution neither fasting nor praying could humble. Now it happened one day, early in the morning, whilst his brethren were all asleep, that, taking a walk about their church, which stood in a lonesome place, he cast his eye upon a farmer's daughter, who was gathering herbs, and immediately felt a strong temptation, ill suiting with his profession; and drawing near, he entered into discourse with her, and prevailed upon her to go to his cell with him, before anybody was stirring abroad to see them; where, whilst they were diverting themselves together, it happened that the abbot, being just awake, and passing by the door, thought he heard something of a noise within; and laying his ear to listen, could distinguish a woman's voice. At first he was inclined to make him open the door, but he afterwards thought of a different method, and returned to his chamber to wait till he came out. The monk, though he was pleased with his companion, could not help being a little suspicious of a discovery, and imagining that he heard somebody treading at the door, he peeped through a crevice, and saw the abbot standing to listen; and knowing that he was detected, and should be soundly punished, he became very uneasy. Yet, without showing any thing of it to the girl, he was contriving how to get clear of the affair; and he hit on a stratagem which succeeded to his heart's desire. Pretending that he could stay no longer—"I must go," he cried, "and will contrive a way to get you off without being seen; lie still, then, till I return." He now locked the door after him, and carried the key to the abbot, as is usual when they stir out of the monastery, and putting a good face on the matter, he said —"Reverend father, I could not get all my wood home this morning, and if you please I will go now and fetch the remainder." The abbot, willing to make a more perfect discovery, took the key, and gave leave. No sooner was the other departed, but he began

to consider what he had best do in this case ; whether to open the door in presence of all the monks, that so, the offence being known to all, they could have no room to murmur when he proceeded to punishment ; or, whether he should not rather inquire of the damsel herself, how she had been brought thither. Supposing, also, that she might be a person's daughter whom he would not have disgraced in that public manner, he thought it best to see who she was first, and then come to some resolution. So stepping privately to the chamber, he went in, and locked the door after him. The girl, on seeing him, was in great confusion, and fell a weeping ; whilst our abbot, finding her to be young and handsome, was seized (old as he was) with the same desires as the young monk had been, and began to reason thus with himself : "Why should I not take a little pleasure when I may have it? for plague and trouble I know enough every day. She is handsome, and nobody can ever know it. If I can persuade her, I see no reason why I should not. Such another offer may never fall in my way, and I hold it best to take it whilst I can have it." Upon this, his purpose of going thither being quite changed, he went nearer, and began to comfort her, desiring her not to weep ; and making some farther advances, acquainted her, at last, with his intention ; and she, who was made neither of flint nor steel, easily complied. The monk, who, under pretence of going to the wood, had concealed himself in the dormitory ; on seeing the abbot go alone to his chamber, promised himself success ; but when he saw him lock the door, he thought it past all doubt ; and coming from the place where he lay hid, he heard and saw through a grating in the door all that passed between them. The abbot, after he had stayed some time, locked the door again, and returned to his chamber ; and supposing the monk to be now come from the wood, he resolved to reprimand and imprison him, that so the girl might remain solely to himself ; and causing him to be sent for, he gave him a severe rebuke, and ordered him to prison. The monk answered, very readily, —"Good sir, I have not been so long of the Benedictine order, to be acquainted with all the particularities thereto belonging : your reverence instructed me well in the observance of fasts and vigils ; but you never told me how I was to behave with regard to women. But, as you have so lately set me an example, I promise if you will forgive me, to follow it, and to do hereafter as I have seen you." The abbot being quick of appre-

hension, found the monk knew more than he expected, and being ashamed to punish him for a crime of which himself was known to be guilty, he pardoned him; and enjoining his silence, they had the girl conveyed privately out of the monastery, whither she was afterwards often said to return.

NOVEL V.

The Marchioness of Monferrat, by an entertainment of hens, and some witty speeches, cures the King of France of his dishonourable love.

DIONEUS'S story had put all the ladies to the blush, at the very beginning; and they looked at each other with a sort of smile all the time it lasted; giving him to know, by a gentle reprimand, that such sort of tales should not be told among women. The queen then pointed to Flammetta, who sat next, to take her turn, who most cheerfully began in this manner:

It is no little joy to me, to find the force of smart and witty replies so well set forth in what is already passed among us. And, as it is accounted a mark of good sense in men, to aim at ladies of superior quality to themselves; so is it no less a token of the greatest discretion in women, to take care never to be surprised in love by men of higher degree. For which reason I shall now relate, how a woman by her wit and address may ward off an attack of that kind, when there is a design upon her honour.

The Marquis of Monferrat was a person of great valour, and being standard-bearer to the church, was gone in a general crusade of the Christian princes against the Turks. And one day as they were discoursing of his prowess at the court of Philip, surnamed the Short-sighted, who was preparing in France for the like expedition, a courtier said, in the presence of the king, that the whole world had not so accomplished a pair as the marquis and his lady; for as much as he excelled other cavaliers in valour, so much was she superior to the rest of her sex in worth and beauty. These words so affected the king, that from that very moment, though he had never seen her, he began to be passionately in love. And he resolved to go by land as far as Genoa, that he might have an honourable pretence for paying her a visit, thinking that, as the marquis was absent, he could not fail of accomplishing his desires. With this design, having sent the greatest part of his company

before, he set forward with a small retinue, and being come within a day's journey of the place he sent her word, that on the morrow she might expect his company at dinner. The lady very cheerfully replied, that she should esteem it a singular favour, and would make him heartily welcome.

A long while she could not conceive why so great a prince should come to see her, when her husband was from home ; but supposing at last that the fame of her beauty must have drawn him thither, she resolved nevertheless, as she was of a noble spirit, to shew him due respect : for which purpose she summoned the principal gentry, who were left in the country, to consult them about what was necessary for his reception, reserving the entire management of the feast to herself. And, buying all the hens that were in the country, she ordered the cooks to get nothing else for his majesty's dinner, but to dress them all the different ways possible.

Next day the king came, and was received by the lady with great joy, and had all due honour paid him ; and finding her even exceed what had been said before in her favour, he was greatly astonished ; he then retired a while into the apartments, which were provided for him, to repose himself ; and when dinner was ready his majesty and the lady sat down at one table, and their attendants at other tables, all placed according to their respective qualities.

Here the king was served with dishes one after another, and with the most costly wines, feasting his eyes yet more with the sight of the lady, and was extremely pleased with his entertainment. But observing at last that all the different courses, however tossed up and variously cooked, were nothing but hens, he began to wonder ; and though he knew that the country about was well stored with venison and wild fowl, and he had signified his intention time enough for them to have provided both, yet, being unwilling, how great soever his surprise might be, to mention any thing but concerning the hens, turning a merry countenance to the lady, he said, "Madam, are only hens bred in this country, and no cocks?"

The lady, who well understood the meaning of his question, now thinking that she had a fit opportunity of letting him know her sentiments, boldly answered : "Not so, my Lord ; but women, however they may differ in dress and titles, are the same here as in other places."

The king hearing this, immediately found out the meaning of

the entertainment; as also what virtue lay couched under her answer. And being sensible that words would be spent in vain on such a lady, and force he could not use; he therefore judged it more becoming his honour to stifle his ill-conceived passion; and so without more words (as being afraid of the lady's replies), when dinner was over, that he might shadow his dishonourable coming by a hasty departure, he thanked her for the honour he had received, took his leave, and posted away to Genoa.

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NOVEL VI.

A plain honest man, by a jest accidentally let fall, very wittily reproves the hypocrisy of the clergy.

EMILIA, whose turn came next (the genteel reproof given by the marchioness to the king of France, being approved by the whole assembly), began in this manner :—

Nor will I conceal a most severe expression made use of by an honest simple man to a most sordid and avaricious monk, which you will both commend and laugh at.

There was, not long since, in our city, a friar belonging to the Inquisition, who, though he laboured much to appear righteous and zealous for the Christian faith, yet was he a much better inquisitor after such as had full purses, than those who held heterodox opinions. By which great care of his, he soon found out a person better stored with money than sense.

This man, not so much out of profaneness as want of thought, and perhaps overheated with liquor into the bargain, unluckily said to one of his companions, that he had better wine than Christ himself had ever drunk: which being reported to the inquisitor, and he understanding that the man's estate was large, and that he was full of money, sent all his myrmidons, had him seized, and commenced a process, not so much with a design of amending him in matters of faith, as to ease him of part of his money, as he soon did.

The man being brought before him, he inquired whether it was true what had been alleged against him; and the poor man immediately answered, that it was, and told him in what manner the words were spoken. To whom the most holy inquisitor (devoted to St. John with the golden beard) replied: "What! dost thou

make Christ a drunkard, and curious in the choice of wines, like your common sots and frequenters of taverns? and now wouldst excuse it as a small matter? And so it may seem to thee; but I tell thee, should I proceed with the rigour of justice, thou wouldst be burnt alive for it." With these and such-like words, as if he had to do with a down-right atheist, he so terrified the poor wretch, that he was forced to have recourse to a little of St. John's golden grease (a most sovereign remedy against the pestilential avarice of the clergy, especially of the lesser friars, who are forbidden the use of money, although it be not mentioned by Galen in his book of medicines), with which he anointed his hands to such purpose, that the fire and faggot, with which he had been threatened, were changed into a cross; which, being yellow and black, seemed like a banner designed for the Holy Land. The money being paid, he was to stay there for some time, being ordered, by way of penance, to hear mass of the holy cross every morning, to visit him also at dinner-time, and to do nothing the rest of the day but what he commanded; all which he performed punctually: and one morning it happened, that, during mass, the gospel was read, wherein were these words: "You shall receive a hundred for one, and so possess eternal life;" which he kept thoroughly in his mind, and being come, at dinner time, the inquisitor asked him, whether he had heard mass that morning. "Yes, sir," replied the man very readily.—"Hast thou heard anything therein," quoth the inquisitor, "wherein thou art doubtful, or desirous to ask any questions?" —"No, surely," said the honest man, "and believe all that I have heard most steadfastly; only one thing, I remember, which occasions great pity in me for you and the rest of your brethren, as to what will become of you in the other world."—"And what are those words," replied the other, "which make you pity us so much?" —"O, good sir," said the man, "do you remember the words of the gospel? 'You shall receive a hundred for one.'"—"Well, what of them?" quoth the inquisitor.—"I will tell you, sir," continued he: "Ever since I have been here, have I seen sometimes one, and sometimes two great cauldrons of broth, given out of your great abundance every day to the poor, after you and your brethren have been sufficiently regaled: and now, if for every one of these you are to receive a hundred, you will all of you be drowned in broth!" This set the whole table a laughing, and the inquisitor was quite confounded, knowing it to be a satire upon their great

hypocrisy, and were it not that he had been much blamed for his former prosecution, he would have given him more trouble: he ordered him, therefore, in a rage, to go about his business, and to come near him no more.

NOVEL VII.

Bergamino, by telling a tale of a certain witty person named Primasso, very handsomely reproves the avarice which had lately appeared in M. Cane della Scala.

THE pleasantries of Emilia, and her agreeable story made them all laugh heartily, and they commended the contrivance of the cross. After which Philostratus, who was to speak next, began:—It is a commendable thing, most worthy ladies, to hit a fixed mark; but more so, to see a thing suddenly appearing, as suddenly hit by an archer. The scandalous and most wicked lives of the clergy, furnish matter enough for reproach and raillery, to such as are so disposed, without much thinking upon the matter: and therefore, though the honest man did well in touching master inquisitor, by aiming at the hypocritical charity of the friar, who gave that to the poor which they would otherwise either throw away, or give to the hogs; yet is he more to be commended, of whom (the last story leading me to it) I am going to speak, who reproved M. Cane della Scala, a most magnificent person heretofore, of a sudden and unusual kind of avarice, which had lately appeared in him, figuring by other persons in a pretty novel, that which he intended to say concerning themselves, and which was as follows: M. Cane della Scala was known all over the world, as well for the wealth with which fortune had blessed him, as for his being one of the greatest and most magnificent lords that had lived in Italy since the days of the Emperor Frederick II. This person had determined to make a most sumptuous feast at Verona, to which people began to flock from all parts, those especially of the best fashion; when, on a sudden, whatever was the cause, he altered his mind, and making such as came some little amends for their trouble, he sent them away. One person only remained unsatisfied, whose name was Bergamino, of incredible wit and parts, who was still in hopes that things would at length turn out to his advantage. But M. Cane della Scala (having been made to under-

stand, that whatever was given to him was entirely thrown away,) neither spoke to, nor took the least notice of him. Bergamino waited some days, and perceiving that no account was made of him, and finding his stock grew low with the expense of horses and servants at the inn, he became melancholy, yet resolved to wait longer, as not thinking it right to depart: and having brought three costly suits with him, which had been given him by other lords, for his more splendid appearance at this feast; the landlord beginning to grow importunate, he first pawned one, and staying a little longer, a second; and he had now begun to live upon the credit of the last, resolving, when that was spent, to go away. In the meantime it happened that he met with M. Cane della Scala at dinner, where he presented himself before him with a sorrowful countenance; which the other observing, out of mockery rather than to take any delight in what should come from him, he said: "How farest thou, Bergamino? Thou seemest melancholy; what is the reason?" Bergamino, without any premeditation, yet as if he had thought long upon the matter, made a proper reply in the following story:—

"You must understand, sir, that Primasso was a person well skilled in grammar, as well as a good and ready poet, by which means he became so famous, that though his person was not universally known, his fame and character were in every one's mouth.

Now it came to pass, that being once at Paris in a poor condition, as his virtue met with no better fortune, being little encouraged by such as were the most able, he heard much talk of the abbot of Cligni, who, next to the pope, was reputed to be the richest prelate of the church: of him it was said, that he always kept a most grand and hospitable court, and all were entertained freely that came thither, provided it was whilst the abbot was at dinner. Primasso hearing this, and being desirous of seeing great and worthy persons, resolved to be a witness of the magnificence of this abbot. He inquired, therefore, how far he dwelt from Paris? Being answered, about six miles, he supposed that, if he set out early in the morning, he should be able to reach thither by dinner. Accordingly he asked the way; and having nobody to keep him company, lest he should mistake the road, and so come to a place where no victuals could be had, he took three loaves with him, depending upon finding water enough, for a *little* served him, wherever he went. The loaves he put in his bosom, and he nicked

his time so well, that he arrived at the abbot's exactly at the hour of dining; and entering into the great hall, and beholding the number of tables which were laid forth, and the vast preparations making in the kitchens, and every thing else getting ready for dinner, he said to himself, 'This man is truly as generous as he has been always reported.' Whilst he was considering these things attentively, the steward of the household ordered water to be brought, and they washed their hands, and sat down every one at his respective table. Now it happened that Primasso was placed facing the door where the abbot was to make his entrance. It was the custom in this court that neither wine, bread, nor any manner of food whatever, should be served to any of the tables, till the lord abbot himself was seated: whereupon the steward, having all things in readiness, acquainted his lord, that nothing now was wanting but his presence. The abbot ordered the door to be thrown open; and, as he was entering the hall, the first person he chanced to cast his eyes upon, was Primasso; who being a stranger, as to his person, and but meanly apparelled, an ungenerous, as well as an unusual thought came into his mind. 'Behold,' said he to himself, 'to whom I give my substance to be consumed!' And turning back, he ordered the door to be shut again, and inquired of the people within, whether they could give any account of that poor fellow, that sat over against the door: they all answered that they could not. Primasso, who had a kind of traveller's appetite, and had not been used to fast so long, seeing the abbot did not yet come, took one of the loaves out of his bosom, and began to devour it. The abbot, after he had waited a considerable time, sent one of his servants to see whether the fellow was gone; the servant brought word that he stayed, and was eating bread, which he seemed to have brought with him. 'Let him eat of his own,' replied the abbot, 'if he has it, for he shall taste none of mine to-day.' Gladly would the abbot have had him gone away of himself, for he did not think it right to dismiss him. Primasso had now finished one loaf, and finding the abbot did not yet come, he began with the second, which was again reported to his lordship, who had sent to inquire as before. At length the abbot not coming, and Primasso having eaten up his second loaf, now attacked the third. When this news was carried to the abbot, he began to consider with himself in this manner: 'What strange fancy has possessed me to-day? What means this avarice, this scorn that I now shew?

And who is it that I thus disdain? For many years have I entertained all that would come, gentle or simple, poor or rich, and, as it has sometimes happened, the most paltry fellows imaginable; yet never before did I grudge it to any, as I now do to this person: surely avarice should have no influence over me in the case of a poor man. For aught I know, he may be a most extraordinary person, mean as he appears, and how unwilling soever I have hitherto been to shew him respect.' Having argued thus with himself, he would needs know who he was, and finding him to be Primasso, who was come only to behold his grandeur; and knowing him to be a learned and worthy person, he became quite ashamed, and was desirous of making amends for his behaviour to him, by shewing him all possible respect. And having feasted him as much as he cared for, he ordered him to be sumptuously apparelled and putting money into his pocket, he made him a present of a horse, and left him at full liberty either to stay with him, or to depart at pleasure; wherewith Primasso, being highly satisfied, gave him his most hearty thanks, and returned to Paris on horseback, although he came thither on foot." M. Cane della Scala, who was a man of good understanding, without any farther explanation, easily understood what Bergamino meant to say, and, smiling upon him, replied: "Well have you set forth your necessities and virtue, as well as my avarice; and truly I never found myself so overpowered with that vice, as now in your case: but I will banish it from me with the same correction that you have taught me." So he ordered his landlord to be paid his full charges, put Bergamino on a suit of his best clothes, gave him money in his pocket, and a good horse to ride on, and left it to his own choice whether to depart, or stay there with him.

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NOVEL VIII.

Gulielmo Borsiere, by a few smart words, checks the miserable covetousness of M. Ermino de' Grimaldi.

LAURETTA, who sat next to Philostratus, hearing them commend Bergamino's wit and perseverance, and knowing that it was now her turn, without waiting for any command, commenced in this manner:—

The last story puts me in mind how a courtier of wit reproached,

to good purpose, the covetousness of a certain rich merchant; which, although it may resemble the other, will not be the less agreeable, as it tended to as good an end.

There lived, not long since, at Genoa, a gentleman named Signior Ermino de' Grimaldi, who, as was generally believed, surpassed all the people of Italy in estate and wealth; and, as no person in Italy could equal him in riches, so neither was there in the whole world one like him for greediness and sordid avarice. For, so far was he from being a friend to others, that he even denied himself common necessaries; contrary to the custom of the Genoese, who delight to dress and live well. On which occasion he had lost his true name of Grimaldi, and was now known by no other than that of Ermino, Avarice.

It came to pass, that, whilst by spending nothing, he went on accumulating wealth, there came to Genoa a well-bred and witty gentleman called Gulielmo Borsiere, one nothing like the courtiers of the present day; who, to the great reproach of the debauched dispositions of such as would now be reputed fine gentlemen, should more properly style themselves asses, brought up amidst the filthiness and sink of mankind, rather than in courts. And as, in former days, they spent their time in making up differences between gentlemen, or in bringing about alliances by marriage, affinity, or friendship; and would divert themselves, and those about them, with facetious and witty repartees, and at the same time, like kind fathers, reprove and lash such as deserved it, although with little recompence: these upstarts of the present age employ their whole life in speaking ill of, and sowing dissensions among, their neighbours, reporting scandals and lies, and this in the presence of any one, upbraiding him with injuries, shame, and defamation, true or not true, upon the least occasion; till by their false and deceitful flatteries, they bring gentlemen at last to every thing that is vile and wicked. And him we see most caressed by his untoward masters, who uses the most wicked expressions and commits the vilest actions, to the eternal shame of the present world, and a demonstration that virtue is gone from among us, and hath left us wallowing in the sink of debauchery. But to return from whence I have been led by a just resentment farther than I intended: This Gulielmo, whom I before mentioned, was much visited and respected by the better sort of people at Genoa; when having made some stay here, and hearing much talk of Ermino's sordidness, he became desirous of

seeing him. Now Ermino had been informed of Gulielmo's worthy character, and having, however covetous he was, some small sparks of gentility, he received him in a courteous manner, and entering into discourse together, he took him, and some Genoese who came along with him, to see a fine house which he had lately built: and when he had shewed every part of it, he said: "Pray, sir, can you, who have heard and seen so much, tell me of something that was never yet seen, to have painted in my hall?" To whom Gulielmo, hearing him speak so simply, replied, "Sir, I can tell you of nothing which has never yet been seen, that I know of; unless it be sneezing, or some thing of that sort; but if you please, I can tell you of a thing which, I believe, you never saw." Said Ermino (little expecting such an answer as he received), "I beg you would let me know what that is." Gulielmo immediately replied, "Paint Liberality." When Ermino heard this, such a sudden shame seized him, as quite changed his temper from what it had hitherto been, and he said, "Sir, I will have her painted in such a manner, that neither you, nor any one else, shall be able to say, hereafter, that I am unacquainted with her." And from that time, such effect had Gulielmo's words upon him, he became the most liberal and courteous gentleman, and was the most respected, both by strangers and his own citizens, of any in Genoa.

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NOVEL IX.

The King of Cyprus was so much affected by the words of a gentlewoman of Gascogne, that from being a vicious prince he became very virtuous.

THE queen's last command rested on Eliza, who, without waiting for it, began in this manner:—

It often happens that much pains have been taken, and many reproofs spent, in vain upon a person when sometimes a word thrown in by chance, and without any such design, has done the business; which appears plainly from the novel recited by Lauretta; and I purpose, also, in a very short story, to demonstrate the same. A good thing said may often be of service, and ought to be regarded, whoever the person is that reports it.

During the reign of the first King of Cyprus, after the conquest of the Holy Land, by Godfrey of Boulogne, it happened that a gentlewoman of Gascogne went on a pilgrimage to visit the holy sepulchre, and, on her return home, being arrived at Cyprus, she was ill.

treated by a parcel of villains, and making her complaint without receiving any redress, she resolved at length to go to the king; but she was told, that she would only lose her labour, for he was so careless in every respect, and so little of a man, that, far from avenging the injuries done to others, he suffered an infinite number of the most shameful affronts offered to himself; insomuch that whoever were offended at him might vent their resentment at any time in the most opprobrious language. Which, when she had heard, entirely despairing of redress, she yet proposed some comfort to herself in her calamity, to upbraid him for his meanness of spirit; and coming all in tears before him, she said, "My lord, I appear in your presence not expecting to be revenged for the injuries I have sustained: but this small satisfaction I entreat, that you would tell me how you can bear those which I hear are committed towards yourself, that I may from thence be instructed patiently to bear my own; which, God knows, were it in my power, I would willingly consign to you, since you endure them so well." The king, who till that hour had been dull and inactive, as if he had been roused from a long sleep, began with avenging that lady's wrongs in the strictest manner, and from that time forward was most zealous in the punishment of every one who dared to do any thing contrary to the honour of his crown.

—o—

NOVEL X.

Master Albert of Bologna puts a lady to the blush, who thought to have done as much to him, because she perceived him to be amorously inclined towards her.

AFTER Eliza had finished, the last charge remained to the queen; who, in the most becoming manner, began as follows:—

Most virtuous ladies, as the stars when the sky is clear are the ornament of heaven, and as flowers in the spring are the beauty of meadows; in like sort is an easy manner of speaking, and a facetious and pleasant discourse, set off and embellished by choice and elegant expressions, which by being short, are better suited to women than men, insomuch as many words, when fewer would serve the purpose, are most disagreeable in the former. For there are few women now who understand any thing that is smart and witty when they hear it; or, if they do understand, scarcely know how to make a reply; which is much to the disgrace of our sex

For that virtue which adorned the minds of women in former times, is passed in our days into the ornaments of the body; and she whose habit is most gaudy, and set off with embroideries and fantastic ornaments, is most esteemed; not considering that, were you to load an ass with that finery, it would be able to carry more than any one of them; and, therefore, in that particular, they deserve not so much respect as the ass. I am ashamed to mention these things, because, whilst I censure other women, I am taxing myself. Such showy painted things, what are they else but statues, dull and insensible; or if they answer a question, they had better have been silent. Truly, they would have you think, that their not knowing how to converse with men of sense proceeds from their simplicity, and purity of mind, and therefore they call their own foolishness by the name of modesty; as if there were no other honest woman but she who converses with her chambermaid, laundress, or kitchen-woman; and as if nature designed them no other kind of conversation. Most sure it is, that in this, as well as in other things, you are to consider when, where, and with whom, you speak; for sometimes it happens, that a man or woman, intending by some jest or other to put a person to the blush, without having compared their strength of wit with that of the other person, may find it recoil upon themselves. Therefore, that we may be always upon our guard, and not verify the proverb which is in every one's mouth, that women always choose the worst, I desire that this day's last novel, which is to come from myself, may make us all wise, to the end that as we are distinguished from others by birth and quality, we may not be behind them in discreetness of behaviour.

It is not long since a famous physician was living at Bologna (and perhaps may be so still), of extraordinary note in his profession, called Master Albert, one of so sprightly a disposition, though he was seventy years old, that notwithstanding his natural heat and vigour had quite forsaken him, yet disdained he not to receive the sparks of love. For having seen, at an entertainment, a most beautiful lady, a widow, called, as some say, Madam Malgherida de' Ghisolieri, he was no less smitten than if he had been a younger person: nor could he rest at nights, unless he had seen the fair by day. This made him pass backwards and forwards, sometimes on foot, and sometimes on horseback, so often by the door, that she, and some other ladies of her acquaintance, could not help taking notice of it; and would often make themselves merry to see a person o'

his years and learning so ridiculously amorous ; supposing love to be a passion peculiar to young people. Master Albert continuing his marches to and fro by the house, it happened on a festival, that this lady was sitting at the door with some of her friends, and seeing him come at a distance, they all agreed to receive him handsomely, and afterwards to rally him on the affair of his love. Therefore, they rose up and invited him into a pleasant room, where he was entertained with rich wine and sweetmeats ; and at length they began to enquire of him, as modestly as possible, how he could ever think of being in love with so fine a lady, seeing how much she had been solicited by many brisk, gay young gentlemen. Master Albert, perceiving that they had drawn him in among them, only to make a jest of him, put a merry countenance on the matter, and replied : "Madam, it should seem no strange thing to any considerate person, that I am in love, especially with you, because you so well deserve it. And though the power be taken away by age, yet is the will remaining, as also the judgment to distinguish those who are most worthy our affection ; and this in a greater degree, as age has more knowledge than youth. The hope that prompted me, who am old, to love you, who are courted by so many younger persons, is this ; I have often, at an afternoon's collation, observed ladies eating lupines and leeks, and though in the leek there be no goodness at all, yet is the head the least hurtful, as well as the most agreeable to the taste : but you, guided by a wrong appetite, will generally hold the head between your fingers, and eat the stalk, which is not only good for nothing, but has also a bad relish. Suppose, therefore, you choose a lover in the same manner ; I shall be the happy person, and the rest of your lovers all discarded."

The lady was in some confusion, as well as her companions ; and she said to him, "Sir, you have given us a very just and reasonable reprimand : I shall always value your respect, as being a learned and worthy person ; and you may ever, as far as is consistent with my honour, command me." Master Albert arose, gave the ladies thanks, took his leave very merrily, and departed. Thus she, never considering whom she jested with, met with her match ; of which, if you are wise, you will hereafter be careful.

The sun was now descending in the west, and the heat of the day much abated, when the novels were all ended ; upon which the queen pleasantly said, "Nothing more remains to be done during my administration for the present day but to give you a new queen to-morrow, who must take her turn, according to the

best of her judgment, in ordering every thing that may be necessary for the continuance of our mirth. And though the day ought to continue till it is night, yet, unless you take time a little beforehand, you cannot so well provide for what is to come; and, that there may be time enough to prepare whatever the queen shall think proper for the next day, I think the following days ought to begin at this hour. In regard then to Him by whom all things live, and for our own well-doing, I appoint Philomena to be queen the second day." And when she had thus spoken, she arose from her seat, and having taken the crown from her own head, she reverently placed it on Philomena's, humbly saluting her first herself, and afterwards the rest of the company did the same, submitting themselves cheerfully to her government.—Philomena saw herself crowned with a gentle blush; and calling to mind what Pampinea had just now said, that she might not seem remiss in her duty, she confirmed all the officers which Pampinea had appointed; then she ordered the morrow's provision, as also the supper, so near approaching (they being to continue there), and afterwards spoke in this manner:—

"My dear friends, although Pampinea, more through her own courtesy than any merit of mine, has made me your queen, yet am I not disposed to follow my own judgment as to our manner of living, but rather to join my opinion with yours; and, therefore, that you may know what I intend to do, and so alter it at your pleasure, I shall declare it in few words. If I have well considered the method that has been taken to-day, it seems agreeable enough, and till we either grow weary, or find it inconvenient, I resolve not to change it. Holding on, then, as we have begun, we will rise and divert ourselves awhile by walking, and when the sun is down we will sup in the open air, and after we have had some songs and other diversions, it will be time to go to bed: to-morrow morning, whilst it is cool and pleasant, we will rise and take a walk where we like best, and return, as we have done to-day, about dinner-time, and dance; and, after reposing ourselves as before, come here again to continue our novels, which to me seems full as entertaining as it may be useful. There are some things, indeed, which Pampinea could not accomplish, by reason of her late promotion, which I propose to perfect; namely, to keep you within the bounds of some particular subject, to which your novels are all to relate, and which is to be given you beforehand, that you may have time

to think of some pretty story to the purpose ; which, if you please, shall be this :—As from the beginning of the world, people have been all along conducted by fortune through the various chances of life, and will be so to the end of it, you are all of you to relate a case where a person, after going through a variety of troubles, beyond all hope and expectation, at last meets with success." They all approved the order that was given, and determined to obey it ; Dioneus only excepted, who, after the rest were silent, said : "Madam, I approve your order, as the rest have done, and think it both pleasant and commendable ; but one special favour I beg may be granted me, whilst this company continues together, namely, not to let me be constrained by the law you have made, to relate a story according to the given theme, unless I please, but that I may choose something I like better. And that you may not think that I request this as if I were unfurnished with discourses of this kind, I am content to be the last in every day's exercise." The queen, knowing him to be a merry companion, and well considering that he would not have moved this request, but with a design to make the company laugh, when they were weary of any particular subject, agreed to what he desired, with the consent of them all. They now arose, and went to a crystal stream, which fell from a little hill into a vale shaded with trees, where, washing both their hands and their feet, much mirth passed among them, till supper drawing near, made them return to the palace. When that was over, the queen ordered the musical instruments to be brought, and that Lauretta should begin a dance, Emilia singing to her, and Dioneus playing upon the lute ; with which Lauretta immediately complied, and Emilia sung the following song in a very fascinating manner.

SONG.

I.

With my own charms so blest am I,
Each other passion I defy ;
For ever as I gaze, and find
That good which still contents the mind ;
Nor former flame, nor future love,
The dear enjoyment can remove.

II.

Nor does the good I thus possess
Become by long admiring less ;

No—greater far's the joy I feel,
Than heart can think, or tongue reveal:
How great it is, they only know,
Who long have sweetly languish'd so.

III.

And I (the more I fix my eyes,
And feel the pleasing passion rise)
Each thought direct, and wish confine,
To make the promis'd blessing mine,
And hope ere long a greater joy:
Where is the nymph so blest as I?

The song being ended, in which they all joined, though the words occasioned some speculation; and after a few other little sonnets, a good part of the night being now spent, the queen thought proper to put an end to the first day; lights being consequently called for, she ordered every one to their respective chambers, to repose themselves till the next morning.

Il Decamerone.

(Second Day)

THE SECOND DAY.

ALREADY had the sun ushered in the new day, the birds upon the blooming branches attesting it with their merry songs, when the ladies and gentlemen arose, and went into the garden; where they spent some time in walking, and weaving chaplets of flowers; and, as they had done the day before, after taking a repast in the open air, and dancing, they reposed themselves till the clock struck nine; at which time they took their places, as the queen had appointed, in the same pleasant meadow around her. She being of a most graceful person, and having on her a crown of laurel, looked round in a most cheerful manner on the whole assembly, and then signified to Neiphile that she should begin; who, without offering any excuse, spoke as follows:—

NOVEL I.

Martellino, feigning himself to be a cripple, pretends to be cured by being laid upon the body of Saint Arrigo; but his roguery being discovered, he gets soundly beaten, and is afterwards apprehended, and in danger of being hanged, but at last escapes.

IT often happens, that he who endeavours to ridicule other people, especially in things of a serious nature, becomes himself a jest, and frequently to his great cost; as you will perceive by what, in obedience to the queen's command, I am now going to relate: an affair, which had a very unlucky beginning, and which, beyond all expectation, ended happily enough to one of our city.

There lived, not long since, at Triers, a German, called Arrigo, who was a poor man, and served as a porter, when any one pleased to employ him; yet was he reputed a person of a good life; on which account (whether true or false I know not) it was affirmed by the people of Triers, that, at the very instant of his death, the bells of the great church rang of their own accord, which was accounted a miracle, and all declared that this Arrigo was a saint, and they flocked to the house where the corpse lay, and carried it

as a sanctified body to the great church; bringing thither the halt, lame, and blind, expecting that, by the touch of it, they would all recover. In so great a concourse of people, it happened, that three of our own city arrived there, one of whom was named Stecchi, another Martellino, and the third Marchese; persons that frequented the courts of princes, to divert them as buffoons and mimicks. None of these having ever been there before, and seeing the great crowd of people running from all parts of the city, they were much surprised at it; and hearing the cause, were very desirous of seeing the corpse. They left their baggage, therefore, at the inn, and Marchese said, "We will see this saint; but I do not know how we shall contrive to get near enough, for the street is full of soldiers and persons in arms, whom the governor has stationed there, to prevent any tumult in the city: and besides, the church is so thronged with people, that it will be impossible to get in."

Martellino, who was eager to be a spectator, replied, "I will find a way, notwithstanding, to get close to the very body."—"How," said Marchese, "is that possible?"—"I'll tell you," answered Martellino: "I intend to counterfeit a cripple, whilst thou shalt support me on one side, and Stecchi on the other, as if I were unable to walk by myself, bringing me towards the saint to be cured; and you will see every body make way for us to go on." They were much pleased with the contrivance, and went accordingly into a private place; when Martellino distorted his hands, fingers, arms, legs, mouth, eyes, and his whole countenance besides, in such a manner, that it was frightful to behold him; and nobody that saw him, but would have imagined that he was really so lame and deformed. Being carried in that guise by Marchese and Stecchi, they directed their way to the church, crying out in a most piteous manner all the way, to make room for God's sake! to which the people condescended. In a little time they attracted the eyes of every one, and the general cry was, "Room, room!" till at length they came where the body of St. Arrigo lay; when Martellino was taken from them by some persons that stood around, and laid all along upon the body, to the end he might, by that means, receive the benefit of a cure. All the people's eyes were now upon him, expecting the event; when he, who was master of his business, first began to stretch his fingers, then his hands, afterwards his arms, and at last his whole body; which, when the people saw,

they set up such shouts in praise of St. Arrigo, that a clap of thunder would hardly have been distinguished. Now it happened that a Florentine was not far off, that knew Martellino very well (not whilst his body was distorted, but after his pretended cure), who fell a laughing, and cried, "Good God! who would not have taken him to have been really a cripple?" Which some of the by-standers hearing, they immediately said, "And was he not so?"—"No," answered the other, "as God is my judge, he was always as straight as any person here; but he has the art, as you have now seen, of turning his body into what shape he pleases." There needed nothing further to set them all on fire; they therefore pressed most violently on, crying out to seize the villain, that blasphemer of God and his saints, who being in no wise disordered comes here to make a jest of our saint and us. Whereupon they dragged him by the hair of the head, and threw him upon the ground, kicking him and tearing the clothes off his back; nor was there a person there that did not endeavour to give him a blow; whilst Martellino kept crying out for God's sake to have mercy; but all to no purpose: for the blows thickened faster upon him. Marchese and Stecchi now began to be in some pain for themselves, and not daring to help him, they cried out with the multitude, "Kill him! kill him!" contriving all the time how to get him out of their hands: nevertheless he had certainly been murdered, but for the following expedient. Marchese, knowing that the officers of justice were at the door, ran to the lieutenant that commanded, crying out, "Sir, help me, for God's sake; here's a fellow that has picked my pocket of a hundred florins; I beg you will assist me in getting them back again." And immediately twelve of the serjeants ran where Martellino was in the utmost jeopardy, and with the greatest difficulty got him away, all trodden under foot and bruised as he was; and carried him to the palace, followed by many of the people, who had been incensed against him; and who now hearing that he was taken up for a cut-purse, and seeing no other way of revenging themselves, declared that they had also been robbed by him. On hearing these complaints, the judge, who was an ill-tempered man, took him aside and examined him; whilst Martellino answered him in a jesting manner, making no account of their accusations. At which the judge being provoked, ordered him to be tied by the neck, and soundly lashed, that he might make him confess the crimes he was charged with, in order to hang him

afterwards. He being therefore bound down to the ground, the judge asking him if those things with which he was accused were true; and telling him that it would be in vain to deny them: he then made answer and said, "My lord, I am ready to confess the truth; but please to order first all my accusers to say when and where I robbed them, and I will then tell you truly what I am guilty of, and what not." The judge readily consented, and having summoned some of them before him, one said he had picked his pocket eight days ago; another four days, and some made answer that he had robbed them that same day. Martellino replied, "My lord, they are liars; for I had not been here many hours (and would to God I had never come at all!) before I went to view this saint, where I got abused as you now see. That this is true, the officer who keeps your book of presentations, as also my landlord, will testify for me: therefore I beg you would not torture and put me to death, at the instances of these people." When Marchese and Stecchi heard what passed before the judge, and that their friend was severely handled, they began to be in great fear about him, saying to themselves, that they had taken him out of the frying-pan, to throw him into the fire: and they ran from place to place, to find out their landlord, whom they acquainted with what had happened: he, laughing heartily at their story, carried them to one Alexander Agolanti, a person of great interest in the city, to whom they related the whole affair, entreating him to have pity on poor Martellino. Alexander, after much laughter, went to the governor of the town, and prevailed upon him to have Martellino brought into his presence. The messenger that went for him, found him standing before the judge in his shirt, all terrified, because he would hear nothing in his favour (having an aversion perhaps to our country people), and being probably resolved to hang him at all events: and he refused, till he was compelled, to deliver him up. Martellino being brought before the governor, told him every thing that happened; and entreated him, as a special favour, that he would let him go, saying, that till he came to Florence, he should always think he had the rope about his neck. The governor was highly diverted with the relation; and ordering every one a suit of apparel, beyond all their hopes they escaped from the most imminent danger, and got safe and sound home.

NOVEL II.

Rinaldo d'Asti having been robbed, comes to Castel Gulielmo, where he is entertained by a widow lady, makes good his loss, and returns safe home.

THE ladies all laughed immoderately at Martellino's adventure, as did the gentlemen likewise, but more especially Philostratus, who, as he sat next to Neiphile, was ordered by the queen to begin his novel; and he immediately complied as follows:—

I am going to relate a story, consisting partly of misfortune, and partly of love, which may be of use to such as walk in love's uncertain paths; in which it happens to those who have not said the Pater Noster of St. Julian, that they often get a bad night's rest, though they lie in a good bed.

In the time of Azzo, marquis of Ferrara, a certain merchant, named Rinaldo d'Asti, came to Bologna to transact some affairs of his own; which being done, and he on his return home, it chanced, as he came out of Ferrara, and was riding towards Verona, that he fell in with some persons, who seemed to be merchants also, but were in reality highwaymen, and unguardedly joined them. They, finding him to be a merchant, and supposing therefore that he must have money about him, resolved as soon as an opportunity offered, to rob him; and, that he should have no suspicion, they rode on discoursing with him like persons of reputation and character, shewing themselves extremely complaisant and courteous, insomuch, that he thought himself happy in meeting with such good company, as he was alone, and had only one servant. Talking of various things, they began at last to speak of prayers, and one of the rogues, there being three in number, turned towards Rinaldo, and said, "And pray, sir, what sort of prayer do you use when you are upon a journey?"—"In good truth," answered Rinaldo, "I know little of those matters, and am master of very few prayers; but I live in an old-fashioned way, and can tell that twelve pence make a shilling; nevertheless I always use, when I am upon a journey, before I go out of my inn, to say one Pater Noster and one Ave Maria for the souls of the father and mother of St. Julian, and after that I pray to God and St. Julian to send me a good lodging at night: and let me tell you, sir, very often have I met with great dangers upon the road, from all which I still escaped, and when night drew on I always came to

a good lodging; which favour I firmly believe Saint Julian, to whose honour I speak it, hath obtained of God for me; nor do I think I should ever travel securely, or succeed in my lodging at night, were I to forget this prayer."

"Then," said the other, "to be sure you offered up that prayer this morning?"

"Most certainly I did," answered Rinaldo. Said the rogue to himself, having determined how to handle him, "Thou wilt have need enough of it; for, if I mistake not, thy lodging is like to be none of the best;" and afterwards he added, "I have travelled much myself, yet did I never say that prayer, though I have heard it often commended, and I have always fared well, and now this night shall you see which of us will get the better lodging; I must own, however, that instead of it I have used the *dirupisti*, or the *intemerata*, or the *de profundis*, which, as my grandmother was wont to tell me, are of singular virtue."

Thus they travelled along, discoursing upon many subjects, and waiting for a fit time and place to put their wicked purpose in execution; when at length it happened, that the time, growing late, and the place private, being at the ford of a river near Castel Gulielmo, they made their assault, and robbed and stripped him to the shirt; and leaving him there on foot they said to him, "Go, see if thy St. Julian will provide as good a lodging for thee to-night, as we shall have:" so, passing the river, away they went. The servant, like a rascal as he was, seeing his master attacked, rode away without offering the least assistance, and never stopped till he came to Castel Gulielmo; where, it being late when he got in, without giving himself any farther trouble, he took up his lodging. Rinaldo remained there in his shirt, without shoes or stockings; the weather extremely cold, and snowing incessantly; not knowing what to do, the dark night coming on apace, and he all over in a tremble, with his teeth chattering for cold, now began to look round for shelter where he might continue that night, for fear of being starved to death; but seeing none (the whole country being laid waste by the late war,) and being forced away by the cold, he trudged on towards Castel Gulielmo, not knowing whether his servant was gone thither or elsewhere, but supposing, if he got admittance, that he should meet with relief. But before he came within a mile of the town, it grew quite dark; and it was so late when he got thither, that finding the gates locked, and the bridge drawn up he could obtain no

entrance. Grieving much at this, and now quite discouraged, he looked about to see if he could find a cover from the snow: when by chance he spied a house hanging a little way over the walls of the castle; under which he proposed to stand all night, and then to depart; there he found a door in the wall, but fast locked; and gathering some straw together which was lying about, he sat down thereon, all pensive and sad, and making loud complaints to St. Julian; telling him, this was not according to the confidence he had always reposed in him. But St. Julian, who had a regard for him, soon provided a better lodging. There was a widow lady in that castle, of great beauty, whom the Marquis Azzo loved as his life, and kept in that house under which Rinaldo had taken shelter. That very day the marquis was to come to stay all night with her; she having secretly provided a bath for him, and a most elegant supper. Every thing being now ready, and only the marquis's company wanting, an express arrived with dispatches, which required him to take horse instantly: he therefore sent to the lady to excuse him, and posted away; at which she was much concerned, and not knowing how to pass her time, resolved to go herself into the bath which she had provided for the marquis, and then to sup and go to bed. Now it happened, that the bath was near to the door where poor Rinaldo was sitting; so that she being therein, heard all his complaints and shiverings: whereupon she called her maid, and ordered her to look over the wall at the door threshold, and inquire who that person was there, and what he wanted. She went, and by the clearness of the sky could just discern Rinaldo sitting in the manner before described; and having demanded of him who he was, he made answer as well as he could, trembling all the while so much that she could scarcely understand him, telling her how he came thither, and entreating her not to let him perish with cold. The girl was moved to compassion, and returning to her mistress, related the whole story, who had pity on him likewise; and recollecting that she had the key of the door, which served for the private admission of the marquis sometimes, she said, "Go and open the door gently: we have victuals enough, and nobody to sit down, and we may also spare him a lodging." The maid commended her great charity, and having opened the door and found him almost frozen to death, she said, "Make haste, good man, and get thee into this bath, which yet is warm;" with which he immediately complied, without waiting for any farther

invitation: and he found himself so much refreshed by the warmth of it, that he seemed restored from death to life. Then the lady sent him some clothes, which had been her husband's, and which fitted him as well in all respects, as if they had been made for him. Expecting her further commands, he began to thank God and St. Julian, who had delivered him from the prospect of a most terrible night, and brought him at last where he was like to meet with good entertainment. The lady, having now reposed herself a little, ordered a great fire to be made in the hall, and coming thither, she inquired concerning the honest man, what sort of a person he was? To whom the maid replied, "Madam, now he is clothed, he seems to be a good handsome man, and well behaved."—"Go then," said she, "and call him, and bid him come to the fire, and he may also sup with me, for I fear he has had but a sorry supper." When Rinaldo came into the hall, and saw the lady, who appeared to him to be a woman of consequence, he made her the most profound reverence, shewing all possible acknowledgments for the favours he had received. And the lady, finding him to answer the character she had received of him from her maid, made him sit down freely by the fireside with her; and inquired concerning the misfortunes which had brought him thither, of which he gave her a faithful account, and obtained her easy credit, she having heard something of the servant's coming thither before: she then told him what she knew of the matter, and how the fellow was to be met with in the morning. Supper being now served up, they washed their hands, and sat down together. He was tall in person, and agreeable enough both in countenance and behaviour, and a middle-aged man: she often, therefore, cast her eye upon him, and finding him to suit her fancy, as soon as supper was ended, advised with her maid whether she might not fairly (since the marquis had put such a slight upon her) make use of the opportunity which fortune had thrown in her way. The girl, who knew how to please her mistress, readily concurred. The lady now returned to the fire, where she had left Rinaldo by himself, and looking pleasantly at him, she said, "Why so thoughtful, sir? does the loss of your horse and a few clothes affect you so much? Comfort yourself; you are in my house, and I can tell you farther, that, seeing you in my husband's clothes, I could not help thinking, several times to-night, that he himself was present, and I was going more than once to have saluted you." Rinaldo was too great a

connoisseur in love-matters not to take her meaning. The affair, therefore, was soon agreed, and to bed they went, and, in the morning, to prevent the least suspicion, she gave him some old clothes, and filled his pocket with money, begging of him to keep it secret; and having directed him where to find his servant, she let him out at the same door he came in at. He therefore, as soon as it was broad day, entered into the castle as if he had come a great way off, where he found the fellow, and soon clothed himself out of his portmanteau; and as he was going to mount his man's horse, by great fortune, it happened that the three rogues, who had robbed him the day before, were taken up on some other account, and brought into the castle: when by their own confession, he got his horse, clothes, and money, returned to him, and lost nothing but a pair of garters, which they knew not what was become of. Rinaldo now thanked God and St. Julian, and, mounting his horse, arrived safe at his own house, and the very next day the three villains were exhibited in public, dancing on nothing.

NOVEL III.

Three young gentlemen lavish away their fortunes, and a nephew of theirs returning home in as desperate a condition, falls in company with an Abbot, whom he afterwards found to be the King of England's daughter, who marries him, and makes good his uncles' losses, resettling them in their former prosperity.

ALL admired the adventures of Rinaldo d'Asti, and commended his devotion, giving thanks to God and St. Julian who had succoured him in his great necessity. Nor was the lady blamed (though they did not care to speak out) for making use of the opportunity that offered: whilst they were laughing at these things, Pampinea, finding that she was to speak next, after a little considering what she was to say, and receiving the queen's command, began at last in this manner:—

The more we speak of the acts of fortune, so much the more, to such as consider them attentively, there remains to be spoken: which none need wonder at, who consider that all things, which we foolishly call our own, are in her power; and that she blindly wills them from one to another incessantly, and without any rule or method that can be discovered by us. Which, though it be shewed every day in every thing, and has also been enlarged upon

in some former novels, nevertheless, as the queen is pleased that this should be our present subject, I shall add a story to what has been said already, which I think you will not dislike.

There dwelt, formerly, in our city, a knight named Tebaldo, who, as some report, was of the family of the Lamberti; though others say he belonged to the Agolanti: but be that as it will, he was the most wealthy knight of all that lived in his time, and had three sons; the eldest was called Lamberto, the second Tebaldo, and the third Agolante, all courteous and genteel young persons; though the eldest was not above eighteen when their father died, leaving them in possession of his vast wealth; who, finding themselves so rich, and having nobody to control them, began to spend apace, by keeping vast numbers of servants, and fine horses, and dogs, and hawks, with open house for all comers, making continual tilts and tournaments, and sparing no diversions that belong to gentlemen; indulging themselves besides in every youthful lust and passion. They had not led this life long, before their riches began to waste, and their rents not being sufficient to defray their current expenses, they mortgaged and sold first one estate, and then another; so that they saw themselves coming to nothing, and then poverty opened their eyes, which had been hitherto kept shut. One day, therefore, Lamberto called his two brothers together, and set forth to them the great repute in which their father had lived, and the wealth he had left them, and how much they were now impoverished, through their inordinate expenses; advising them, in the best manner he was able, that, before matters grew worse, they should sell the little that was left, and retire from that quarter. His advice was followed; and, without taking any leave, or making the least stir, they left Florence, and went directly for England. Coming to London, they took a little house, and lived as frugally as possible, letting out money at interest. And fortune was so kind to them, that in a few years they got a great deal of money: by which means, it happened, that first one and then another returned to Florence, where they recovered back a great part of their estates, and purchased others to them, and got married; and keeping on their banking trade still in England, they sent a nephew thither, whose name was Alessandro, to manage their business. The three brothers, therefore, continued at Florence; and, forgetting to what misery they had been reduced by their former extravagance, and notwithstanding they all had families, began to

spend immoderately, having large credit from the merchants. Their expenses were supported for some years by returns from Alessandro, who had let out money to the barons upon their castles, and other estates, which turned to good account. Whilst the three brothers continued spending in this manner, and borrowing whenever they stood in need, having their whole dependance upon returns from England, contrary to every one's expectation, a war broke out there between the king and his son, which divided the whole kingdom, some taking part with one, and some with the other; on which account, the barons' castles, which were in Alessandro's possession, were seized on, and nothing now was left him that turned to any profit: but living in hopes of peace every day, and then that he should have both principal and interest, Alessandro still continued in the kingdom, whilst the three brethren at Florence abated nothing of their extravagance, but continued borrowing more daily. And no money coming for some years, as was expected, they lost all their credit, and people being desirous of getting what was their due, their effects were seized, which not being found sufficient, they were thrown into prison for the remainder, and their wives and children dispersed up and down the country, in a most distressed condition, with no prospect but of misery for the rest of their lives. Alessandro, after waiting some years, and finding no likelihood of peace in England, but that he continued there to no purpose, and in danger of his life, resolved for Italy; and he set out by himself; and as he was going out of Bruges, he overtook a young abbot, clothed in white, attended with a great equipage: two ancient knights followed, related to the king. These Alessandro joined; and having made himself known to them, was well received.

Travelling together, he modestly inquired who those monks were that rode before, with such a retinue, and whither they were going? When one of the knights made answer, and said, "He that rides first is a young gentleman, a relation of ours, who is lately made abbot of one of the richest abbeys in England; and, because he is younger than is required by the law for such a dignity, we are going to Rome to entreat our holy father to dispense with his want of years: but this is to be a secret." The new abbot riding sometimes before his company, and sometimes behind (as is usual with persons on the road), got sight at last of Alessandro, who was a graceful, well-behaved young gentleman, and was so taken with him at the very first view, that he never saw any one he liked better:

and having called him aside, he inquired who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going. Alessandro answered him very ingenuously, and, at the same time, made him an offer of his little service. The abbot was much pleased with his modest and pretty manner both of speaking and behaviour; finding, though his business was mean, that he was a gentleman. And being full of compassion for his losses, he began to comfort him in a friendly manner, bidding him to be of good courage, for if he were a worthy man, God might exalt him to a higher pitch than that from which fortune had cast him down; and desired him, as he was going towards Tuscany, to make one in his company, because he was likewise travelling thither. Alessandro returned thanks for the encouragement he had given him, and said, he was entirely at his service. The abbot riding on (having got some new fancies in his head, since the sight of Alessandro) chanced, after some days' travelling, to come to a country village, which afforded but bad accommodations; and, because the abbot had a mind to lie there, Alessandro made him alight at the house of a person with whom he was acquainted, and provided him a bed in the least incommodious part of the house. And being now become steward of the household, as it were, to the abbot, he disposed of the company in different parts of the town, in the most convenient manner he was able. And after the abbot had supped, it being now midnight, and every one gone to rest, Alessandro then inquired of the landlord where he was to lie. Who made answer, "In good truth, sir, you see my house is quite full, so that I and my family must be forced to sleep on benches; yet there are some granaries in the abbot's chamber: I can carry a pallet-bed for you thither, and you may rest as well as you can."—"But, landlord," quoth Alessandro, "how can I be in the abbot's chamber, it being so small that there is no room for any of his monks? If I had thought of it before the curtains were drawn, the monks should have lain in the granaries, and I would have gone where the monks are." Said the host, "The case is this; you may lie there, if you please, as well as any where in the world: the abbot is asleep, and his curtains drawn; I can convey a little bed thither softly, and you may rest very comfortably." Alessandro, finding that it might be done without disturbing the abbot, consented, and accommodated himself there with as little noise as possible.

The abbot, whom his love kept awake, heard what passed

between Alessandro and his landlord ; and finding that Alessandro was there, he began to reason with himself in this manner : "I have now a fit opportunity to compass my desires ; if I let this pass, the like may never offer again." Resolving therefore to make use of it, and supposing that all was quiet in the house, he called, with a low voice, "Alessandro !" and bade him come and lie down by him : who, after many excuses, undressed himself, and went to his bed. The abbot now laid his hand upon the other's breast, as a lover would do ; which Alessandro was much surprised at, and began to fear that he had some bad design ; which, as soon as the abbot perceived, he could not help smiling ; and having laid his bosom bare, he took Alessandro's hand and put it upon it, saying, "Be not afraid : convince yourself of what I am." Alessandro laid his hand there, and found two breasts smooth and delicate like polished ivory, which convinced him that it was a woman : and he was going to have been more familiar ; when she interrupted him, saying, "Before you come nearer to me, observe what I am going to say : I am a woman, and not a man, as you see, and was now travelling to the pope, for him to dispose of me in marriage : but whether it be your good fortune or my unhappiness, since I first saw you, the other day, I could not forbear loving you, and I assure you, no woman ever loved a man better than I do you : I therefore am determined to marry you in preference to any other person ; and if you will not accept of me, go from whence you came." Though she was unknown to Alessandro, yet, when he considered the company that was with her, he supposed she must be a lady of distinction, and her person he saw was beautiful ; therefore, without much consideration, he declared, that if she was willing, he should be highly pleased. She then rose up in bed, and turning towards a crucifix that stood upon the table, gave a ring into his hand, and made him espouse her. The next morning they proceeded on their journey to Rome ; and in a day or two she, with the two knights and Alessandro, were introduced to his holiness, and, after the proper ceremony was over, she addressed herself to him in this manner : "Holy father, you know better than anybody that they who desire to live honestly and well should avoid, as much as in them lies, all occasions which may lead them to act otherwise. For which reason have I come away, with a great part of the treasure of my father, who is King of England, and was about to marry me, young as I am, to the King of Scotland, who

is very old, to beg that your holiness would dispose of me in marriage. Nor was it the age of the King of Scotland that made me fly, so much as the fear of doing, through my frailty, was I married to him, what should be contrary both to the laws of God, and to the honour of our royal house. As I was coming with this intention, I accidentally beheld this young gentleman, whose merit and behaviour make him worthy of the greatest princess, although his family be less noble. Him have I chosen, nor will I think of any other, however it may seem to my father or any one else. The principal inducement then to this journey is removed: but I chose to proceed, that I might visit the holy places with which this city abounds, and also your holiness, to the end that the contract of marriage, made only in the presence of God, may be declared in yours, and so made public to the world: wherefore I humbly entreat your blessing, to make us more capable of pleasing Him, whose vicar you are, that we may live together to the honour of God and of you, and at length die so." Alessandro was greatly surprised, and overjoyed when he heard his wife was the King of England's daughter; but the knights were enraged beyond measure, and, had it not been in the pope's presence, they had certainly offered violence to Alessandro, and perhaps to the princess likewise. On the other hand, the pope was in amaze, both at her dress and the choice she had made; but seeing what was done could not be remedied, he was willing to satisfy her request; and having comforted the two knights, whom he saw in confusion, and reconciled them to the lady and Alessandro, gave orders for what he would have done. And when the day appointed was come, he made the lady appear most royally dressed before all the cardinals, and other great personages, who had been invited to a most magnificent feast, where she appeared so beautiful and courteous, that every one was charmed with her: in like manner was Alessandro richly apparelled; in his aspect and behaviour being more like a prince than a person brought up to trade, and was much honoured by the two knights. The pope saw the marriage celebrated with all imaginable grandeur; and, after receiving his benediction, they took their leave. Alessandro and his lady were desirous, when they left Rome, of seeing Florence, where fame had already carried the news of their marriage; and they were received with the utmost respect. She immediately took the three brothers out of prison, paying all their debts, and settled them and their wives

their former estates. This gained them the good-will of every one; and departing thence, they took Agolante with them, and came to Paris, where the king received them in a most honourable manner From thence the two knights went to England, where they prevailed so far with the king, that he forgave his daughter, and received them with all possible demonstrations of joy, making his son-in-law a knight, and creating him Earl of Cornwall. Alessandro's behaviour and conduct were such, that he accommodated matters between father and son, which was of great service to the kingdom, and gained the love and esteem of every one. Agolante recovered all that was due to him, and returned to Florence immensely rich, being first knighted by Count Alessandro, who lived happily with his princess; and it is reported that, through his prudence and valour, and the assistance of his father-in-law, he made a conquest of Scotland, and was crowned king thereof.

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NOVEL IV.

Landolpho Ruffolo, falling into poverty, became a pirate, and was taken by the Genoese, and suffered shipwreck; but saved himself upon a cask of jewels, and was taken out of the sea by a woman at Corfu, and afterwards returned home very rich.

LAURETTA sat next to Pampinea, and finding her tale now brought to a fair conclusion, began thus:—

Most kind ladies, there is no greater act of fortune, in my opinion, than to see one of low condition arrive at princely dignity, as Pampinea has just now showed us in the case of Alessandro. And though it be necessary that whoever discourses on the subject proposed, should keep within the very same terms, yet shall I not scruple to relate a story, which notwithstanding it contained greater hardships than the former, had not so glorious an end. I am sensible that, in this respect, I shall be the less regarded; but, as I am able to give you no better, I hope you will excuse me.

It is generally said, that the sea coast from Reggio to Gaeta is the pleasantest part of Italy; that part of it near Salerno, which the inhabitants call the Coast of Malfi, is full of little towns, gardens, rivulets, as also rich people expert at merchandise; amongst the rest there is a town called Ravello, in which were many wealthy persons, and one especially called Landolpho Ruffolo, who, not

content with his great store, but willing to make it double, was near losing all he had, and himself also. This man, having settled his affairs, as other merchants are used to do, bought a large ship, and freighting it all on his own account, set sail for the island of Cyprus. He there found many ships laden with the same commodities, in regard to which it was necessary for him not only to make a quick mart of his goods, but he was also farther constrained, if he meant to dispose of them at all, to sell them for a trifle, to his great loss and almost ruin: grieving much thereat, nor knowing what to do, seeing that from great wealth he was reduced almost to poverty, he resolved either to die, or to repair his losses from other people, before he would return home poor, as he came from thence so rich. Meeting with a merchant, who bought his great ship of him, with the money made of that and his other merchandize, he purchased a light little vessel fit for a pirate, arming and furnishing it with every thing proper for that purpose, intending to make other people's goods his own, and especially those of the Turks. And fortune was abundantly more favourable to him in this way of life, than she had been in merchandize; for, in the space of a year, he took so many Turkish prizes, that he found he had not only got his own again, but made it more than double. Being now comforted for his former loss, and thinking he had enough, and for fear of a second disaster, he resolved to make the best of his way home with what he had acquired: and as he was still fearful of trade, he had no mind to employ any more of his money that way, but set sail in the little vessel in which he had gained it. He was no sooner in the Archipelago, but night drew on, and a sirocco or great south-east wind arose, directly contrary to their intended course, which made such a sea, that the ship could not bear up against it, and they were glad to get into a bay under the cover of a little island, to wait for better weather. Landolpho had just entered the harbour when two Genoese ships came in from Constantinople to avoid the same storm: and as soon as the men in them saw the small bark, they blocked her up in the passage, and understanding whom she belonged to, and that the owner was known to be rich; as men addicted to plunder and rapine, they resolved to make it their own prize; landing some of their men, therefore, well armed with cross-bows and other weapons, they possessed themselves of a station, to prevent any of the crew's issuing out of the bark, unless they ran the hazard of their lives, whilst the rest got into the long boat, and

the sea being favourable, they soon boarded Landolpho's vessel, and took all his people, and every thing in it, without the loss of a man, leaving him nothing but a waistcoat; and after they had cleared the vessel, they sunk her. The day following, the wind being changed, they set sail, and had a good voyage all that day; but night coming on, the wind became boisterous again, and the storm was such that the two ships were parted, whilst that wherein poor Landolpho was, drove with the utmost violence upon the coast of Cephalonia, and broke all to pieces. The poor wretches that were on board (the sea being covered with all sorts of merchandize, and with chests, tables, &c., as is common in such cases), notwithstanding it was dark, and the waves very great, endeavoured, such as were able to swim, to lay hold of such things as they saw floating. Amongst these was the unfortunate Landolpho, who, though he had wished for death a thousand times the day before, rather than to be carried home a beggar; now he saw death at hand, was sufficiently terrified, and got hold of a plank, like the rest, in hopes that, by delaying his fate, God would send him some means for his escape: and riding upon it as well as he could, being driven by the wind backwards and forwards, he supported himself till it was day-light, and then looking round him he could see nothing but clouds and water, and a chest driving towards him, which came so near him sometimes, that he was afraid it would dash against him; when he would endeavour, with the little strength he had left, to put it by with his hand; at length it happened that a great blast of wind sent it with such violence against the board whereon he was sitting, that it was overset, and he soused over head and ears in the water; but rising again, and swimming more out of fear than any strength, he found himself at such a distance, that he was afraid he could not recover it; getting therefore to the chest, which was nearer, he laid his breast upon it as well as he could, and put his arms round it, and in this manner was he carried up and down, eating nothing, because he had it not, and drinking more than he desired, without knowing where he was, or seeing anything but water for a day and a night. The next morning (whether it was through God, or the force of the winds) Landolpho, who was well nigh become a sponge, holding his arms strongly about the chest, as we often see people seize upon any thing to avoid being drowned, drew near to the island of Corfu, where, by good fortune, a poor woman was scouring her

dishes with salt water and sand, who, when she saw him approach, and not perceiving him to be of any shape or figure, cried out and retreated: as he was unable to speak, neither could he see much; but, as the waves pleased, he was carried to the land, and then she could distinguish the shape of the chest; and looking more narrowly, she saw an arm laid over it, and then a face, when she supposed how the case was; and being moved by compassion, stepped a little way into the sea, which was now calm, and taking hold of the hair of his head, drew both him and the chest to land, and with much trouble unfolded his arms from the chest, which she set upon her daughter's head who was with her; and she carried him like a little child to the town, and put him into a stove, and chafed and washed him with warm water, by which means the vital warmth began to return, and he got some strength. In due time she took him out of the stove, and comforted him with wine and good cordials, and kept him some days till he knew where he was; she then restored him his chest, and told him he might now provide for his departure. He, who remembered nothing about it, received it from the hands of the woman, as supposing it might serve for his expences a small time, how little soever it was worth; and finding it very light, was something disheartened; however, as she was out of the way, he broke it open, and found a great quantity of jewels, both such as were set, and others, of which he had some judgment, and knowing their value, he was now thoroughly comforted, praising God for not having yet forsaken him; but as he had been twice buffeted by fortune already, and being fearful of a third mishap, he judged that great caution was requisite to bring these things safe home; he wrapped them up, therefore, in old rags, as well as he could, and told the woman that he had no further use for the chest, but that she might keep it if she would give him a sack in its stead, which she was very glad to do: and now returning her a thousand thanks, he departed with his sack upon his neck, and passed over in a bark to Brandizio, and so from one sea to another, till he came to Trani, where he met with merchants of his own town, who clothed him out of charity, after he had told them all that had happened to him, excepting that of the chest of jewels; they also gave him a horse, and sent company with him to Ravello, whither he said he was resolved to return; and finding himself there in safety, he thanked God for it: and now he inquired more narrowly into his sack than he had done before, and found so

many valuable jewels, that, rating them at the lowest prices, he was twice as rich as when he left home. Finding means therefore to dispose of them, he sent a sum of money to the woman at Corfu, who had taken him out of the sea, and treated him so kindly; and also to the merchants at Trani for clothing him; and he lived handsomely upon the remainder (without having any more mind to trade) the rest of his life.

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NOVEL V.

Andreuccio, of Perugia, coming to Naples to buy horses, met with three remarkable accidents in one night; from all which he escapes, and returns with a ruby of value.

THE jewels found by Landolpho put me in mind, said Flammetta, whose turn it was now to speak, of a story which contains as many perils as the last, although it be different in this respect; viz. that the first happened in the course of some years, whereas these fell out in the space of one night, as you shall hear. There lived, as I have heard, at Perugia, a young man named Andreuccio di Pietro, a dealer in horses, who, hearing of a good market at Naples, put five hundred florins of gold into his purse; and, having never been from home before, went with some other dealers, and arrived thither on a Sunday in the evening: and, according to the instruction he had received from his landlord, he went into the market next morning, where he saw many horses to his mind; cheapening their price as he went up and down, without coming to any bargain. But to shew people that he came with an intent to buy, he unadvisedly pulled out his purse on all occasions; insomuch, that a certain Sicilian damsel (who was at every one's service for a small matter) got a sight of it, as she was passing along, without being observed by him: and she said to herself, "Who is there that would be my betters, if that purse were mine?" and passed on. Along with her was an old woman, of Sicily likewise, who, as soon as she saw Andreuccio, ran to embrace him; which the young woman observing, without saying a word, stepped aside to wait for her. He immediately knew her, to her great joy, and without much discourse there, she having promised to come to his inn, he went on about his business, but bought nothing all that morning. The young woman taking notice first of the purse, and then of the old woman's knowledge of him, and contriving how to

come at all or part of the money, began to enquire of her, as cautiously as might be, if she knew who that man was, or whence he came, or what was his business, and also how she happened to know him: which she answered in every particular as fully as he himself could have done, having lived a long time with his father in Sicily, and afterwards at Perugia; telling her also the cause of his coming thither, and when he was to return. Thinking herself now sufficiently instructed, both concerning his kindred, and their names, she grounded her scheme upon it in the most artful manner possible; and going home, she sent the old woman out upon business for the whole day, to hinder her returning to him; and in the mean time, toward the evening, she dispatched a young woman, well-trained for such services, to his lodgings, who found him, by chance, sitting alone at the door, and inquiring of him whether he knew such a person, he made answer, that he was the man: upon which she took him a little aside, and said, "Sir, a gentlewoman of this city would gladly speak with you, if you please." On hearing this, he began to consider the matter; and, as she seemed to be a creditable girl, he held it for granted that the lady must be in love with him; thinking himself as handsome a man as any in Naples: he answered, therefore, that he was ready, and demanded where and when the lady would speak with him. The girl replied, "She expects you at her own house as soon as it is agreeable to you."

Without saying a word then to the people of the inn, he bade her shew him the way; and she brought him to her house, in a certain street famous for such sort of guests: but he, knowing nothing of the matter, nor at all suspecting, but that he was visiting a place of repute, and a lady that had taken a fancy to him, went into the house, and going up stairs (whilst the girl called aloud to her mistress, telling her that Andreuccio was there), found her at the top waiting for him. She was young and beautiful enough, and very well dressed. Seeing him appear, therefore, she ran down two or three steps with open arms to meet him; and taking him about the neck, she stood some time without speaking a word, as if prevented by her over-great tenderness; at last, shedding abundance of tears, and kissing him over and over, she said (her words being interrupted as it were with transport), "O my Andreuccio! you are heartily welcome." He (quite astonished at being caressed in such a manner) replied, "Madam, I am proud of the honour to

wait upon you." She then took him by the hand, and led him, without saying a word more, through a large dining-room into her own chamber, which was perfumed with roses, orange-flowers, and other costly odours, where was also a fine bed, and other rich furniture, far beyond what he had ever seen before, which convinced him that she was some great lady: and sitting down together upon a couch at the bed's feet she addressed herself to him in this manner: "Andreuccio, I am very sure you must be under great astonishment both at my tears and embraces, as being unacquainted with me, and perhaps never having heard of me before: but you will now hear what will surprise you more, namely, that I am your sister: and I assure you, that since God has indulged me with the sight of one of my brethren, as I wished to have seen them all, I could die contented this very moment: if you be unacquainted with the particulars of my story, I will relate them. Pietro, my father and yours, as I suppose you must know, lived a long time at Palermo, where he was much respected for his behaviour and good-nature (and may be so still) by all that knew him. Amongst others that liked him on that account was my mother, a widow lady; who, notwithstanding the regard due to her father and brothers, as well as to her own honour, cohabited with him, till at length I was born, and am now what you see. Having occasion afterwards to retire from Palermo, and to return to Perugia, he left me there an infant, with my mother, and from that time, as far as I can learn, took no more notice either of me or her; which, were he not my father, I could blame him for; considering what ingratitude he shewed to my mother, to omit the love he owed to me his child, begotten of no vile prostitute, who, out of her abundant love, had put herself and all her wealth into his hands, without having any farther knowledge of him. But to what purpose? Ill actions, done so long since, are easier blamed than amended: yet so it was; he left me, as I said, at Palermo, an infant, where, when I grew up, my mother, who was rich, married me to one of the family of the Gergenti; who, out of regard to me and her, came and lived at Palermo, where, falling into the faction of the Guelphs, and having begun to treat with our King Charles, he was discovered by Frederick, king of Arragon, before his scheme could take effect, and forced to fly from Sicily, at a time when I expected to have been the greatest lady in the island. Taking away what few effects we were able (I call them few, with regard to the abundance we were

possessed of), and leaving our estates and palaces behind us, we came at length to this place, where we found King Charles so grateful, that he has made up to us, in part, the losses we had sustained on his account, giving us lands and houses, and paying my husband, and your kinsman, a pension besides, as you will hereafter see: thus live I here, where, thanks be to Heaven, and not to you, my dearest brother, I now see you." Which when she had said, she wept and embraced him again.

Andreuccio hearing this fable so orderly, so artfully composed, and related without the least faltering or hesitation; remembering, also, that his father had lived at Palermo, and knowing, by his own experience, how prone young fellows are to love; beholding too her tears and affectionate caresses, he took all she had said for granted; and when she had done speaking, he made answer and said, "Madam, it should not seem strange to you that I am surprised: for, in truth (whether it was that my father, for reasons best known to himself, never mentioned you nor your mother at any time; or, if he did, that I have forgot it), I have no more knowledge of you, than if you had never been born. And it is the more pleasing to me to find a sister here, as I the less expected it, and am also alone: nor is there any man, of what quality soever who would not value you; much more, therefore, shall I, who am but a mean trader. But one thing I beg you would clear up to me, viz., How came you to know that I was here?" When she replied in this manner:

"A poor woman, whom I often employ, told me so; for she lived, as she informed me, with our father a considerable time, both at Palermo and Perugia; and were it not that it appeared more reputable that you should come to me at my house, than I go to you at another person's, I had come directly to you." She then inquired of him particularly, and by name, how all their relations did? To all which he answered her fully; believing more firmly, when there was the more reason for suspicion. Their discourse lasting a long time, and the season being sultry, she ordered, in Greek, wine and sweetmeats for him; and he making an offer afterwards to depart, because it was supper-time, she would by no means suffer it; but seeming to be under great concern, she embraced him, and said, "Alas! now I plainly see how little account you make of me; that, being with a sister whom you never saw before, and in her house, which you should always make your

home, you should yet think of going to sup at an inn. Indeed you shall sup with me; and though my husband be abroad, which I am much concerned at, I know, as a woman, how to pay you some little respect." He, not knowing what answer to make, said, "I love you as much as it is possible for me to love a sister; but it will be wrong not to go, because they will expect me to supper all the evening." She immediately replied, "We have a present remedy for that, I will send one of my people to tell them not to expect you: but you would favour me more, and do as you ought, if you would send to invite your company hither to supper, and afterwards, if you chose to go, you might all of you depart together." He said, he should not trouble her that evening with his companions, but she might dispose of him as she pleased. She now made a pretence of sending to his inn, to tell them not to expect him to supper; and after much other discourse, they sat down, and were elegantly served with a variety of dishes, which she contrived to last till it was dark night, and rising then from table, he offered to go away; but she declared, that she would by no means suffer it, for Naples was not a place to walk in when it was dark, especially for a stranger: and as she had sent to the inn concerning his supping with her, so had she done the like about his bed. He believing this to be true, and glad also of being with her, was easily prevailed upon. After supper, their discourse lasted a long time, being lengthened out on purpose; and as it was now midnight, she left him in her own chamber to take his repose, with a boy to wait upon him; and she, with her companions, retired into another room. It was sultry hot, on which account Andreuccio, seeing himself alone, stripped into his doublet, and pulling off his breeches, he laid them under his bolster, and having occasion to retire, he asked the boy to shew him a conveniency; who pointed to a corner of the room where there was a door and desired him to enter it. He went in without the least suspicion, and setting his foot upon a board, which not being nailed at the other end to the rafter on which it was laid, straight flew up, and down they went together.

Heaven was so merciful to him, however, he got no harm, though it was a great height, but was grievously daubed with the filth, of which the place was full. Now, that you may better understand this, and what followed also, I shall describe the place to you. In a straight alley (as you see often between two houses), on some

tracings reaching from one to the other, were some boards laid, and a place to sit upon, and it was one of these boards that fell down with him. Finding himself now at the bottom, he called in great distress to the boy; but he, the moment he heard him fall, ran to tell his mistress, who hastened to his chamber, to see if his clothes were there, and finding both them and the money, which he, out of a foolish mistrust, always carried about him (and for the sake of which she had laid this snare, pretending to have been of Palermo, and the sister of this Perugian), she took no farther care, but made the door fast, out of which he passed, when he fell. Finding the boy made no answer, he called out louder, but to no purpose; and now perceiving the trick, when it was too late, he climbed up the wall which parted that place from the street, and getting down from thence, he came again to the door, which he knew full well; there did he knock and call in vain for a long time; lamenting much, and seeing plainly his calamity; "Alas! (quoth he) in how little a time have I lost five hundred florins, and a sister besides!"

And using many other words, he now began to batter the door, and to call out aloud; and he continued doing so till he roused many of the neighbours, and, among the rest, one of the women where he had been, pretending to be half asleep, opened the casement, and called out, "Who makes that noise there?"—

"Oh!" cried he, "don't you know me, I am Andreuccio, brother to Madam Fiordaliso;" when she replied, "Prithee, honest fellow, if thou hast had too much liquor, get thee to bed, and come to-morrow. I know nothing of Andreuccio, nor what thy idle tale means; but go about thy business (I say once again) and let us rest."—"What! (said he,) don't you know what I say? You know well enough, if you will: but if our Sicilian relationship be so soon forgotten, give me my clothes which I left with you, and I'll go with all my heart." She then replied, with a sneer, "The man is in a dream;" and shut the window at the same time.

Andreuccio, convinced of his loss, through his great grief became outrageous; and, resolving to recover by force what he could not by fair words, took a great stone, and beat against the door harder than ever; which many of the neighbours hearing who had been awaked before, and supposing that he was some spiteful fellow, that did this to annoy the woman, and provoked at the noise which he made; they called out, one and all (in like manner as dogs all

join in barking at a stranger), "It is a shameful thing to come to a woman's house at this time of night, with thy idle stories: get thee away, in God's name, and let us sleep; and if thou hast any business with her, come to-morrow, and do not disturb us now." Encouraged, perhaps, by these last words, a bully in the house, whom he had neither seen nor heard of, came to the window, and with a most rough and terrible voice called out, "Who is that below?" Andreuccio, raising up his head at this, beheld an ill looking rascal with a great black beard, yawning and rubbing his eyes, as if he was just risen from bed, was awaked out of his sleep. He made answer, therefore, not without a good deal of fear, "I am brother to the lady within:" but the other (never waiting to let him make an end of his speech) replied, "I'll come down and beat thee, until thou canst not stand, for a troublesome drunken beast as thou art, disturbing every body's rest in this manner;" and he clapt to the window.

Hereupon some of the neighbours, who knew more of the fellow's disposition and character, called out softly to Andreuccio, and said, "For Heaven's sake, honest man, go away, unless thou hast a mind to lose thy life; it will be much the best for thee." Terrified therefore with his voice and aspect, and persuaded also by these people, who seemed to speak out of mere good will, Andreuccio, quite cast down, and out of all hopes of receiving his money, now directed his course towards that part of the city, from whence he had been led by the girl the day before (without knowing whither he was going) in order to get to his inn. But being offensive to himself, on account of the scent he carried about him, and desirous of washing in the sea, he turned to the left, through a street called Catalana, and went towards the highest part of the city, where he saw two people coming with a lantern, and (fearing that they were the watch, or some ill-disposed persons) stepped into an old house that was near, to hide himself. It happened that these people were going into the very same place; and one of them having laid down some iron tools there, which he carried upon his neck, they had some discourse together about them. And as they were talking, said one to the other, "There is the most confounded stink (whatever be the meaning of it) that ever I smelt in my life." When, holding up the lantern, they saw wretched Andreuccio, and, in a good deal of amaze, demanded who he was? He made no answer; and drawing nearer with the light they asked what he did

there in that condition? He then related to them his whole adventure: and they, easily imagining the place where the thing had happened, said to one another, "This must certainly have been in the house of Scarabon Firebrand;" and then, turning towards him, proceeded thus: "Honest man, you ought to be very thankful that you fell down, and could not return into the house, for otherwise you would certainly have been murdered as soon as ever you went to sleep, and so have lost your life as well as your money. But what signifies lamenting? You may as soon pluck a star out of the firmament, as recover one farthing; nay, you may chance to be killed, should the man hear that you make any words about it."

Having admonished him in this manner, they said, "See, we have pity on you, and if you will engage in a certain affair with us, which we are now about, we are very sure that your share will amount to more than you have lost." He, like a person in despair, told them he was willing.—That day was buried the Archbishop of Naples, whose name was Signor Phillippo Minutolo, in rich pontifical robes, and with a ruby on his finger worth upwards of five hundred florins of gold, whom they proposed to strip and rifle; and they acquainted him with their intention. He then, more covetous than wise, went along with them; and, as they were going towards the cathedral, he smelt so strong, that one said to the other, "Can we contrive no way to wash this man a little, to make him sweeter?" And the other made answer, "We are not far from a well, where there are usually a pulley and a great bucket; let us go thither, and we may make him clean in an instant." Coming there, they found the rope, but the bucket was taken away; they therefore agreed to tie him to the rope, and to put him down into the well, and when he had well washed himself, he was to shake the rope, and they would draw him up. Now it happened that, after they had let him down, some of the watch, being thirsty with the heat of the weather, and having been in pursuit of some persons, came to that well to drink, and as soon as the two men saw them, they took to their heels; the watch however saw nothing of them. Andreuccio now having washed himself at the bottom of the well, began to shake the rope; they therefore laid down their clothes and halberds upon the ground, and began to draw the rope, thinking the bucket was fastened thereto, and full of water: and when he found himself at the top, he let go the rope, and clung fast to the edge of the well. They imme-

diately threw down the rope on seeing him, and ran away, frighted out of their wits; which greatly surprised him; and had he not held fast, he had fallen to the bottom, and perhaps lost his life. Getting out in this manner, and beholding their weapons, which he knew belonged not to his companions, he wondered the more; and being in doubt what the meaning of it could be, he went away without touching anything, lamenting his fate, and not knowing whither. As he was walking along, he met with his companions, who returned to help him out of the well; and were surprised to see him, inquiring of him who had helped him out. He replied, that he could not tell them; and related the whole affair, and what he had found by the well-side: upon which they perceived how it happened, and laughing heartily, they acquainted him with the reason of their running away, and who they were that had drawn him up. Without making more words it being now midnight, they went to the great church, into which they found an easy admittance, and passed directly to the tomb, which was of marble, and very magnificent; and with their levers raised up the cover, which was very heavy, so high that a man might go under, and propped it; which being done, said one, "Who shall go in?"—"Not I," cried the other, "but Andreuccio shall."—"I will not go in," quoth Andreuccio; then they both turned towards him, and said, "What! won't you go in? We will beat your brains out this moment, if you don't." Terrified at their threats, he consented, and being now within, he began to consider with himself in this manner: "These fellows have certainly forced me in here to deceive me, and therefore, when I have given them every thing, and am endeavouring to get out again, they will certainly run away, and I shall be left destitute." For which reason he resolved to make sure of his part, beforehand; and remembering the ring of value which he had heard them speak of, as soon as ever he got into the vault, he took it off the archbishop's finger, and secured it, giving them afterwards the pastoral staff, mitre, and gloves, and stripping him to his shirt, he told them there was nothing else. But they affirming that there was a ring, bid him seek every where for it, whilst he assured them that he could no where find it, and, pretending to look carefully about, he kept them some time waiting for him: at length they, who were fully as cunning as himself, calling to him to search diligently, suddenly drew away the prop which supported the cover, and left him shut up in the vault

Which, when he perceived, you may easily suppose what condition he was in. Many a time did he endeavour with his head and shoulders to raise it up, but in vain ; till, overcome with grief, he fell down at last upon the dead body ; and whoever had seen him at that time, could scarcely have said, whether there was more life in one than the other. But when he came to himself he lamented most bitterly, seeing that he was now brought to the necessity of one of these two evils, namely to die there with hunger, and the stench of the dead carcase, if no one came to help him out: or, if that should happen, and he be delivered, in that case to be hanged for a thief. As he was in this perplexity, he heard the noise of many persons in the church, whom he supposed were come to do what he and his companions had been about, which added greatly to his fear : but after they had raised up the lid and propped it, a dispute arose which should go in ; and none caring to do it, after a long contest, said a priest, "What are you afraid of? Do you think he will eat you? Dead men cannot bite ; I will go in myself." And immediately clapping his breast to the edge of the vault, he attempted to slide down with his feet foremost ; which Andreuccio perceiving, and standing up he caught fast hold of one of his legs, as if he meant to pull him in. The priest upon this making a most terrible outcry, got out immediately ; and the rest being equally terrified, ran away, leaving the vault open, as if they had been pursued by a hundred thousand devils. Andreuccio, little expecting this good fortune, got out of the vault, and so out of the church, the same way he came in. And now day-light began to appear, he wandered with the ring on his finger he knew not whither, till, coming to the sea-side, he found the way leading to his inn : there he met with his companions and his landlord, who had been in pain all that night for him ; and having related to them all that had pased, he was advised to get out of Naples with all speed ; with which he instantly complied, and returned to Perugia, having laid out his money on a ring, whereas the intent of his iournev was to have bought horses.

NOVEL VI.

Madam Beritola was found on an island with two goats, having lost her two sons, and went from thence to Lunigiana, where one of her sons became servant to the lord thereof; and being found with his daughter, was by him sent to prison; afterwards, when the country of Sicily rebelled against King Charles, that same son was known again by his mother, and was married to his master's daughter; and his brother being found likewise, they both returned to great estate and credit.

THE ladies and gentlemen were much diverted with the adventures that befel Andreuccio, as related by Flammetta; when Emilia, perceiving the story to be at an end, began, by the queen's order, in this manner:

Very great and grievous are the changes of fortune, which, as often as we discourse of, so often do they rouse and awaken our understandings, which are but too easily enchanted by her flatteries; and I am persuaded, that to hear them recounted must be agreeable both to such as are happy, and such as are miserable; inasmuch as it is a caution to the former, and affords matter of comfort to the latter. Wherefore, though great things have been already treated of, yet I do purpose to relate a story no less true than lamentable: which, though it ended well, yet such and so many were the bitter thwartings, that one would scarcely imagine they could ever be sweetened by any subsequent joy.

You must understand, then, that after the death of the Emperor Frederick II. Manfredi was crowned king of Sicily; with whom lived, in great favour, a Neapolitan gentleman, whose name was Arrighetto Capece, and who had, for his wife, a most beautiful and worthy lady of Naples, called Beritola Caracciola. This gentleman having the government of the island in his hands, and understanding that King Charles I. had gained the battle of Benevento, and slain Manfredi, finding also that the whole kingdom had revolted to the conqueror, and reposing but little trust in the scanty faith of the Sicilians, nor being willing to become a subject to the enemy of his former master, he prepared secretly to leave the place; which being discovered by the inhabitants, he and many other of Manfredi's friends and servants were delivered up prisoners to King Charles, who took possession also of the island. In such a sudden change of affairs, Madam Beritola, not knowing what was become of her husband, and fearful of what was already come

to pass, to avoid reproach, left everything behind her, and taking only a child of eight years old, called Goffredi, and being with child of another, she embarked, in the utmost distress, in a little vessel, for Lipari : there she brought forth another son, whom she called Scacciato, or *the Expelled*, and having provided a nurse, they went on board again with a design to return to her relations at Naples. But it happened contrary to her expectation : for the vessel, which was bound for Naples, was carried by a contrary wind to the island of Ponzo ; where, getting into a little harbour, they waited for a more favourable season to pursue their voyage : there they went on shore, and finding a solitary place, she sat down all alone, to lament the fate of her dear Arrighetto, and this she did every day ; whilst it happened, that being employed in this meditation one day, without any of the ship's crew knowing where she was, they were surprised by a pirate ship, and carried off. Madam Beritola, when her daily lamentation was ended, returned, as usual, to see her sons, and was surprised to find nobody ; but suspecting what must have happened, and casting her eye towards the sea, she saw the ship at no great distance, dragging her little vessel after it ; on which she plainly perceived that she had lost her children, as well as her husband ; and seeing herself there poor and abandoned, nor expecting ever to meet with any of them again, she fell down in a swoon upon the shore, calling upon her husband and her children. There was no one near, either with cold water or any other means, to bring her to herself ; so that her spirits might the more freely wander at their pleasure ; but when she was a little recovered, then did her tears and lamentations break out afresh, whilst she called out for her children, and ran to every cavern to find them ; till, perceiving at last it was all to no purpose, and dark night drawing on, yet hoping still, without knowing why, she began then to take some care of herself, and, leaving the sea shore, returned to the cave where she was used to make her lamentation : she passed that night not without infinite pain and grief ; and day-light appearing, she, who had eat nothing the evening before, being now pinched with hunger, fed upon the green herbs as well as she could ; sadly reflecting on what would become of her the rest of her life : whilst she was full of these melancholy reflections, she beheld a goat enter a cave near her, and, after some little stay, come out again and go into the woods : upon which she arose, and went in where she saw the beast issue forth, and found

two young kids, yeaned perhaps that very day, which she thought at that time the prettiest things in the world; and having milk yet in her breasts from her late delivery, she took them carefully, and applied them to her bosom, and they sucked as naturally as if she had been their mother, and from that time made no distinction between one and the other: and thus the lady thinking that she had now met with company in this solitary place, feeding also on herbs, and drinking of water, and lamenting her husband and children as often as she reflected on her past life, became at length disposed to live and die there, growing as familiar with the goat as with her offspring. By this way of life becoming almost wild, it happened, in some months, that a vessel from Pisa arrived there by chance, and continued many days, on board of which was a gentleman called Conrado de' Malespini, with his most virtuous lady, who had been upon a pilgrimage to visit all the holy places in Puglia, and were now returning home; when, to divert themselves, they went on shore with their servants and some dogs, and being not far from the place where Madam Beritola was, the dogs met with the two kids, who being now large ones, were feeding abroad, and, as they were closely pursued, fled for refuge to her in the cave: she arose on seeing this, and getting a stick, beat the dogs away; in the meanwhile Conrado and his lady, who were following the dogs, came upon her, and beholding her all swarthy, meagre, and hairy, were greatly surprised, and she much more, at their appearance. When, by her entreaties, he had drawn his hounds back, they desired she would acquaint them who she was, and what she did there: whereupon she related to them all that had happened to her, and her resolution to stay; which, when Conrado had understood, who knew her husband very well, he was moved with pity, and endeavoured, by many arguments, to draw her from her cruel design, making an offer either to send her home, or to keep her at his own house in the same rank as if she was his sister, where she might wait for better times. When she would not comply with these kind proposals, he left his wife with her, desiring that she would order victuals to be brought, and let her put on some of her clothes, because her own were all ragged, and endeavour, by every possible means, to bring her away. The lady continued with her, and lamented her misfortunes, until the victuals and clothes were brought, when she prevailed upon her to clothe herself, and to eat; and after much entreaty, she, declaring that she would never go

any more where she was known, persuaded her to depart with them for Lunigiana, together with the two kids and goat, which were now come back, shewing all tokens of joy to her, to the great wonder of the lady.

As soon as the weather was favourable, Madam Beritola went on board with Conrado and his lady, being followed by the goat and kids; and, because she wished to be known by nobody else, she would be called by no other name than that of the Goatherdess. The wind was favourable, and soon brought them into the river Magra, where they got on shore, and went to their castle: there she lived with Conrado's lady in a widow's dress, like a waiting-woman, behaving herself with all obedience and humility, still loving and nursing her goats.—Let us now return to the pirates, who had seized upon the little bark at Ponzo, which brought Beritola thither, and leaving her there, as having not been seen by them, they carried the rest of the people away to Genoa, where, when the booty came to be divided among the owners of the ship, it happened that, amongst other things, the nurse and two children fell to the share of one Guasparrino d'Oria, who sent them to his own house, to be kept as servants. The nurse was exceedingly sorrowful at the loss of her mistress, and the low state of life to which she saw herself and the children now reduced, and wept for a considerable time; but when she saw that tears were of no effect, and that they were slaves together, poor as she was, yet was she wise and prudent, and having comforted herself in the best manner she was able, and considering their condition, she believed that if they were known it might turn to their disadvantage; and hoping besides that their affairs might take a new turn, and they regain their former condition; for this reason she determined to discover their names to nobody, unless she saw a proper time for it: and she told every one who inquired about them, that they were her sons, and the eldest she called not Goffredi, but Jeannot di Procida; as for the younger, she did not regard changing his name; and she told Goffredi, frequently, the reason why she had done so, and to what dangers he would be exposed should he be known, which the child, who was sensible enough, carefully observed.

They continued in the house of Guasparrino many years, poorly clad, and worse shod, employed in the most servile offices, which they bore with great patience: but Jeannot, being now in his sixteenth year, and having a spirit much beyond the condition of a

servant, despising the meanness of his station, he left Guasparrino, and went on board the ships which were bound for Alexandria; and travelling afterwards into divers parts, could in no way advance himself. In the end, about three or four years after his departure from Guasparrino, being grown tall and comely in his person, and having understood that his father, whom he thought to have been dead, was yet alive, but kept in prison by King Charles; despairing now altogether of his fortune, he wandered up and down as a vagabond, till he came to Lunigiana, where by chance he became servant to Conrado de' Malespini, and was much liked as such. He seldom saw his mother, she being commonly with Conrado's wife, nor did he know her any more than she recognised him; so much had time altered both since they last saw one another. Living thus in the service of Conrado, it happened that a daughter of his, whose name was Spina, being the widow of one Nicholas de Grignano, returned home to her father's; and being a very agreeable young lady, and only sixteen years of age, soon cast her eyes on Jeannot, and he on her, in such a manner, that they became enamoured of each other; which love of theirs was not long without taking effect, and was carried on many months before it was discovered. For which reason, growing too secure, they were now not so cautious as they ought to have been in such an affair; and, as they were walking one day into a pleasant grove, well planted with trees, leaving the rest of their company behind, they passed on before; and supposing that the others were far enough off, they made choice of a fine bed of flowers for their amorous amusement. Dallying there too long, though the time seemed short to them, they were surprised first by the mother, and afterwards by Conrado himself; who, being grieved beyond measure, ordered three of his servants to seize, and carry them bound to a certain castle of his; resolving, out of his extreme rage and passion, to put them both to a shameful death. The mother, though she was much troubled, and thought her daughter worthy of punishment for the crime she had committed, yet, perceiving what her husband's intention was, she could not bear that he should proceed to such extremities, and begged that he would not, in his old age, be so far hurried away with passion, as to murder his own daughter, and to stain his hands with the blood of a servant; but rather shew his resentment in a different manner, namely, by committing them to close imprisonment, there to pine and lament the folly they had committed. By

these and other persuasions the good lady prevented his putting them to death; and he now gave orders to have them sent to separate prisons, where they should be well watched, and kept with little food and great severity, till he should farther resolve what to do with them. What their life now was in captivity and continual tears, with more fasting than was needful for them, any one may easily imagine.

Jeannot and La Spina remaining in this comfortless condition, and a whole year being spent without Conrado taking any further notice of them, it happened that Peter, king of Arragon, by means of John di Procida, caused the island of Sicily to revolt, and gained it from King Charles; on which account Conrado, who was of the Ghibeline faction, made great rejoicings, which Jeannot being informed of by some of his keepers, fetched a deep sigh, and said: "Alas! for these fourteen years have I been wandering through the world, waiting only for this event; and now the thing is come to pass, that I may be destitute of all hope, I am in prison, from which I never expect to depart with life!"—"And what," said the keeper, "hast thou to do with the affairs of princes? Or what business hast thou with Sicily?" When he replied, "My heart is fit to burst, when I call to mind the rank my father held there; for though I was but an infant when I fled from thence, I can very well remember his being governor under King Manfredi."—"And who was thy father, then?" continued the keeper. "My father," replied he, "I may now safely discover, since I now see myself out of all danger from such a discovery: his name was, and is still, if he be living, Arrighetto Capece; and I am not Jeannot, but Goffredi; and I make no doubt, if I was at liberty, but by returning to Sicily I might obtain great promotion." The honest man, without asking any more questions, reported all this, as soon as he had an opportunity, to Conrado, who, seeming to the keeper to take no notice of it, went directly to Madam Beritola, and inquired of her whether she ever had a son by Arrighetto, who was called Goffredi. The lady replied, in tears, that if her eldest son was living, he was so called, and was now twenty-two years of age. Conrado hearing this, immediately concluded it must be the same person, and if this should prove so, a method occurred how he might at the same time shew mercy, and take away his daughter's disgrace and that of his family, by making her his wife: he consequently called Jeannot secretly before him, and examined him

particularly with respect to his past life ; and finding, by many manifest tokens, that he was truly Goffredi, the son of Arrighetto Capece, he thus addressed him : "Jeannot, you know how great an injury you have done me in the person of my daughter ; for, as I always treated you well, you ought to have considered my honour and interest in all things as became a servant : many people there are, who, had they been used by you in this manner, would have put you to an ignominious death, which my pity for you would not permit. Wherefore, seeing, as you inform me, that you are honourably descended both by father and mother, I will put an end to your trouble, if you yourself are willing, and releasing you from your captivity, restore at once both your honour and my own. You know that my daughter La Spina, whom, unluckily for you both, I found in dalliance with you, is a widow, and of a good fortune : you are no stranger either to her temper or family ; concerning your own circumstances, at present, I shall say not a word. Therefore I am disposed, if you are so inclined, that as you have dishonourably made her your mistress, you now make her honourably your wife ; and, accepting you for my son, I give you leave to remain with me as long as you both please."

Imprisonment had made great alteration in the person of Jeannot ; but the greatness of mind which he possessed from his birth, was not at all impaired, any more than the affection he still bore towards his mistress : and though he most earnestly desired what Conrado had now so frankly offered, and saw himself entirely in his power ; yet could he by no means dissemble what his brave soul prompted him to speak on this occasion, and therefore he replied in this manner : "Sir, neither a desire of power, a thirst of wealth, nor any other motive, could ever induce me to plot like a traitor against your life or estate. I have loved your daughter, do still, and always shall love her, because I hold her worthy of it : and if I have committed a crime, it is a crime inseparable from youth. Would people but once call to mind that they have been young themselves, and compare our offences with their own, those offences would appear less grievous. I have always wished for what you now offer, and should have requested it long since, could I have thought it would have been granted me ; it is now the more pleasing, as it was less expected : but if you intend nothing of what you say, feed me no longer with expectation, but rather send me back to my prison, where, use me as you please, I shall always

love and honour you for her sake." Conrado was astonished at hearing this, and esteeming him to be of a generous disposition, and fervent in his affection towards the lady, he valued him the more; wherefore he raised him up, and embraced him, and without more delay sent for his daughter: her confinement had made her pale and meagre, and quite a different person from what she used to be: there, by mutual consent, were the espousals solemnized; and after some days, without any body knowing what was done, having furnished them with every thing that was proper, and now thinking it a fit time to please the two mothers, he called his own wife and the Goatherdess together, and to the latter he said, "What would you say now, if I should shew you your eldest son married to one of my daughters?" She replied, "I can only say this, that I shall think myself more obliged to you, if possible, than I am at present, as you will restore to me what is dearer that my own life; and by doing it in that manner, you will in some measure recall all my lost hopes;" and with these words she began to weep. To his wife he then said, "And what will you think if I shew you such a son-in-law?"—"Whether he be a gentleman or a peasant," answered she, "if you like it I shall be pleased."—"Well," replied Conrado, "I hope in a few days to make you two happy women." When the young couple had in a measure recovered their former looks, and had furnished themselves with suitable apparel, he one day asked Goffredi, if it would not add greatly to his joy could he have a sight of his mother? "I cannot believe," replied he, "that her misfortunes have suffered her to live so long; but if it should be so, nothing could be more desirable; for, by her assistance, I might reasonably expect to recover my estate in Sicily." Conrado then sent for both the ladies, who expressed the utmost satisfaction at beholding the bride, wondering nevertheless what inspiration had guided Conrado to this extraordinary courtesy in marrying her to Jeannot; whilst Beritola, considering what she had heard from Conrado, began to observe him very attentively; and by a hidden virtue, which had roused in her some resemblance of her son's features in his infancy, without waiting for any other proofs, she threw her arms about his neck, whilst excess of maternal joy and pity denied her the power of utterance; but, as if they had locked up all her senses, she swooned away in his arms He, remembering to have seen her often in the castle without knowing her, was all amazement; yet now, by mere instinct of nature, immediately

called her to mind; and, blaming himself for his long insensibility, embraced her in a most tender and affectionate manner. Beritola had no sooner recovered her senses, by the help of Conrado's wife and daughter, who administered cold water and other necessary helps for such purpose, but she again began to embrace her son, using many kind and tender expressions full of maternal affection; he likewise expressing the same dutiful reverence to her. These affectionate greetings were repeated over and over, to the great joy of the beholders, whilst they recounted to each other their several misfortunes; and Conrado, having signified to his friends, who heard it with great joy, the new alliance made by him, and appointed a magnificent entertainment, suitable to the occasion, Goffredi addressed himself to him in the following manner: "Sir, you have made me a happy man on many accounts, and treated my mother always with the utmost respect; wherefore, that nothing may be left undone which it is in your power to do, I humbly beg you would oblige my mother and myself, and grace our entertainment with the presence of my brother, who now lives as a servant in the house of Signor Guasparrino d'Oria, who, as I told you before, took us as a privateer; and, at the same time, that you would also send a proper person to Sicily, to learn the state of the country, and to inform himself concerning my father, whether he be alive or dead. If he be alive, then to know fully in what state or condition he is, and to come afterwards to us, and give us an account."

The motion made by Goffredi was so pleasing to Conrado, that without more delay he sent two discreet persons, one to Genoa, and the other to Sicily: he who went to Genoa, having met with Guasparrino, entreated him, on the part of Conrado, to send him Scacciato, or *the Expelled*, and his nurse, relating every thing that Conrado had done with regard to Goffredi and his mother; which, when Guasparrino had heard, he was greatly surprised, and he replied: "True it is, that I am ready to oblige Signor Conrado to the utmost of my power; I have had such a boy as you speak of, and his mother, about fourteen years, whom I shall willingly send him; but tell him from me not to be too hasty in giving credit to what Jeannot shall say (who calls himself Goffredi), because he is a more wicked boy than he may imagine." Having said this, and made the messenger welcome, he sent privately for the nurse, and questioned her about the thing; who, having heard of the rebellion in Sicily, and understanding that Arrighetto was yet living,

now laid all fear aside, and told him every thing as it had happened, and the reason for her acting in the manner she had done. Guasparrino, finding the accounts which the nurse and messenger gave to be entirely the same, began now to give credit to it; and inquiring more narrowly into all the circumstances, for he was a very cautious person, and finding them to fall exactly right, he grew ashamed of himself for his vile treatment of his captive, and to make him amends, since he knew of what consequence his father had been, and now was, he gave him his daughter in marriage, a beautiful young lady of about eleven years of age, and with her a very large fortune. The time of feasting being over, he went on board a galley, well armed, taking with him his son and daughter, with the messenger and nurse, and arrived at Lerici, where he was received by Conrado, and conducted from thence, with all his attendants, to a castle of his, which was at no great distance, where a most noble banquet was prepared for them. Now, as to the joy of the mother in meeting again with her son; of the two brethren in seeing one another; and of all three, in beholding their faithful nurse; as well as the satisfaction also which was manifested by all towards Guasparrino and his daughter, and by them again to the whole company, and by the whole company to Conrado, his wife, children and friends: this was beyond expression, and therefore I refer it to your more able imagination. And, that it might be rendered still more complete, it pleased God, a most liberal giver when he makes a beginning, to add the good news of the life and prosperity of Arrighetto Capece: for even as they were feasting, and the concourse great both of lords and ladies, it chanced that the first course was scarcely set upon the table, before the messenger arrived who had been dispatched to Sicily, and brought an account, amongst other things, concerning Arrighetto, that, being closely confined by King Charles, when the insurrection first began in the country, the people ran to the prison, and having slain the guards, they set him at liberty, and appointed him their leader, he being Charles's principal enemy; and under his conduct they afterwards routed and slew many of the French, on which account he became a great favourite with King Peter, who had reinstated him in all his former possessions. The messenger further announced that he was received with the utmost joy by him, for the most welcome news, concerning his wife and son, of whom he had not received the least intelligence since he had been a prisoner; and that he had sent a

yacht to bring them back, which was now at hand, with a great number of gentry on board to bear them company. This was most welcome news; and Conrado immediately rose, with some of his friends, and went to meet the gentlemen and ladies, who were sent to Beritola and Goffredi, and after giving them a most hearty welcome, he introduced them to the banquet, which was not half over; there they were beheld by the lady and by Goffredi with such joy, that the like was scarcely ever known; and before they would sit down, they paid their compliments on the part of Arrighetto in the best manner they were able, both to Conrado and his lady, for the honour conferred on his wife and son, as well as upon himself, with the offer of any thing that lay in his power for them to command. Turning also to Guasparrino, whose kindness came unlooked for, they assured him, that as soon as Arrighetto knew what he had done for *the Expelled*, similar acknowledgments would be made to him. After which they sat cheerfully down with the new-married people. Nor was it that day only that Conrado feasted his son-in-law with all his relations and friends, but he continued to do so for some time, till at length they desired to depart; and taking leave in a most affectionate manner of Conrado and his lady, and also of Guasparrino, they went on ship-board together; namely, Beritola and the two new-married couples, with their attendants; and the wind proving fair, they soon got to Sicily, where they were received by Arrighetto with incredible joy; and it is reported that they lived for a long period together in the utmost felicity, with thankful hearts to Heaven for the mercies received by them.

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NOVEL VII.

The Sultan of Babylon sends one of his daughters to be married to the King of Algarve, who, by divers accidents in the space of four years fell into the hands of nine different men in different places. At length, being restored to her father, she went to the King of Algarve as a maid, and, as at first she was intended, to be his wife.

THE novel related by Emilia did not perhaps extend itself so far in length, as it moved compassion in the hearts of the young ladies for the accidents that had befallen Beritola, which had caused them all to weep: but it being now ended, the queen ordered Pamphilus to follow, who, in obedience to her commands, thus proceeded:

It is no easy matter for us, most gracious ladies, to have a thorough knowledge of everything we do: for we often find that many, supposing if they were rich that they should then live securely and at ease, not only offer up their prayers to God, but studiously incur all kinds of danger and fatigue to become so; which, when effected, has been the occasion of their losing their lives by the hands of such people as have thirsted after their wealth, who, before they had attained to such riches, were their entire friends: others, who from a low estate, have made their way to a throne, amidst a thousand dangerous encounters, and through the blood of their brethren and friends, expecting to find supreme felicity therein, have, besides the infinite cares and anxieties which they have experienced in that station, found to their cost, at last, that poison is often mingled in the golden cups of princes.

Many people there are who covet some bodily accomplishment, as strength, beauty, &c., with which they who are endowed are taught, that death, or a most calamitous life, is often occasioned thereby. But because I would not speak of all our frail desires, I dare affirm, that there is not one of them which we can fix upon with any certainty of being happy by that choice; the safest way then is, to leave all to the good providence of God, who best knows our wants, and is most able to supply them. Men offend in coveting many things; but you ladies sin chiefly on one point, namely, in the desire of beauty; insomuch, that not being satisfied with that share of it which nature has given you, you call in the assistance of art, to improve it. It is upon this account that I shall relate what happened to a beauti ul Saracen lady, who, in the space of four years, was, for her beauty, married nine several times.

It is now a long time since there lived a sultan of Babylon, called Beminedab, who was fortunate in all his affairs. Amongst other children, both male and female, he had a daughter named Alathiel, who, in the opinion of all that saw her, was the fairest lady in the whole world. And because the King of Algarve had afforded him great assistance in a defeat occasioned to a most numerous army of Arabians that had assailed him, and had demanded her afterwards in marriage, he consented as a most special favour: and providing a ship, well equipped for the purpose, with all necessary provisions, and sending an honourable train both of lords and ladies to bear her company, he commended her to the protection of Heaven, and took his leave. The sailors, as soon as a fit oppor-

tunity offered, hoisted their sails, and leaving the port of Alexandria, sailed prosperously many days; when, having passed the island of Sardinia, and now seeming to be near the end of their voyage, on a sudden, contrary winds arose, which were so boisterous, and bore so hard upon the ship, that they often gave themselves over for lost. Nevertheless, for two days together, they tried all the means they could devise, amidst an infinite number of tempests, to weather it out; but all to no purpose, for every blast was worse than the former. And not being able to comprehend by marinal judgment where they were, or to see to any distance on account of the clouds and dark night, being now not far from Majorca, they felt the ship split; and perceiving no hopes of escaping, every one caring for himself only, they threw a little boat into the sea, reposing more confidence of safety that way than by abiding any longer in the broken ship. The men therefore that were in the ship went into it, one after another; although those who were first down made strong resistance with their drawn weapons against other followers; and thinking to avoid death by this means, they ran directly into it; for the boat, not being able to bear them all, sunk straight to the bottom, and the people therein all perished. The ship being driven furiously by the winds, though it was burst and half full of water, was at last stranded near the Island of Majorca, no other person remaining on board but the lady and her women, all lying as it were lifeless, through the terror occasioned by the tempest. It struck with such violence, that it was fixed upon the sand about a stone's throw from the shore; where it continued all that night, the winds not being able to move it. When day-light appeared, and the storm was something abated, the lady, almost dead, lifted up her head, and began, weak as she was, to call first one, and then another of her servants; but all to no purpose, for such as she called for were far enough from her: wherefore, receiving no answer, and seeing no one, she was greatly astonished, and raising herself up as well as she could, she beheld the ladies that were of her company, and some other of her women, lying all about her; and trying first to rouse one, and then another of them, she scarcely found any that had the least understanding left; so much had sickness and fear together affected them, which added greatly to her consternation. Nevertheless, necessity constraining her, seeing that she was alone, she knew not where, she shook those that were living till she made them get up, and perceiving that

they were utterly ignorant of what was become of all the men, and seeing the ship driven upon the sands, and full of water, she began with them to lament most grievously. It was noon-day before they could descry any person from on shore, or elsewhere, to afford them the least assistance. At length, about that time, a gentleman, whose name was Pericon da Visalgo, passing that way, with many of his servants, on horseback, upon seeing the ship, imagined what had happened, and immediately sent one of them on board, to see what was remaining in her. The servant got into the ship with some difficulty, and found the lady with the little company that was left her, who had all hidden themselves, through fear, under the deck of the ship. As soon as they saw him, they begged for mercy; but not understanding each other, they endeavoured, by signs, to inform him of their misfortune. The servant carried the best account he could to his master of what he had seen; who ordered the ladies, and every thing that was in the ship of any value, to be brought on shore, conducting them to one of his castles, where he endeavoured to comfort them under their misfortunes by this generous entertainment. By the richness of her dress, he supposed her to be some person of great consequence, which appeared more plainly by the great respect that was paid to her by all the women: and although she was pale and in disorder, through the great fatigue she had sustained, yet was he much taken with her beauty; and he resolved, if she had no husband, to make her his wife; or, if he could not have her as such, still not to lose her entirely. Pericon was a man of stern looks, and rough in his person; and having treated the lady well for some time, by which means she had recovered her beauty, he was grieved that they could not understand each other, and that he was unable to learn who she was; yet, being passionately in love, he used all the engaging arts he could devise to bring her to a compliance, but all to no purpose; she refused all familiarities with him, which inflamed him the more. This the lady perceived, and finding, after some stay there, by the customs of the place, that she was among Christians, and where, if she came to be known, it would be of no great service to her; supposing also, that, at last, Pericon would gain his will, if not by fair means, yet by force; she resolved, with a true greatness of spirit, to tread all misfortune under foot, commanding her women, of whom she had but three now alive, never to disclose her quality, unless there should be hopes of regaining their liberty; recommending it farther

to them to maintain their chastity, and declaring her fixed resolution never to comply with any one besides her husband; for which they all commended her, promising to preserve their honour, as she had commanded them. Every day did his passion increase so much the more as the thing desired was more near, and yet more difficult to be obtained: wherefore, perceiving that entreaty was to no purpose, he resolved to try what art and contrivance could do, reserving force to the last. And having once observed that wine was pleasing to her, not having been accustomed to it, as being forbidden by her country's law, he determined to surprise her by means of this minister of Venus. And seeming now to have given over his amorous pursuit, which she had used her best endeavours to withstand, he provided one night an elegant entertainment, at which she was present, when he gave it in charge to the servant that waited upon her, to serve her with several wines mingled together, which he accordingly did; whilst she, suspecting no such treachery, and pleased with the rich flavour of the wine, drank more than suited with her modesty, and forgetting all her past troubles, became gay and merry; so that, seeing some women dance after the custom of Majorca, she also began to dance after the manner of the Alexandrians; which when Pericon observed, he supposed himself in a fair way of success, and plying her still with more wine, continued this revelling the greatest part of the night. At length, when the guests departed, he went with the lady into her chamber, who having at that time more wine than modesty, undressed herself before him, as if he had been one of her women, and got into bed. He instantly followed, and accomplished his purpose. They afterwards cohabited together without any reserve, till at length, fortune, unwilling that she who was to have been the wife of a king, should become the mistress of a nobleman, prepared for her a more barbarous and cruel alliance.

Pericon had a brother, twenty-five years of age, of a most complete person, called Marato; who having seen her, and flattering himself, from her behaviour towards him, that he was not displeasing to her: supposing also that nothing obstructed his happiness, except the guard which his brother had over her; he consequently contrived a most cruel design, which was not long without its wicked effect. There was by chance a ship in the haven at that time, laden with merchandize bound for Chiarenza in Romania, of which two young Genoese were the masters, who only waited for the first fair wind

to go out: with them Marato made a contract, to receive him with the lady the following night. When night came, having ordered how the thing should be managed, he went openly to the house, nobody having the least mistrust of him, taking with him some trusty friends, whom he had secured for that service, and concealed them near the house: in the middle of the night, therefore, he opened the door to them, and they slew Pericon as he was asleep in bed with the lady; seizing upon her, whom they found awake and in tears, and threatening to kill her if she made the least noise. They took also everything of value that belonged to Pericon, with which Marato and the lady went instantly on board, whilst his companions returned about their business. The wind proving fair, they soon set sail, whilst the lady reflecting on both her misfortunes, seemed to lay them much to heart for a time; till being over persuaded by Marato, she began to have the same affection for him that she had entertained for his brother; when fortune, as if not content with what she had already suffered, prepared another change of life for her. Her person and behaviour were such, as to enamour the two masters of the ship, who neglected all other business to serve and please her; taking care all the while that Marato should have no cause to suspect it. And being apprised of each other's love, they had a consultation together about it, when it was agreed to have her in common between them, as if love, like merchandize, admitted of partnership; and observing that she was narrowly watched by Marato, and their design thereby frustrated, they took the opportunity one day, as the ship was under full sail, and he standing upon the stern looking towards the sea, to go behind and throw him over-board; whilst the ship had sailed on a full mile before it was known that he had fallen in: as soon as the lady heard of it, and saw no likely means of recovering him again, she fell into fresh troubles, when the two lovers came quickly to comfort her, using many kind and tender expressions, which she did not understand; though indeed she did not then so much lament Marato as her own private misfortunes. After some little time, imagining that she was sufficiently comforted, they fell into a dispute together which should have the first enjoyment of her; and from words they drew their swords, and came to blows, the ship's crew not being able to part them, when one soon fell down dead, the other being desperately wounded; which occasioned fresh uneasiness to the lady, who now saw herself left alone, without any

one to advise and help her: she was fearful also of the resentment of the two masters' relations and friends: but the entreaties of the wounded survivor, and their speedy arrival at Chiarenzo, saved her from the danger of death. She went on shore with him there, and they continued together at an inn; whilst the fame of her beauty was spread all over the city, till it reached the ears of the Prince of Morea, who was then by chance at Chiarenza. He was impatient to get a sight of her; and after he had seen her, was so charmed, that he could think of nothing else: and being told in what manner she came hither, he began to contrive means how to obtain her; which when the man's relations understood, they immediately sent her to him, to her great joy, no less than the prince's, now thinking herself freed from all danger. The prince perceiving her rare accomplishments, joined to a matchless person, though he could have no information concerning her, yet concluded that she must be nobly descended; and such was his fondness for her, that he treated her not as a mistress but a wife. She now recollecting what she had already suffered, and being pretty well satisfied with her present situation, began to be easy and cheerful, whilst her charms increased to that degree, that she was the chief subject of discourse throughout Romania. Hereupon the Duke of Athens, a young and gay person, a relation also to the prince, had a mind to see her; and came one day thither under pretence of a visit to him, as usual, with a noble retinue, when he was handsomely entertained. Talking together, after some time, concerning the lady's great beauty; the duke asked whether she was such as fame had reported; to which the prince replied, "she far exceeds it; but let your own eyes convince you, and not my bare assertion." The duke soliciting the prince very earnestly to gratify his curiosity, they went into her apartment together, when she received them with great good manners and cheerfulness, being apprised of their coming; and though they could not have the pleasure of conversing together, as she understood little or nothing of their language, yet they looked upon her, the duke more especially, as a prodigy of nature, scarcely believing her to be a mortal creature; and, without perceiving how much of the amorous poison he had taken in by intently gazing upon her, and meaning only to gratify himself with the sight of her, he soon became over head and ears in love. After they had parted from her, and he had time to reflect, he began to think the prince the happiest person in the universe, in being

possessed of such a beauty; and, after much musing upon it, having more regard to his lust than to his honour, he resolved at all adventures to deprive him of that bliss, and to secure it for himself: and having a heart to put what he had resolved into execution, setting all reason and justice aside, his mind was wholly taken up in devising a fit stratagem for his purpose. One day, therefore, according to a most wicked agreement, which he had made with a valet de chambre belonging to the prince, whose name was Ciuriaci, he gave secret orders to have his horses and things got ready for a sudden departure; and the following night, taking a friend with him, and being both completely armed, they were introduced by that servant into the prince's chamber, whom they found in his shirt, looking out of a window towards the sea, to take the cool air, the weather being very hot, whilst the lady was fast asleep. Having then instructed his friend what he would have done; he went softly up to the window, and stabbed him with a dagger through the small of his back, and threw him out. Now the palace was seated upon the sea-shore, and very lofty; and the window at which the prince stood looking from, was directly over some houses, which the force of the waves had beaten down, and which were but little frequented; on which account, as the duke had before contrived it, there was no great likelihood of its being discovered. The duke's companion when he saw that was over, took a cord which he carried with him for that purpose, and seeming as if he was going to caress Ciuriaci, threw it about his neck, and drew it so tight, that he prevented his crying out, whilst the duke came to his assistance, and they soon dispatched, and threw him down after the prince. This being done, and plainly perceiving that they were not heard or seen by the lady, or any one else, the duke took a light in his hand, and went on softly to bed, where she lay in a sound sleep, and he stood beholding her for some time with the utmost admiration; and if she appeared so charming before in her clothes, what was she not without them? Not at all dismayed with his late-committed sin, his hands yet reeking with blood, he crept into bed to her, she taking him all the while for the prince.

After he had been with her for some time, he ordered his people to seize her in such a manner, that she could make no outcry; and going through the same back door at which he had been introduced, he set her on horseback, and carried her away towards Athens. But, as he was married, he did not choose to bring her thither, but

left her at one of his country seats, a little way out of town, where he secretly kept her, to her great grief; allowing her, in a most genteel manner, everything that was necessary. The prince's servants waited till nine o'clock that morning, expecting his rising; but hearing nothing of him, and thrusting open the chamber doors, which were only closed, and finding nobody within, they concluded that he and the lady were gone privately to some other place to divert themselves for a few days, and therefore thought no more about the matter. The next day it happened, by great chance, that a fool going amongst those ruinous houses where the dead bodies were lying, took hold of the cord that was about Ciuriaci's neck, and dragged him along after him: which surprised many people to whom he was known; who, by fair words and much persuasion, prevailed upon the fellow to shew them where he had found him: and there, to the great grief of the whole city, they saw the prince's body also, which they caused to be interred with all due pomp and reverence. Inquiring afterwards who should commit so horrid a deed, and perceiving that the Duke of Athens was not to be found, but was gone privately away, they judged (as it really was) that he had done it, and taken the lady with him. Immediately they elected the prince's brother to be their sovereign, inciting him to revenge so horrid a fact, and promising to assist him to the utmost of their power. He being afterwards fully assured of the truth of what they had but before surmised, collected together all his relations, friends, and vassals, and mustering a powerful army, directed his course against the duke: who had no sooner heard of these preparations, but he also levied a great army, and many princes came to his relief. Amongst the rest, Constantius, son to the Emperor of Constantinople, and Emanuel the nephew, attended by a goodly body of troops, who were kindly received by the duke, and the duchess more especially, being their sister-in-law. Things tending every day more and more to a war, the duchess had them both one day into her chamber, when, with abundance of tears, she recounted to them the whole history and occasion of the war, and the ill-usage she had received from the duke on account of this woman, whom she imagined he kept privately; and complaining very earnestly to them, she conjured them, for his honour, and her own ease and comfort, to give her their best assistance. The two young lords knew all this matter before, and therefore, without asking many questions, they comforted her as well as they could,

and informing themselves where the lady was kept, they took their leave. Hearing much talk of her beauty, they became very desirous of seeing her, and entreated the duke to shew her to them; who, never remembering what had happened to the prince, promised to do so; and ordering a magnificent entertainment to be prepared in a pleasant garden belonging to the palace where the lady was kept, the next day he took them, and some more friends, to dine with her. Constantius, being seated at the table, began, full of admiration, to gaze upon her, declaring to himself that he had never seen anything like her, and that the duke, or any other person, was excusable, who, to possess so rare a beauty, should commit any act of baseness or treason: and looking still more and more upon her, and evermore commending her, it happened just to him as it had done to the duke; for, going away quite enamoured of her, he had given over all thoughts of the war, contriving only how to steal her away from the duke, at the same time that he concealed his love from every one. Whilst he was in this agitation, the time came when they were to march against the prince, who was now advancing near the duke's territories: upon which the duke, with Constantius and the rest, according to the resolution that was taken, marched out of Athens to secure the frontiers, and to prevent the prince's passing any further. Continuing there for some days, and Constantius having still the lady at heart, and concluding, now the duke was absent, that he might more easily compass his intent, he, that there might be a pretence for his return, feigned himself extremely sick: and, with the duke's consent, leaving the command of his troops to Emanuel, he returned to Athens to his sister's, where, after some days, having encouraged her to talk of her husband's baseness in keeping a mistress, he at last said, that if she would give her consent, he would rid her of that trouble, by removing the lady out of the way. The duchess, supposing that this was spoken out of pure regard to her, and not to the lady, replied, that she should be very glad if it could be done in such a manner as the duke should never know that she was in any way accessory; which Constantius fully promised, and she accordingly agreed that he should do it as he thought most advisable. He provided, therefore, with all secrecy, a light vessel, and sent it one evening near to the garden where the lady was kept, having first informed some of his people that were in it, what he would have them do; and taking others with him to the house, he was kindly received by the servants

in waiting there, and by the lady also herself, who took a walk with him at his request, attended by the servants belonging to them both, into the garden; when, drawing her aside towards a door which opened to the sea, as if he had business to communicate from the duke, on a signal given, the bark was brought close to the shore, and she seized upon and carried into it, whilst he, turning back to the people that were with her, said—"Let no one stir or speak a word at the peril of their lives; for my design is not to rob the duke of his lady, but to take away the reproach of my sister." To this none being hardy enough to return an answer, Constantius, boarding the vessel, bid the men ply their oars, and make the best of their way, which they accordingly did, so that they reached Egina by the next morning. There they landed, and reposed himself awhile with her, who had great reason to curse her beauty. From thence they went to Chios, where, for fear of his father, and to prevent her being taken away from him, he chose to abide as a place of security: and though she seemed uneasy for a time, yet she soon recovered, as she had done before, and became better reconciled to the state of life wherein bad fortune had thrown her.

In the mean time Osbech, king of the Turks, who was constantly at war with the emperor, came by chance to Smyrna, and hearing how Constantius lived a lascivious life at Chios, with a mistress that he had stolen, and no provision made for his safety, he went privately one night with some armed vessels, and made a descent, surprising many people in their beds before they knew of his coming upon them, and killing all that stood upon their defence; and after he had burnt and destroyed the whole country, he put the prisoners and booty which he had taken on board, and returned to Smyrna. Upon taking a view of the prisoners, Osbech, who was a young man, saw this lady, and knowing that she was Constantius's mistress, because she was found asleep in his bed, he was much pleased at it, and took her for his own wife, and they lived together very happily for several months. Before this thing happened, the emperor had been making a treaty with Bassano, king of Cappadocia, who was to fall on Osbech on one side, whilst he attacked him on the other; but they could not come to a full agreement, because Bassano made a demand of some things which he was unwilling to grant; yet now, hearing of what had befallen his son, and being in the utmost concern, he immediately closed with the King of Cappadocia, requesting him to march with all expedi-

tion against Osbech, whilst he was preparing to invade him on his part. When Osbech heard of this, he assembled his army before he should be surrounded by two such mighty princes, and marched on to meet the king of Cappadocia, leaving his lady behind, with a faithful servant of his, at Smyrna: they soon came to a battle, wherein his army was entirely routed, and himself slain. Bassano remaining victorious, he proceeded on to Smyrna, the people making their submission to him all the way as he went. But now Osbech's servant, whose name was Antiochus, who had the lady in charge, although he was in years, yet seeing her so beautiful, and forgetting the regard which was due to his lord, soon became in love with her himself; and, as he understood her language, it was a great comfort to her, because she had been forced to live for some years like a deaf and dumb person, for want of understanding other people, or being understood by them. This gave him great advantages, and whilst his master was warring abroad, he spared no pains to gain her consent, in which he succeeded: and when they understood that Osbech was slain, and that Bassano carried all before him, without waiting for his coming upon them, they fled away privately, taking with them what belonged to Osbech of any value, and came to Rhodes. They had not been there long before he was taken extremely ill; and having a merchant of Cyprus along with him, who was his great friend, and finding himself at the point of death, he resolved to bequeath to him the care of his lady and wealth also; and calling them both to him, he spoke as follows:—"I find myself declining apace, which grieves me much, because I had never more pleasure in living than at present; yet one thing is a great comfort to me, viz., that I shall die in the arms of those two persons whom I love and value beyond all the rest of the world; namely, in yours, my dearest friend, and in that lady's, whom I have loved, ever since I have known her, more than my own life. I am uneasy, indeed, when I consider that I leave her here a stranger, and destitute both of help and advice, and should be infinitely more so if you were not with us, who, I know, will take the same care of her, on my account, as you would of myself; therefore I entreat you, in case I should die, to take my affairs and her together, under your protection, and to act, with regard to both, as you think will be most for the comfort of my departed soul.—And you, my dearest love, let me beg of you never to forget me, that I may boast, in the next world, that I have been

beloved by the fairest lady that ever nature formed; assure me of these two things, and I shall die satisfied." The merchant and lady were both much concerned, and promised to fulfil his desires, if he should chance to die; and soon afterwards he departed this life, when they took care to have him decently interred; which being done, and the merchant having dispatched all his affairs, and wanting to return home in a Catalan ship that was there, questioned the lady, to know what she intended to do, because it became necessary for him to go back to Cyprus: she made answer, that she was willing to go with him, hoping that, for the love he bore towards his friend, he would regard her as his own sister. He replied, that he was ready to oblige her in every thing; and, that he might the better defend her from all injuries whatever, till they came to Cyprus, she should rather call herself his wife. Being on board the ship, they had a cabin and one little bed allotted them, agreeable to the account they had given of themselves, by which means that thing was brought about, which neither of them intended when they came from Rhodes; for they forgot all the fine promises they had made to Antiochus, and before they reached Baffa, where the Cyprian merchant dwelt, they began to consider themselves as man and wife. Now a certain gentleman happened to arrive at Baffa about that time, on his own private affairs, whose name was Antigonus, one advanced in years, and of more understanding than wealth: for by meddling much in the affairs of the King of Cyprus, he had found fortune very unkind to him. Passing one day by the house where she lodged, the merchant being gone about his business to Armenia, and seeing her by chance at the window, he took more than ordinary notice of her, on account of her beauty; till at length he began to recollect he had seen her somewhere before, but could by no means remember where. She, also, who had long been the sport of fortune, the time now drawing near when her sorrows were to have an end, as soon as she saw Antigonus, remembered that she had seen him in no mean station in her father's service at Alexandria. And having now great hopes of regaining her former dignity by his advice and assistance, she took the opportunity of the merchant's absence to send for him. Being come to her, she modestly asked him whether he was not Antigonus of Famagosta, as she really believed. He answered, that he was, and added—"Madam, I am convinced that I know you, but I cannot call to mind where it is that I have seen you; therefore, if it be no offence,

let me entreat you to tell me who you are." The lady, perceiving him to be the same person, wept very much, and throwing her arms about his neck, asked him, at last, as one confounded with surprise, if he had never seen her at Alexandria? When he immediately knew her to be Alathiel, the sultan's daughter, whom they supposed to have been drowned; and being about to pay homage to her, she would not suffer him to do it, but made him sit down. He, then, in a most humble manner, asked her where she had been, and from whence she now came; because for some years it was believed, through all Egypt, that she was drowned. She replied, "I had much rather it had so happened than to have led such a life as I have done; and I believe my father, if he knew it, would wish the same." With these words the tears ran down her cheeks in great abundance: and he replied, "Madam, do not afflict yourself before it is necessary to do so; tell me only what has happened to you; perhaps it may be of such a nature, that, by the help of God, we may find a remedy."—"Antigonus!" replied the fair lady, "I think when I see you that I behold my father: moved therefore with the like duty and tenderness that I owe to him, I shall reveal to you what I might have kept secret: there are few persons that I should desire to meet with sooner than yourself to advise me; if, therefore, when you have heard my whole story, you think there is any probability of restoring me to my former dignity, I must beg your assistance: if you think there is none, then I conjure you to tell no person living that you have either seen or heard anything about me." After which, shedding abundance of tears during the whole relation, she gave a full account of what had befallen her, from the time of her shipwreck to that very hour. Antigonus shewed himself truly concerned at what he had heard, and (thinking some little time about it) he said to her—"Madam, since it has never been known, in all your misfortunes, who you were, I will restore you to your father, to whom you shall be more dear than ever, and afterwards you shall be married to the King of Algarve." She inquiring how that could be brought about, he let her know in what manner he intended to do it. Therefore, that no delay might intervene to prevent it, he returned directly to Famagosta, and waiting upon the king, he thus addressed him:—"My liege, you may, if you please, do great honour to yourself, and service to me, who am impoverished on your account, and without any expense." The king desiring to know by what means, Antigonus

thus answered :—" A young lady is just come to Baffa, daughter to the sultan, who was generally thought to have been drowned, and who, to preserve her honour, hath undergone great calamities, and is now reduced, and desirous of returning to her father: if, therefore, you will be so good as to send her home under my conduct, it will redound greatly to your honour, and prove much to my advantage, nor can the sultan ever forget the favour." The king, moved by a truly royal spirit, replied, that he was well pleased with the proposal, and immediately sent in great state for her to Famagosta, where she was received with all honour and respect, both by him and the queen; and being questioned by them concerning her misfortunes, she made such answers as she had been before taught by Antigonus.

In a few days afterwards, at her own request, she was sent with a great retinue both of lords and ladies, and conducted all the way by Antigonus, to the sultan's court; where, with what joy they were all received, it is needless here to mention. When they had rested awhile after their journey, the sultan became desirous to know how it happened that she was now living, and where she had been all this time, without his being ever able to hear a word about her. When she, who had all Antigonus's lectures perfectly by heart, gave her father the following narration: " Sir, about twenty days after my departure from you, our ship was split in the night by a violent tempest, and driven on the western coasts; nor did I ever learn what befel the men that were in it: I only remember this, that when day-light appeared, and I seemed recovered, as it were, from death to life, certain peasants of the country spying the ship's wreck, came to plunder it; whilst I was carried first on shore, with two of my women, who were immediately borne away by some young fellows, and taken different ways, so that I could never learn what became of either of them. I also was seized by two of them, making the best defence I could; and as they were dragging me towards the wood by the hair of my head, four persons on horseback came riding by, when they immediately left me and fled. But the gentlemen on horseback, who appeared to possess some authority, came to me, and we spoke to each other, without knowing what either of us said. At last, after conferring together, they set me upon one of their horses, and carried me to a monastery of religious women, according to their laws, where I was received with great honour and respect And after I had been there for

some time, and learnt a little of their language, they began to inquire of me who I was, and from whence I came ; whilst I (fearful of telling the truth, lest they should have turned me out as an enemy to their religion) made them believe that I was daughter to a gentleman of Cyprus, who sending me to be married to one of Crete, we happened to be driven thither by ill weather, and shipwrecked. Conforming to their customs in many things, for fear of the worst, I was asked, at length, by the chief among them, whom they call Lady Abbess, whether I desired to return to Cyprus ; and I answered, that I desired nothing more. But she, tender of my honour, would never trust me with any persons that were going to Cyprus, till about two months ago, certain French gentlemen with their ladies came this way, one of whom was related to the abbess; who, understanding that they were going to visit the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, where he, whom they believe to be God, was buried, after he had been put to death by the Jews, recommended me to them, and desired that they would deliver me to my father at Cyprus. What respect and civilities I received both from the gentlemen and their ladies, would be needless to mention. Accordingly we went on ship-board, and came in a few days to Baffa, where, when I saw myself arrived, a stranger to every person, nor knowing what to say to these gentlemen, who were to present me to my father ; behold (by the great providence of God), whom should I meet with upon the shore, but Antigonus, the very moment we were landed. I called to him in our language (that none of them might understand us) and desired him to own me as his daughter. He easily understood my meaning, and shewing great tokens of joy, entertained them as well as his narrow circumstances would allow, and brought me to the King of Cyprus, who received and sent me hither, with such marks of respect as I am no way able to relate : if there be any thing omitted in this relation, Antigonus, who has often heard the whole from me, will report it." Antigonus then turning to the sultan, said, " My lord, according both to her own account, and the information of the gentlemen and their wives, she has said nothing but truth. One part only she has omitted, as not suiting with her great modesty to report, namely, what the gentlemen and their ladies told me, of the most virtuous life that she had led amongst those religious women, and their great concern at parting ; which, if I were fully to recount to you, would take up both this day and night too. Let it suffice then that I

have said enough (according to what I could both hear and see) to convince you that you have the fairest, as well as the most virtuous daughter of any prince in the world." The sultan was overjoyed with this relation; begging over and over, that God would pour down his blessings on all who had shewed favour to his daughter; and particularly the King of Cyprus, who had sent her home so respectfully: and having bestowed great gifts upon Antigonus, he gave him leave to return to Cyprus; sending letters, as also a special ambassador to the king, to thank him on her account. And now, desiring that what he had formerly proposed should take effect; namely, that she should be married to the King of Algarve; he wrote to give him a full relation of the whole matter; adding, that he should send for her, if he desired the match to proceed. The king was much pleased with the news, and sent in great state, and received her as his queen: whilst she, who had passed through the hands of eight men, now came to him as a pure virgin, and lived happily with him the rest of their lives.

NOVEL VIII.

The Count d' Angiers, being falsely accused, was banished from France, and left his two children in different parts of England. Returning afterwards privately out of Ireland, he found them settled in great repute; from thence he goes as a common servant into the King of France's army, and his innocence being made public at last, he is restored to his former dignity.

THE ladies sighed very much upon hearing the various accidents that had befallen the fair lady; but who can say what it was that gave occasion to those sighs? Perhaps there were some ladies present who sighed more because they had not been so often married as she, than out of any pity for the poor woman. But be that as it will, having laughed much at Pamphilus's conclusion, and the queen perceiving the story to be now at an end, laid her next charge upon Eliza, who began in this manner:—

We have chosen a most spacious field for the subject of this day; nor is there a person among us who could not run ten courses as well as one: so copious are the great and wonderful changes of fortune! And, therefore, amongst such an infinity of things, as I am to recount one, let it be as follows:

When the Roman empire was translated from the French to the Germans, an utter enmity and continued war arose between the two nations: wherefore the King of France and his son, as well for the defence of their own kingdom, as the annoyance of their adversaries, raised a great and powerful army, consisting of all their kindred and allies, besides the force of their own kingdom, to go against the enemy. But before they set out upon their expedition, they chose not to leave the state without a governor; and knowing Gualtier, count d'Angiers, to be a wise and worthy person, and one entirely devoted to their interests, and also expert in military affairs, although he seemed rather designed for a life of ease and inactivity than martial toils, they made him viceroy during their absence, and then set forwards on their expedition. The count began to execute his office with all due conduct and discretion, on all occasions, with the queen and her daughter-in-law; and honouring them as his mistresses and superiors, although they were left subject to his guidance and authority. Now he had a very graceful person, was about forty years of age, and as good-natured and agreeable as man could be; nor could the world shew a more complete gentleman in all respects than himself. Whilst the king therefore and his son were employed in the above-mentioned war, it happened, that Gualtier's lady dying, and leaving him two children, a boy and a girl, and he being much at the ladies' court, consulting with them on the affairs of the kingdom, that the king's son's wife cast her eyes upon him, and in regard both to his person and virtue became secretly in love. Considering herself to be young, and he now a widower, she concluded that her desires would be more readily gratified, and that nothing obstructed it but the shame of making the discovery, which she soon overcame. Being one day alone, and thinking it a fit opportunity, she sent for him, under pretence of other business. The count, whose thoughts were quite different, came immediately to her, and sitting down together upon a couch, he inquired the reason of her sending for him at that time; she, after some silence, incited at length by her passion, trembling also, and blushing with extreme shame, with words broken and confused, declared her mind in this manner: "My dear lord and friend, it cannot have escaped your most acute judgment, how great the frailty is of both the sexes, and for diverse reasons, of one more than the other: therefore the very same offence, before an equitable judge, will be differently punished according to

the different quality of the offenders. Besides, who will not say that a poor man or woman, who have no other subsistence but what they earn by their daily labour, are not more blamable, should they be seduced and carried away by love, than a lady of wealth and leisure, who has nothing to think of but how to divert and please herself? Every one must allow it: this will be a sufficient excuse, therefore, in such a case, for a lady who gives way to such a passion, supposing her, at the same time, to make choice of a wise and worthy person on whom she fixes her affection. These circumstances, thus concurring in myself, not to mention my youth, and the absence of my husband, plead strongly in my behalf, and, if they have their due weight with you, I may expect that you will afford me that advice and assistance I now require from you. I must confess, that, not being able, on account of my husband's distance from me, to resist my most earnest desires, living also a life of ease and indolence, as you see, I have suffered myself to be quite led aside by them; which, though it would redound but little to my credit should it be known, yet, so long as it is a secret between us, there can be no room for reproach, and let me tell you, that love has been so gracious to me, that far from taking away my understanding, it has rather enlightened it, by presenting you to me as an object worthy of my affection; a person whom I esteem as the most accomplished nobleman this day in France, and one at present without a wife, as I am a husband: wherefore I entreat you, by the tender regard I have for you, that you would vouchsafe to show the came towards me, and pity my youth, which consumes for your sake, even as ice melts before the fire." At these words the tears poured down her cheeks so fast, that she was prevented from saying any thing farther; therefore, hanging down her head, and overcome as it were with her lamentation, she reclined at length upon his bosom. The count being a person of the strictest honour, began to reprimand her fond and idle love; and when she would have thrown her arms round his neck, he pushed her from him, protesting that he would be cut in pieces before he would so wrong his lord and master himself, or suffer others to do it. The lady hearing this, forgot the love she had for him, and in a most vehement rage exclaimed, "Villain as thou art, and shall my request be despised by thee in this manner? As thou desirest to make me suffer, know that I will either cause thy death, or force thee to leave thy country." And with these words, tearing all her hair and clothes, she cried

out, most violently, "Help! help! the Count d'Angiers is about to offer violence." He, seeing this, and fearing more from the envy of the court than his own conscience, supposing also that more credit would be given to her wicked story than his innocence, hastened out of the chamber as fast as he could, and fled to his own house, when, without delay, he set his children on horseback, and made the best of his way to Calais. Upon the clamour of the lady many flocked thither, who, seeing her in that condition, and hearing the cause of her outcry, not only believed what she told them, but concluded that the count's genteel behaviour and assiduity at court were merely to effect this purpose; they ran therefore in the utmost fury to his house to seize him, and not finding him there they stripped it of everything of value, and pulled it down to the ground.

This disagreeable news soon reached the ears of the king and prince in the camp, who, being greatly disturbed at it, sentenced him and all his descendants to perpetual banishment, offering a great reward to that person who should bring him either dead or alive. The Count, uneasy that by the flight he had incurred the imputation of guilt, arrived at Calais with his children, without making himself known to any person; from whence he went directly for England, and came to London in mean apparel, having by the way taught his children these two things; first, to bear their misfortunes patiently, to which fortune had reduced them without any fault of theirs: and in the second place, to be exceedingly cautious never to reveal from whence they came, or whom they belonged to, if they had the least regard for his life. His son, named Lewis, was about nine years of age, and his daughter Violante seven; and they both attended more to their father's admonition than could have been expected from their youth, as will appear by the sequel. Thinking it best for their greater security to change their names, he called the boy therefore Pierrot, and the girl Jeannette, and then went like common French beggars about the city asking charity. Now it happened, that, as they were waiting at a church door one morning, a certain great lady, who was wife to one of the king's principal officers of state, cast her eyes upon them, and asked him where they came from, and whether those were his children? He replied, that he came from Picardy, and that the misbehaviour of his eldest son, who proved a very unhappy young man had obliged him to quit his country, with these two other children. The lady, who was of

a compassionate temper, was pleased with the looks of the girl, and she said to him, "Honest man, if thou be content to leave thy daughter with me, I like her countenance so much, that I would willingly take her; and if she behave well, I will in due time provide her a husband, so that she shall live comfortably all her life." He was rejoiced at the offer, and with tears in his eyes resigned the child up to the lady, recommending her to her in a most affectionate manner. Thus having disposed of his daughter, and well knowing to whom, he resolved to stay there no longer, but going across the island, begging all the way, and his son along with him, not without the utmost fatigue, being not used to travel on foot, he came at length into Wales, where dwelt another great lord, an officer also and servant of the king, to whose palace, which afforded relief to all, they repaired for support: there it happened, that the lord's son and some other young noblemen were diverting themselves with running, leaping, and some other youthful exercises; and Pierrot, making one among them, outdid them all in every sport. Which when the nobleman perceived, he was mightily pleased with him, and inquired whom he belonged to; and it being told him that he was a poor man's son, who came there to beg alms, the lord requested that he would give him to him. The count, who desired nothing so much, freely consented, though their parting was a little grievous; and having now provided for both his children, he determined to stay no longer in England, but, as soon as he had an opportunity, he passed into Ireland, and came to Stanford, where he hired himself to a certain knight, who belonged to the retinue of an earl in that county, and did the duty of a common servant for many years. In the mean time Violante, now called Jeannette, who continued with the lady at London, increased in beauty, and every other accomplishment, as well as in stature; insomuch that she became the delight both of the lord and lady, as well as of every one that knew her; whilst the lady, who had no other notion of her quality than what she had received from herself, was thinking of marrying her according to her supposed rank; when it pleased God, the just rewarder of people's merits, seeing that she was nobly born, and punished only for other people's wickedness, to order it otherwise. The lady had an only son by her lord, of whom they were both exceedingly fond, and deservedly so, on account of his excellent disposition and character; who, being about six years older than

Jeannette, and beholding her extraordinary beauty and merit, was so much in love, that he cared for no other woman. Supposing, however, that she was of low extraction, he was afraid to demand her of his father and mother, and, through fear of being reprimanded for placing his affections so low, he kept it smothered in his breast; for which reason it preyed more upon him than if he had divulged it, till at length he fell in to a grievous fit of sickness. Hereupon several physicians were sen for, who had regard to one symptom after another, till, not being able to make out what his disorder was, they gave him over. This occasioned the utmost affliction both to his father and mother, who were continually requesting him to tell them the secret cause of his malady; to which he either made no answer but by sighs, or else that he found himself continually wasting.

Now one day it happened that a certain young physician, though profound in science, was sitting by his bedside, and feeling his pulse, when Jeannette, who attended carefully upon him, out of respect to his mother, chanced to come at that very instant into the room; upon seeing her the young gentleman, without uttering a word, or making one sign, conceiv d more strongly in his heart the passion of love, when his pulse began to beat higher than usual, which the physician soon perceived and, being surprised, kept his fingers some time upon it, to see how long that difference would last. As she went out of the room again it abated; wherefore, thinking that he had now found out in some measure what the disorder was, pretending, also, as if he wanted to speak to Jeannette, and still holding him by the hand, he had her called back: she returned instantly, when the pulse beat as before, which ceased at her departure. The physician, now fully satisfied, got up, and taking the father and mother apart, he spoke in this manner to them:—"The welfare of your son is not in the power of the physicians, but it lies in the hands of Jeannette, whom I find, by certain tokens, that he is desperately in love with; although, by what I can perceive, she knows nothing of it. You see now what you have to do, if you value his life." The lord and lady were well enough pleased to hear there was one way to save their son's life, though the fear of being obliged to do what they most dreaded gave them concern; namely, their marrying her to him; therefore, after the physician was departed, they went together to their son when the lady said to him as follows:—"I could never have be-

lieved, my dear, that you would have concealed any of your wants from me, especially since your not being gratified in that respect has been attended with such evil consequences; for you might have been confident, as you may still, that there is nothing which I would not do for your ease and welfare, as much as for my own. But since you have done so, God has been more merciful to you than you would be to yourself; for I know now that it is all occasioned by love, whoever the person is: and why should you have been ashamed to tell me? It is natural to one of your age; and were you a stranger to love, I should think you of little worth.—Then lay yourself open to me, and cast away all that drooping and melancholy, which has brought this disorder upon you, assuring yourself, that there is nothing you can desire of me, wherein I will not gratify you to the utmost of my ability, for I love you as dearly as my own life. Away, then, with this bashfulness, and tell me plainly if I can be of service with regard to this love of yours; and if you find me not in earnest, then believe me to be the cruelest of mothers." The young gentleman changed colour at hearing these words; but considering afterwards that none could sooner serve him than his mother, he spoke, without the least reserve, to this effect: "Madam, nothing has made me keep my love a secret so much as what I have observed in many people, when they grow into years; they forget that they ever were young: but now I find you considerate in that point, I shall not only confess your suspicion to be true, but will also name the person to you, provided you will, according to promise, use your best endeavours in my behalf; and by that means you may save my life." The lady, thinking to serve him in a different manner from what he himself intended, bade him speak out, and she would endeavour that he should have his will. He then replied:—"Madam, the beautiful and agreeable behaviour of Jeannette, and her not pitying me, or being even sensible how much I love her, which I have yet revealed to no person living, have brought me to this condition. If therefore you make not your word good to me, you may depend upon it my life is short." She, thinking it a more proper time to comfort than reprove him, said, with a smile, "And have you then languished so long for this? Have a good heart, and when you grow better leave the matter to me." The young spark, full of hopes, began now to shew speedy symptoms of amendment, to the mother's great comfort, who was contriving how to perform her promise: and one

day, calling Jeannette to her, she began by way of discourse, to ask her if she ever had a sweetheart? She blushed, and replied, "Madam, it ill becomes a poor young woman like myself, who is driven from her own house, and subject to other people's will and pleasure, to think of love." She then rejoined: "If you have no lover, I will procure one for you, that you may live with some comfort; for so pretty a girl as you are should never be without." Jeannette said, "Madam, as you have taken me from my father, and brought me up like your own child, I am obliged to do all in my power to please you: but in this particular, I think I am in the right not to do it. If you mean to give me a husband, him I shall respect, but no one else. For, of all that my ancestors possessed, there is nothing now remaining to me but their virtue, and this I intend to keep as long as I live." This was quite contrary to her intention, as to the promise she had made her son; though, like a prudent lady, she seemed to commend her for it, and said, "But if the king, who is young, should have a fancy for you, would you deny him?" She immediately replied, His majesty might use force, but he should never have her consent, but upon terms of honour. The lady, seeing what her resolution was, said no more, but resolved to put her to the proof; saying to her son, that, when he got well, she would put them into a room together, and he might do with her as he pleased; for it was performing a base office for her to proceed any farther in that way for him. This was by no means pleasing to the young gentleman, who relapsed immediately upon it: which the lady perceiving, she laid open her intention to Jeannette, and found her more resolute than ever. Her husband being made acquainted with the whole matter, it was agreed by them (though much against their inclinations), that he should marry her; preferring their son's life, with a wife much beneath him, to his death without one. This was soon put in execution to Jeannette's great joy; who gave thanks to Heaven for its mercy vouchsafed towards her; but all the while she would make no other discovery of herself, than that she was daughter to a person in Picardy. They lived afterwards very happily together. Let us now return to Pierrot, whom we left in Wales with a great officer belonging to the king of England: he grew much in favour with his lord, and being graceful and manly in person, and more expert at all military exercises than any one in the country, was known every where by the name of Pierrot the Picard; and as God had

been gracious to his sister, so was he no less kind and merciful to him; for the plague happened to break out in that country, which swept away half the people, and a great part of those who were left had fled for refuge into other lands, so that the nation appeared quite desolate. In this mortality, the lord and lady, with their son, brethren, and nephews, and near relations, all died, and there was none of the family left besides an only daughter, just of age to marry, and a few servants. As soon as the plague was over, she took him for her husband, on account of his extraordinary merit, and made him lord of all her inheritance. And it was not long before the king of England, hearing of the late lord's death, and knowing Pierrot's worth and valour, substituted him in his place, and gave him the same power and command. Such was the fate of the two innocent children of the Count d'Angiers, whom he had left destitute.

It was now eighteen years since he came from Paris, and having suffered great hardship during his abode in Ireland, and as he was at present grown old, he was willing to know what was become of his children. Being quite altered as to his person, and finding himself more robust and active than in his youth, which he had spent in ease and indolence; he left the service where he had been for so long a time, and set forward in a mean dress for England: coming, therefore, to the place where he had left Pierrot, he found him to be a great and mighty lord, and in perfect health, which gave him the utmost satisfaction; but yet he was resolved not to discover himself, till he should know what was become of Jeannette. Travelling still on for London, and inquiring cautiously there concerning the lady with whom he had left his daughter, he discovered that Jeannette was married to her son, which pleased him infinitely, esteeming all his past sufferings as nothing, since he had found both his children alive and in prosperity. Desirous now of seeing her, he repaired to the house like a poor man, and being taken notice of by James Lamiens (for that was the husband's name), he had pity on him, and ordered one of his servants to give him relief. Jeannette had several children by him, the eldest of whom was about eight years old, all very beautiful; and seeing the count begin to eat, they came about him, and were as much pleased with him, as if by some secret instinct they had known him to be their grandfather; whilst he, knowing them to be his grandchildren, shewed a thousand little fondnesses towards them, which made

them unwilling to leave him, when their governor would have called them away. On hearing this, Jeannette came out of her chamber, and threatened to whip them, if they would not obey their master; this set the children a crying, and they said, they had much rather stay with the honest man who loved them better than their master did; which made the lady and count both laugh heartily. He arose, not as a father, but like a poor man, to pay reverence to his daughter, as to a great lady; feeling great pleasure at the sight of her, whilst she had not the least knowledge of him: so much was he altered, having grey hairs, a long beard, and a black and meagre countenance, that he was nothing like the same person. The lady, now seeing how unwilling the children were to go away, ordered their master to let them stay a little. In the mean time, her husband's father came home, and being told this circumstance by the master, and holding her always in great contempt, he said, "Let them stay with a mischief to them! they only show from whence they are descended; they are beggars by the mother's side, therefore no wonder that they herd with beggars." The count was much grieved at hearing these words, but was forced to bear this injury, as he had done many others. The lady's husband had taken notice all this time of the children's fondness towards the count, and was uneasy at it; yet so tender was he of them, that rather than make them uneasy, he gave orders that if the honest man was willing to stay in his service, he should be received. He replied, that he should be glad of it, but was only able to look after horses, which he had been used to all his life. He had a horse assigned him, therefore, to take care of, and when his business was over, he used to play with the children. Whilst fortune had thus disposed of the Count d'Angiers and his children, it came to pass, that, after making many treaties with the Germans, the King of France died, and was succeeded by that son, whose wife had occasioned the count's banishment; and the last truce being now expired, a bloody war broke out afresh, when the King of England, who was his kinsman, sent him large supplies of people, under the command of Pierrot, one of his generals, and James Lamiens, son to another of his generals, with whom went the count as a servant: when he did more service, both by his valour and good counsel, than was expected from him. In the course of the war, the Queen of France chanced to be taken ill, and finding herself past all hopes of recovery, made a confession of all her sins to the Archbishop

of Rouen, esteemed by all as a most holy person: and, amongst other things, she mentioned the great wrong she had done to the Count d'Angiers; nor was she content with speaking this to him only, but she also declared it before many other worthy persons; desiring their intercession with the king, that, if he or his children were any of them living, they might be restored to their former condition: soon after this she died, and was honourably interred. This confession being reported to the king, after much concern for the injury done to so great a man, he issued out a proclamation, that if any person could give tidings of the count, or his children, they should be well rewarded, since the queen had declared him innocent of the crime for which he had fled his country; and that his majesty meant to exalt him to the same, or even greater, honours than he had before. When the count heard this, he went immediately to James Lamiens, and desired him to go along with him to Pierrot; saying, he would then shew them what the king desired. Being all met together, the count declared to Pierrot that he was now resolved to discover himself; for, "Pierrot," says he, "James Lamiens, who is here present, has married your sister, and has had no fortune with her: therefore I intend that he shall have the benefit of the king's proclamation, both for yourself, as son to Count d'Angiers, for Violante your sister and his wife, lastly for myself, who am the Count d'Angiers and your father."

Pierrot, hearing this, and looking steadfastly upon him, soon called him to mind, and fell down with tears at his feet: whilst James Lamiens was surprised with so much wonder and joy together, that he scarcely knew what to say; and blushing for the little respect he had shewed him, he humbly asked pardon, which the count readily granted: and when they had talked over their several fortunes, sometimes in tears, and then again in joy, they would have had him put on suitable apparel, which he would by no means consent to, being desirous that James Lamiens should first secure the reward, and, by presenting him in that garb, make the shame for his ill usage so much the greater. James hereupon went with the count and Pie rot before the king, offering for the promised reward to produce both the count and his children. The king then ordered a most magnificent present to be brought, telling him it was his own upon thos conditions. James then stepped back a little, and presented the count as his servant, and Pierrot, saying, "Behold, sir, the father and son; as for the daughter, she

is my wife; but with the leave of Heaven, you shall see her before it is long." The king, on hearing this, looked earnestly at the count, and, notwithstanding his being so much changed, soon called him to mind, and, with tears in his eyes, raised him from the ground, on which he was kneeling, and kissed and shook him by the hand: he welcomed Pierrot also in a most friendly manner; and ordered that the count should have clothes, servants, horses, and every thing suitable to his quality, which was accordingly done. The king showed great respect also to James Lamiens, and inquired particularly about every thing that had befallen them: to whom, after he had received the reward for making the discovery, the count said: "Receive this royal bounty at the hands of his majesty, and remember to tell your father, that your children and my grandchildren are not meanly descended with regard to their mother." James received the presents, and sent for his wife and mother to Paris; and Pierrot also brought his lady, and they were received by the king, along with the count, with the utmost joy, who restored them all they had lost, with large additions of fortune. They had afterwards permission to return home, leaving the count at Paris, where he continued to his dying day in more repute and glory than ever.

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NOVEL IX.

Bernard of Genoa is imposed upon by one Ambrose, loses his money, and orders his wife, who is quite innocent, to be put to death. She makes her escape, and goes in man's dress into the service of the Sultan; there she meets with the deceiver; and, sending for her husband to Alexandria, has him punished; she then resumes her former habit, and returns with her husband rich to Genoa.

ELIZA having discharged her duty by the last moving story, the queen, who was of a most graceful person, taking the next turn upon herself, spoke with a smile to this effect:—

We must make good our agreement with Dioneus; and therefore, as only he and I remain to speak, I shall begin with my story, and leave him to the last, as he has desired. It is a common saying, that the deceiver lies at the mercy of the deceived: which I think can only be proved true by circumstances of that kind, which have happened in the world; this then I propose to shew you, hoping a relation of this sort will not be disagreeable, to the end you may be upon your guard against such as would deceive you.

There happened together in an inn at Paris some Italian mer-

chants, who had come thither upon their different occasions, and meeting at supper one night, and conversing merrily of one thing after another, they came at last to talk of their wives, whom they had left behind them: when one of them said, in a jesting way, "I do not know what my wife does with herself, but I am sure if I meet with anything that pleases me, I forget my love for her, and make use of the opportunity."—"And so do I," quoth another; "for whether I believe it or not, my wife will do as she pleases." A third was of the same opinion, and all seemed to agree that their wives at home lost no time in their absence. Only one man among them all, named Bernard Lomellin, of Genoa, avowed the contrary; declaring that he had a wife, in whom were centred all the virtues that could adorn either sex: that she was young and beautiful in her person; that she was mistress of her needle; that no man-servant waited with more dexterity at his master's table, than he was served by her, she being thoroughly discreet and well bred: that, besides her skill in horsemanship, and the management of a hawk, there was no merchant understood accounts better: and coming at length to what began the dispute, he declared, with an oath, that no woman upon earth could be more virtuous and chaste than she was; for he firmly believed, where he to be absent from her ten years, she would have to do with no other person. Amongst the merchants who had been talking upon this subject, was a young fellow called Ambrose of Piacenza, who made the greatest jest in the world of what Bernard said last in praise of his wife, asking him, whether the emperor had given him this privilege, exclusive of the rest of mankind? Bernard, a little agitated, said, not the emperor, but God Almighty, who was something more powerful than the emperor, had bestowed this favour upon him. Ambrose replied, "I make not the least doubt, but that you think you speak truth: but in my opinion, you have not enough considered the nature of things: for if you had, I do not believe your understanding so mean not to find many reasons to make you think more coolly of the matter. Wherefore, that you may not imagine that we, who have spoken so much at large concerning our wives, suppose them of a different make from yours, but that we have, merely, regard to the natural propensity of all, I shall beg leave to reason a little with you upon this subject. I have always understood, that man is the most noble of God's creatures, and that woman is in the next degree to him: now as man is allowed to be more perfect, he must

consequently have more resolution and constancy. In like manner, women are always more wavering and fickle, as I could shew by several reasons, which I shall omit at present. If therefore man, who is allowed to have the most stability, cannot (I will not say resist a woman, that should entreat him) but even desire, and do all that lies in his power, to get into the company of a woman that he likes, and this not once in a month, but a thousand times every day, what can you think a woman, naturally weak, can do against the entreaties, flatteries, gifts, and a thousand other means, which an artful lover knows how to use? Do you think she can resist? Affirm it as you will, I can never think you in earnest. You say your wife is flesh and blood, and therefore subject to the same desires with other women; and her strength to resist those desires must be the same: be she then ever so virtuous, it is possible for her to do like other women: and if it be possible, you should never have denied it in that positive manner, and maintained the contrary, as you have done."

Bernard replied, and said, "I am a merchant, and not a philosopher, and shall answer you as such; I tell you, therefore, that what you say, may be the case of women of little understanding, and who have no sense of shame; but such as are wise have that regard for their honour, that they become more firm than men, who are not so tender in that point; and such an one is my wife." —"Truly," said Ambrose, "if for every fault of this kind they were to have a horn spring out of their foreheads, to bear testimony against them, I believe few would be guilty; but so far from having a horn grow, if they be wise, there is nothing to make the least discovery; and as shame and loss of character happen only when things are made public, therefore what they can accomplish in secret, they rarely fail to do: or, if they abstain, it is through their folly. Take this then for a rule—that woman only is chaste who has never been asked; or she who herself has asked and been refused. And though I am convinced of this by natural and just reasons, yet I should not speak as I do, if I had not tried the humours and affections of many different women. Let me also tell you, that if I was in company with your most virtuous wife, I should not doubt my obtaining the same favour from her, that I have gained from many others." Bernard was provoked at this, and said, "There is no end of disputing; you assert and I assert, which is all nothing: but since you say they are so easily warped,

and have such an opinion of your own power that way; to convince you of my wife's virtue. I will forfeit my head, if you ever bring her to a compliance, upon condition, that, if you should not prevail over her, you only lose a thousand florins of gold." Ambrose replied, with a good deal of warmth, "What service will your life be to me, if I should win it? But if you have a mind to put the thing to the trial, deposit five thousand florins, which are of less value than your life, against one thousand of mine; and as you fix no time, I will oblige myself to go to Genoa, and in less than three months, from the day of my departure, to gain my will of your wife, and to bring such tokens of that back with me, as you yourself shall confess to be just; provided you will give me your word, that you will neither come to Genoa in that time, nor write to her about that matter." Bernard said he liked the wager; and though the other merchants endeavoured all they could to prevent it, as well knowing what mischief might ensue; yet the two merchants were so warm, that, in spite of all their friends could do, they immediately signed the articles to that purpose. Bernard therefore stayed behind, whilst Ambrose made the best of his way to Genoa; where he continued a day or two, informing himself, as cautiously as possible, of the name of the street where the lady lived, as also of her character, when he soon heard all that Bernard had related to be true, and a great deal more; which made him conclude that he had come thither upon a very foolish errand: but meeting with a poor woman who frequented the house, to whom the lady was very kind, he wrought so far upon her, by means of a bribe, that he was carried in a chest, made according to his own direction, not only into the house, but even into the lady's bed-chamber; where it was to be left for some days, for the greater security, as if the good woman was going abroad.

When night came, and the lady, as he supposed, was asleep, he opened the chest with certain instruments, which he had carried with him for that end, and went softly into the room, where a light was burning, by which he observed carefully the form and situation of the chamber, and also the pictures, and every thing remarkable in it; which he endeavoured to keep in his memory. Coming then to the bed-side, and seeing the lady and a little girl that was in bed with her both fast asleep, he found her as beautiful as if she had been dressed; but yet he could perceive no sign to

carry away concerning her, unless it was a mole upon her left breast: with which being pretty well satisfied, and not daring, from the lady's known character, to presume farther; after being there the greatest part of the night, he took a purse, and also a gown, with a ring and girdle; all which he put into his chest, and went into it again, making it fast as before, where he continued two nights, without the lady's perceiving any thing of the matter. The third day the woman came for the chest, according to her appointment, and carried it back, when Ambrose satisfied her according to promise, and hastened away to Paris with those tokens before the limited time. There he summoned the merchants together, who were present when the wager was laid, declaring to Bernard that he had won, having brought the tokens which he had promised to produce. First, then, he described the chamber and the paintings, and shewed those things, which he said he had received from herself. Bernard owned that the chamber was as he had described it; and he remembered, also, that the things which he had brought belonged to his wife; but he added, that he might have an account of the room, as well as procure the other things, from some of the servants; therefore, if he could say nothing more, this did not seem sufficient to entitle him to the wager. When Ambrose replied, "Truly this ought to satisfy you; but since you would have me say something more, know then, that Madam Zineura your wife has a mole upon her left breast." When Bernard heard this, he was struck to the very heart, and his countenance changed in such a manner, as to convince them, if he had not said another word, that Ambrose spoke truth; and after some time he replied, "Gentlemen, what Ambrose says is true; and as I own myself to have lost he may come when he pleases, and I will pay him."

The money therefore was paid the next day, and Bernard set out for Genoa most cruelly incensed against his wife; and being come to a country-house of his about twenty miles off, he sent a servant whom he could trust, with a couple of horses and a letter to her; wherein he acquainted her with his return, and that he would have her come away along with the servant; whom he had charged, at the same time, as soon as he came to a fit place, to put her to death, and repair to him. His servant delivered the letter to his mistress, who received the news with great joy; and the next morning she set forwards with him. As they travelled along, talking of divers

things by the way, they came into a solitary vale surrounded with trees, which the servant thought a fit place for the execution of his master's orders: therefore, drawing a knife out of his pocket, and taking the lady by the arm, he said, "Madam, commend your soul to God, for here you must die." She, in the utmost astonishment, begged for God's sake that, before he put her to death, he would tell her what she had done to offend him in that manner. "Madam," said the servant, "you have done me no harm; and as to your husband, I can only say this, that he ordered me to kill you by the way, without shewing you the least mercy; threatening otherwise to hang me up. You know full well my obligations to him, and that I must not resist his commands; I am sorry for you, God knows, but I cannot help it." The lady wept, and said, "Alas! do not murder me, who have never injured you, for the sake of another person: God is my witness, who knoweth all things, that I never did any thing to deserve this from my husband; but, setting that aside, you may, if you please, serve God, your master, and myself, in this manner; namely, do you take my clothes, leaving me only your hat and doublet, and carry them to my lord and yours, telling him that you have killed me; and I swear, by that life for which I shall be indebted to you, that I will go where neither he, you, nor any person in this country, shall ever hear more concerning me." The servant, who was loath to put her to death, was easily prevailed upon; and leaving her his coat and hat, and some money which she had about her, and entreating her not to make any stay, went straight to his master, telling him that he had obeyed his commands, and left the body to be devoured by wolves. After some time Bernard returned to Genoa, and the fact being discovered, he was much blamed for what he had done. The lady being left alone, as soon as night came on, she disguised herself as well as she could, and went to a neighbouring village, where she procured what she wanted of an old woman, and she mended and cut the doublet shorter, and turned her shift into a pair of trowsers; and having cut her hair and appearing in every respect like a common sailor, she went to the sea-side, where she met a Catalonian gentleman, named Señor Encararch, who being just come on shore to refresh himself at a spring of fresh water, she fell into discourse with him, and, agreeing to enter into his service, went on board, calling herself Sicurano da Finale. There she had obtained better clothes, and she proved so expert and

diligent a servant, that he was greatly pleased with her. Soon afterwards this gentleman sailed to Alexandria, carrying with him a number of falcons as a present to the sultan, who often entertained him at his table; and taking particular notice of the behaviour of Sicurano, who waited always upon her master, he begged her of the gentleman much against his will; and in a little time she was in as great favour with the sultan, as she had been with her former master. Now at a certain time of the year there was to be a fair at Acre, which was under the dominion of the sultan, and where there was a great resort both of Christian and Turkish merchants, for whose greater security the sultan used to send one of his ordinary officers with a band of soldiers. And the time now drawing near, he resolved to send Sicurano for that purpose, being well skilled in the languages; and she arriving at Acre as captain of the guard for the merchants, discharged her duty with great care and diligence, conversing daily with Sicilian, Pisan, Genoese, Venetian, and other Italian merchants, whom she was chiefly acquainted with, because they were of her own country. As she was one day therefore in a shop belonging to some Venetian merchant, amongst some other toys, she cast her eye upon a purse and girdle, which she soon knew to be her own; but without making any such discovery, she asked whom they belonged to, and whether they were to be sold? Now it happened that Ambrose was come thither with a great stock of goods, along with these merchants on board their ship, and hearing that the captain of the guard made inquiry whom those things belonged to, he stepped forwards, and said, with a laugh, "Sir, they are mine, and not to be sold; but if you like them, they are at your service." Sicurano seeing him laugh, supposing it was at some action or behaviour of hers, and therefore, with a more settled countenance, she said, "I suppose you laugh to see me, a man professing arms, inquiring after such womanish toys."—"Sir," replied Ambrose, "I do not laugh at that; but I laugh only at the manner by which I obtained them." Sicurano then replied, "Good sir, if it be not too much trouble, tell me how that was." "Sir," quoth Ambrose, "a lady of Genoa, called Zineura, wife to one Bernard Lomellin, gave them to me one night when I lay with her, and desired I would keep them for her sake. I laugh therefore at Bernard's folly, who laid me five thousand florins to one thousand, that I could not obtain my will of her; which I did, and won my wager; whilst he, who

deserved to have been punished for his brutality more than she, who did no more than what all women do, returned to Genoa, and by what I can find, had her put to death." Sicurano now found out the grounds of Bernard's displeasure; and as she perceived this man had been the cause of it, she determined not to let him go unpunished: but seeming to be pleased with his story, she became more acquainted with him; and when the fair was ended, she took him with her to Alexandria, and made him hire a shop, and lodged money in his hands, which turned to such account that he was very willing to stay there. Sicurano, desirous of making her innocence appear to her husband, agreed with some Genoese merchants, under some pretence or other, to have him brought thither; and being come in a poor and wretched plight, she had him privately to a friend's house to be taken care of, till it should be time to put her purpose in execution. Now Sicurano had made Ambrose tell the story before the sultan, who seemed pleased with it; but as soon as her husband was come, she determined to wait no longer; and taking a fit opportunity, she prevailed upon the sultan to send for Ambrose and Bernard both before him, and in the presence of Bernard, to make the other confess by force, if he would not own it otherwise, how the affair was, which he had boasted of concerning Bernard's wife. Accordingly, they were brought face to face, and the sultan, with a stern countenance, commanded Ambrose before a number of people, to speak the truth, namely, how he had won of Bernard the five thousand florins. Sicurano also, who was present, and in whom Ambrose put a good deal of confidence, declared, with a great deal of anger in her looks, that he should be severely chastised if he did not: being terrified therefore on both sides, and in some measure compelled, expecting also to restore only the five thousand florins without any other punishment, he related the whole affair. Which being done, Sicurano, as minister to the sultan, turned to Bernard, and said, "What did you then to your wife, on account of this lie?" He replied, "Being outrageous with the loss of my money and the shame to which I was exposed, for the injury I thought I had sustained from her, I ordered one of my servants to murder her, and, as he informs me, she was immediately devoured by wolves."

These things being related in presence of the sultan, and many other witnesses, without his knowing Sicurano's purpose, she said, therefore, "My lord, you now see plainly what great reason the

poor woman has to boast of her gallant and husband; for the one deprives her of her good character with lies, and ruins her husband at the same time; whilst the other, shewing greater regard to that person's falseness, than to the virtue of his wife (of which he might have been assured by long experience), has her murdered, and devoured by wolves. Besides, such is the respect that they both bear towards her, that she is now known to neither of them, though they have been long entertained by her. But, that you may more perfectly understand what both have deserved, and if, at my request, you will punish the deceiver, and excuse the person who was deceived, she shall forthwith appear before you and them." The sultan, who was disposed to shew favour to Sicurano in every thing, agreed that the lady should appear; at which Bernard was much surprised, supposing she was dead; whilst Ambrose, foreseeing what was likely to happen, began to think of something worse than repayment of the money, not knowing whether he had most reason to fear or hope in consequence of her appearing there; and he waited her coming with the utmost consternation. The sultan having thus given leave, Sicurano threw herself at his feet, and, laying aside her manly voice, and demeanour, she said, "My lord, I am the miserable and unfortunate Zineura, who, for the space of six years, have wandered over the world in man's disguise, being most basely aspersed by that villain Ambrose, and given up to a servant by that most cruel and unjust man, to be murdered and devoured by wolves." And, shewing her breast, she made it appear that she was the same woman. Turning then to Ambrose, she resolutely demanded, when it was that he had lain with her, as he had formerly vaunted? But he, knowing her again, was so struck with shame, that he could not utter a word. The sultan, who had all along taken her for a man, was so surprised at what he heard and saw, that it appeared to him more like a dream than truth: but upon recollecting himself, and seeing every thing plainly made out, he most highly commended the life, constancy, and behaviour, of Zineura, heretofore called Sicurano; and ordering proper apparel and attendants for her, pardoned Bernard, at her request, the death he had justly merited; who, now knowing her again, kneeled down and begged pardon, which she readily granted, however unworthy he was of it, and embraced him as her husband. The sultan then ordered Ambrose to be tied to a stake, in the most eminent part of the city, and his naked body to be smeared over

with honey, and to hang there till he should drop in pieces; which sentence was soon put in execution. He next gave charge that all his substance should be given to Zineura, which did not amount to less than ten thousand double ducats; and making a most sumptuous feast in honour of Bernard, as her husband, and Zineura as a most worthy lady, he presented her with plate and money, to the amount of ten thousand ducats more; and providing a ship for them, when the feast was over, he gave them leave to depart to Genoa; which they did with great joy, and were received with the utmost respect, especially Zineura, who was thought to be dead; and the same esteem was continued towards her as long as she lived. As for Ambrose, he was not only destroyed the very day he was impaled, by wasps and hornets, with which the country abounds, but he was eaten to the very bones; which, being bound together by the sinews, remained hanging there for some time, as a testimony of his villany. And thus it is that the deceiver lies at the mercy of the deceived.

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NOVEL X.

Paganino da Monaco carries away the wife of Signior Ricciardo di Chinzica, who, understanding where she was, went thither, and growing acquainted with Paganino, he demanded her back, which the other consents to, provided she is willing: she refuses to return; and upon Ricciardo's death became the wife of Paganino.

ALL the company commended the queen's story, and especially Dioneus, who was the only person left to speak for that day; and, having said much in praise of it, he began to this effect:—Ladies, part of the queen's novel has made me change my intention, with regard to what I meant to relate for another; which is the brutishness of Bernard (though it happened well for him), and of all such as himself, who think as he did; namely, that whilst they are travelling about from place to place, and diverting themselves sometimes with one lady and sometimes with another, they conclude that their wives sit with their hands before them all the while, as if we do not know to the contrary. I shall therefore shew you how great the folly is of all such people; and of those especially, who, supposing themselves to be more powerful than nature hath really formed them, think to cover all by fabulous demonstrations; and endeavour to make other persons' constitu-

tions and tempers square with their own, however contrary it may be to their natural bent and inclination. There lived once at Pisa, a certain judge, endowed with greater genius of mind than bodily ability, whose name was Signior Ricciardo di Chinzica; who, being persuaded that there was no more in marrying than in pursuing his studies, determined, as he was very rich, to have a very young and a very handsome wife; whereas, had he known how to advise himself as well as he did other people, he should have avoided both the one and the other. Accordingly, Signior Lotto Gualandi bestowed his daughter upon him, whose name was Bartolomea, one of the briskest and most beautiful ladies in all Pisa, though there are few of them all that are not as red as a fox; and having brought her home in great state, he made shift to pass the wedding night. Being a better judge now of his own strength, he began to teach her a new calendar, shewing her that there was scarcely a day in the year but what was dedicated to some saint or other, and some days had more saints than one; in reverence to whom, as he proved by many reasons, a man and his wife ought to keep asunder at those times. Adding, also, that those saints days had their fasts; besides the four seasons of the year, the vigils of the apostles, and a thousand other holidays, with Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, and all Lent; as also certain observations of the moon, and many other exceptions; as thinking, perhaps, that it was convenient to keep as many holidays with regard to his wife, as to his pleadings in court. And in this manner he lived, to her great discontent, scarcely conversing with her once a month, and keeping a strict watch over her, for fear some other person should teach her what belonged to working-days, as he had done to holidays. In the mean time, it happened that the season growing extremely hot, he wished to go, for his diversion, to one of his country-seats, near the Black Mountain, and to take his lady with him for a few days; and, to make it more agreeable to her, they went out together one day a fishing, when he and the fishermen were in one boat, and she was in another, along with some ladies, who went to see the sport. Being drawn by their diversion many miles into the sea, without perceiving it, and whilst they were very intent looking on, they were surprised by a privateer belonging to one Paganino da Monaco, a famous pirate, who seized that vessel which had the women on board; and seeing this fair lady, he carried her into his own ship in sight of her husband, who had now reached the shore; and

without meddling with any thing else, sailed directly away. How sorrowful Ricciardo was at seeing this you may easily imagine, who was jealous of the very air itself: and accordingly he made many fruitless complaints, both at Pisa and elsewhere, of the villany of these corsairs, without knowing who it was that had taken his wife, or whither she was carried.

Paganino now was much pleased with the lady, seeing her so handsome; and being without a wife, resolved to keep her as such; and, perceiving that she was under some concern, he used many kind and tender expressions, till she soon forgot the calendar she had learned; and, long before she reached Monaco, the judge and his laws were quite gone out of her head, and she lived with all the comfort in the world with Paganino. In some time, it came to Ricciardo's ears what was become of his wife, and he consequently set off with the utmost impatience, to fetch her back, supposing no other person so proper as himself, and resolved to give any sum of money for her ransom. Being arrived there, he saw her and she him; and that night she told Paganino of it, informing him what she meant to do. The next morning Ricciardo meeting with Paganino, they soon became acquainted together; Paganino seeming all the time to know nothing of him, but waiting to see what he meant to do. As soon as a fit opportunity offered Ricciardo began to set forth the occasion of his coming thither, and, in as handsome a manner as he could, to desire he would take what ransom he thought fit, and restore him his wife. Paganino answered very courteously—"Sir, you are heartily welcome; but the case, in short, is this; I have a young woman in the house with me (though whether she is your wife, or any other person's, that I cannot tell; for I neither knew you nor her before she lived with me), if you are her husband, as you say, I will bring you to her, since you seem to be a gentleman, and she must certainly know you. If she agrees with your story, and is willing you should take her away, your behaviour has been such, that I shall desire no other recompence than what you are pleased to give me. But if it should prove otherwise, I must tell you, that you offer me great w ong to attempt to take her from me; for I am a young man, and know what to do with a wife as well as another person; especially such an one as she, who is the most agreeable woman I ev r saw." Ricciardo replied, "Most certainly, sir, she is my wife; and, if you please to take me where

she is, you will soon be convinced of it, for she will immediately throw her arms about my neck, therefore I desire it may be as you have proposed."—"Let us go then," quoth Paganino: and when they were come into the house, and sat down together in the hall, he ordered her to be called, and she being dressed, and ready for that purpose, came to them, taking no more notice of Ricciardo, than she would have done of any other stranger that should come into the house with Paganino, which, when the judge perceived, who expected she would have seen him with great joy, he was much surprised and began to say to himself, "Surely the grief I have sustained for the loss of her, has so changed my looks, that she does not know me again." He therefore said to her, "My love, it has cost me dear to take you a fishing, for I was never so grieved in my whole life, as since I lost you; and yet you seem not to know me; so cruelly are you silent. Do not you see that I am your Ricciardo, come to pay whatever ransom the gentleman might demand, in whose house we now are together, to have you back with me? And he is so kind as to offer to restore you at what price I shall fix myself." The lady then turning to him, said with a smile, "Do you speak to me, sir? Take care you do not mistake your person, for I do not remember ever in my whole life, to have seen you before." He replied, "Do you take care what you say; look well at me; if you will remember, you may plainly see that I am your husband Ricciardo di Chinzica." The lady made answer, "You will excuse me, sir, it is not so modest as you may suppose, to gaze much upon you; but I have looked enough to know, that I never saw you in my whole life till now." Ricciardo supposed that she did this through fear of Paganino, and that she was unwilling to confess before him; for which reason he desired, as a favour, to talk alone with her in the chamber. Paganino replied that he was willing, provided he would not offer to kiss her against her will. He ordered her then to go upstairs with him, to hear what he had to say, and to answer him as she thought proper. And being retired together, he began to say to her, "Alas, my life, my soul, the sweet end of all my wishes! do not you know your Ricciardo, who loves you more than himself? How can this be? Am I so altered, my jewel? Look upon me a little." She began to laugh, and, without letting him proceed farther, said, "I am not so forgetful, you are very sensible, not to know that you are

Ricciardo de Chinzica, my husband; but during the time I was with you, it very ill appeared that you had any knowledge of me; for were you really as wise as you would be thought, you must have perceived that I was young and lively, and consequently not to be imposed upon by the mere form of matrimony, but if you prefer the study of the laws, you ought never to have married: though, in truth, you seem rather a proclaimer of feasts and fasts, than a judge; yet, let me tell you, should you allow your labourers in the field as many holidays as you take yourself at home, you would never reap one grain of corn. I have met with a person whom I like very well, who keeps none of your Fridays and Saturdays, nor your feasts, vigils, and long Lents: him, therefore, I intend to abide with while my youth continues, and to let the fasting part alone till I grow old. Therefore you may go about your business, and keep as many of those days without me as you please." He was exceedingly troubled at this, and said, after she had done speaking, "My dear love, what words are these that I hear come from you? Have you no regard for your parents' honour, and your own? Had you rather abide here in a mortal sin, as this man's harlot, than at Pisa as my wife? He will soon grow weary of you, and turn you off with great contempt; but I shall always love you, and when I die, leave you mistress of my house. Can an inordinate and shameful appetite make you careless of your honour, and of me, who love you more than my own life? Do not say so, my dearest! Go along with me; now I know what the grievance is, I will endeavour to redress it: my joy! my treasure! change your mind, and depart with me, for I have never known a happy day since you were taken from me."—"Sir," she replied, "I desire nobody to be careful of my honour but myself: my parents should have had regard to that when they made me your wife, and if they were careless of me at that time, why should I now be mindful of them? And as for my living in a mortal sin, never trouble your head about that: I am here considered as Paganino's wife, but I lived at Pisa rather like a mistress to you; there was so much to do between us with respect to the times of the moon, the quadratures and conjunctions of the planets; whereas here we mind no such thing. But you say you will strive to do better: it is impossible, our complexions are so widely different. Go home, therefore, and try to keep yourself alive; for that is as much as you are able to do: and as for his

discarding me, should that ever happen (which at present seems far from his thoughts), I will never return to you ; for the world will afford me some resting place or other. In the mean time, I tell you once more, that here we have no feasts and fasts, and here I intend to stay : therefore either go directly about your business, or I will call out that you design to force me." The judge was now in a sad perplexity ; and being thoroughly sensible of his folly, in marrying so young a person, he left the room, and had some talk with Paganino, which signified nothing ; in the end, therefore, he was forced to leave his wife, and he returned to Pisa, where he ran raving about the streets, making no answer to any friend that accosted him, except that his strumpet would keep no holidays ; and soon afterwards he died. Which news came no sooner to the ears of Paganino, but he married her out of respect to the love she had for him ; and they lived happily together, banishing all fasts, Lents, and such things from their houses. Wherefore, it seems plain to me, my dear ladies, that Bernard quite mistook the cause in his dispute with Ambrose.—

This story made them laugh till their sides ached, and all agreed that Dioneus was in the right, and that Bernard was a monster. But the queen now considering that it grew late, and that they had all finished their stories, and her government was at an end, according to their agreement at the beginning, she took the garland from her own head, and put it upon Neiphile, saying pleasantly to her, "Hereafter the government of this little people be yours :" and she sat down. Neiphile, blushing at the favour done her, appeared like a rose in April, with her eyes, though a little cast down, sparkling like the morning star. After the murmur of the company was a little abated, applauding the choice, and she had resumed her courage, she spoke to this effect :—"As I am now your queen, I shall keep to the method which has been hitherto observed, and which you have approved of by your concurrence, and tell you in a few words what I would farther have done. You all know that to-morrow will be Friday and the next day Saturday, both of which are inconvenient days, on account of laying in provisions. Moreover, Friday is a day to be reverenced, on account of our Saviour's passion : therefore I hold it fit that we rather pray that day, than attend to novels. Now concerning Saturday, it is usual to make every thing clean on that day : many people also observe it a fast, in honour of the holy Virgin, as well

as the ensuing sabbath, whereon no labour may be done. Wherefore, as we cannot go on exactly in the same manner as we first began, I hold it best to suspend the relation of any more novels: and as we shall then have been here four days, except we would admit of some new guests, who might probably come to us, it will be convenient to go to another place, which I have already fixed upon, and where I have made provision for you. On Sunday evening, when we shall be there assembled, let our next argument still be the mutability of fortune, which I intend shall be as follows: namely, of such persons as have acquired, by their diligence, something greatly wanted by them, or else recovered what they had lost. Let every one think of something to say upon this subject which may be useful, or at least entertaining; saving always his privilege to Dioneus." They all commended what the queen had ordered, and agreed it should be done: she afterwards called the master of the household, to give directions for that night's entertainment, and for what else was necessary during her royalty: which being over, she gave the company leave to go wherever they pleased. They took a walk therefore into the garden, where they amused themselves till supper-time: and having supped with great cheerfulness and mirth, and being risen from table, Emilia began a dance by the queen's command; whilst the following song was sung by Pampinea, the rest joining in a chorus.

SONG.

I.

Of all I want or wish possest;
Which of us here should sing but I?
Come, gentle Cupid, heavenly guest,
The constant source of all my joy.

II.

And teach my late desponding lyre
No more in plaintive notes to mourn,
But mirth and am'rous joy inspire,
Whilst in your pleasing flames I burn.

III.

You first before my eyes have plac'd
An ardent lover gay and young:
With every manly virtue grac'd,
And soft persuasion on his tongue.

IV.

But what crowns all my hope is this,
Our hearts and wishes fondly join;
That mutual and the same our bliss,
His love's sincere and fixed as mine.

V.

Cupid, 'tis to your gift I owe
That in this world I'm amply blest;
May Heaven, in whom I trust, bestow,
In that to come, eternal rest!

They sung many other songs also, and led up several more dances, playing divers kinds of music: but the queen judging that it was now time to go to bed, they went, with a light before them, to their respective chambers, bestowing the two following days in the manner which she had before prescribed to them; and waiting with impatience for Sunday.

Il Decamerone.

(Third Day.)

THE THIRD DAY.

THE rising sun had now changed the complexion of the morning from scarlet to yellow, when the queen arose, on Monday, and had all her company called up: whilst the master of the household had sent, long before, many things that were necessary, as also people to order what should be done: and seeing the queen now upon the march, he had every thing else packed up, and removed bag and baggage; the company of ladies and gentlemen following behind. The queen marched on with an easy pace, attended by her ladies and the three gentlemen, and conducted by the music of nightingales, and other tuneful birds, along a path not much frequented, but enamelled with various flowers, which began to open their bosoms to the ascending sun; and, directing their course full west, chatting merrily with her company all the way, in a little more than two miles she brought them to a most beautiful palace, seated upon an eminence in the middle of a large plain. When they were entered therein, and had seen the great hall and the chambers, most elegantly fitted up, and furnished with every thing that was proper, they greatly extolled it, judging its lord to be truly a magnificent person. Going afterwards below stairs, and observing its spacious and pleasant court, the cellars stored with the richest wines, and delicate springs of water every where running, they commended it yet more. From thence they went to rest themselves in an open gallery (which overlooked the court) set out with all the flowers of the season; whither the master of the household brought wine and sweetmeats for their refreshment.

They were now shewn into the garden, which was on one side of the palace, and walled round about; which seemed so full of beauties at their first entrance, that they were more attentive in viewing every part. All round and through the midst of it were large straight walks covered with vines, which seemed to promise a plenteous vintage; and being all in blossom, they gave so delicious

a scent, joined with other flowers then blowing in the garden, that they thought themselves amongst the spiceries of the east. The sides of these walks were closed with white and red roses and jessamine, in such a manner, as to exclude the morning, and even the mid-day sun. What variety of plants, and how elegantly disposed, it would be needless to mention, since there was nothing belonging to our climate which was not there in great abundance. In the middle of this garden, what seemed more delightful than any thing else, was a plot of ground like a mea ow; the grass of a deep green, spangled with a thousand different flowers, and set round with orange and cedar trees, whose branches were stored with ripe fruit and blossoms, at the same time affording a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as a grateful odour to the smell. In the centre of this meadow was a fountain of white marble, beautifully carved; and (whether by a natural or artificial spring, I know not) from a figure standing on a column in the midst of the fountain, a jet of water spouted up, which made a most agreeable sound in its fall: the water which came from thence ran through the meadow by a secret passage; when, being received into canals, it appeared again, and was carried to every part of the garden, uniting in one stream at its going out, and falling with such force into the plain, as to turn two mills before it got thither. The sight of this garden, its form and contrivance, with the fountains and the springs proceeding from it, pleased the gentlemen and ladies so much, that they spared not to say, if there was a paradise on earth, it could be in no other form, nor was it possible to add any thing to it. Whilst they were walking about, therefore, diverting themselves with weaving chaplets of flowers, and listening to the various melody of the birds, who seemed to vie with each other, a new beauty presented itself to them, which they had before taken no notice of; namely, they perceived the garden to be full of a hundred different creatures: in one place they saw rabbits issuing forth; from another quarter they saw hares: here were goats lying down, and there were deer grazing, with many others passing backwards and forwards at their pleasure, as though they were tame. When their senses had sufficiently feasted on these several beauties, the table was spread by the side of the fountain, and, after half a dozen songs and some dances, they sat down to eat, being served in a sumptuous manner with every thing that was nice and elegant; and when they had done feasting, they began again to sing and

dance, till the queen commanded them to give over, and permitted such as were so disposed to take their ease. Accordingly some departed; and others, charmed with the pleasantness of the place, stayed to read or play at chess. At nine they arose, and went into the meadow to the fountain-side, and being seated there as usual, they waited for the time when they should begin their novels upon the subject which the queen had proposed: the first who was ordered to speak was Philostratus, who then addressed them.

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NOVEL I.

Masetto da Lamporecchio, pretending to be dumb, is taken in to be gardener to a monastery of nuns; what happens in consequence.

THERE are many people so simple as to imagine, that, after a young lady puts on the veil, she is no longer subject to the passions of other women; as if by becoming a nun she were converted into stone: and if they hear any thing contrary to this opinion, are as much offended, as though some very heinous and unnatural crime were committed; never thinking of themselves, who cannot be satisfied, although they have the liberty of doing as they will; nor considering the prevalency of leisure and solitude. In like manner, there are others who think that the spade and pick-axe, with hard labour and gross feeding, quench all lustful appetites, depriving the people of all sense and understanding; but how much they are both mistaken, I shall, at the queen's command, now shew you, keeping close to the subject which she has given us.

There was formerly in our neighbourhood (and may be still) a monastery of nuns, famous for their sanctity (which shall be nameless, because I would not lessen their characters), in which were only eight young ladies with an abbess; there was also a gardener to look after the garden, who not being satisfied with his salary, made up his accounts with their steward, and returned to Lamporecchio, from whence he came. Amongst many others who were to welcome him home, was a young fellow called Masetto, who enquired of him where he had been all that time? The honest man (whose name was Nuto) told him. The other inquired again in what capacity he served the monastery? When he replied, "I had the care of the garden, and used to go to the wood for faggots;

I drew water for them also, with such-like services; but my wages were so small that they would scarcely find me shoes; and besides they are all so young and giddy, that I could do nothing to please them; for when I have been in the garden, one would cry do this, and another do that, and a third would take the spade out of my hand, and tell me that thing is in a wrong place, and they have given me so much trouble altogether, that I have left them; though the steward desired, at my departure, that if I met with a proper person, to send him; but let me be hanged if I do." When Masetto heard this, he had a great desire to be amongst them, supposing, by what Nuto had said, that he might be able to gain his ends, and that it might be more difficult if he let the other into the secret. Therefore he said to him, "You do very right to come away: what has a man to do among so many women? He might as well be with as many devils: for it is not once in ten times they know what they would be at." After they had done talking together, Masetto began to contrive what method he should take to get introduced; and being assured that he could do all the work that Nuto had mentioned, he had no fears upon that account: all the danger seemed rather in his youth and person; whether for that reason he might not be rejected. After much reflection, he reasoned thus with himself: "I live far enough off, and nobody knows me: suppose I feign myself dumb, they will certainly receive me then." Resolved on this, without saying a word where he was going, he took an axe upon his shoulder, and went like a poor man to the monastery; and finding the steward in the monastery court, he made signs like a dumb person for a little bread, and that he would cleave wood if they had any occasion. The steward gave him something to eat, and afterwards shewed him divers pieces of wood, which Nuto was not able to rend, but which he, in a little time (being very strong), split all to pieces. The steward, having occasion to go to the wood, took him along with him; where, making him fell several trees, by signs he made him load the ass with them, and drive him home before him: this he did very well; and the steward wanting him for other things, he continued there for several days, till at length the abbess saw him, who asked the steward what the man did there? "Madam," he replied, "this is a poor man, deaf and dumb, who came the other day to ask charity, which I gave him, and he has done many things for us since: I believe, if he knows any thing of a garden, and could be prevailed upon to

stay, that he might be of good service, for we want such a person, and he is strong, and will do what work we please: besides, there will be no fear of his seducing any of the young ladies."—"Why, truly," quoth the abbess, "you say right: do you see if he knows how to work, and try to keep him; and make much of him, giving him a pair of shoes, and an old coat, and let his belly be filled with victuals." Which the steward promised to do. Masetto, who was at no great distance, but seemed busy in sweeping the court, heard all this, and said merrily to himself, "Yes, if you let me stay here, I'll do your business, with a witness." Now the steward perceiving that he knew how to work, inquired of him by signs whether he was willing to stay; and the other made him to understand that he was willing; therefore, taking him into the garden, he shewed him what he wished to have done, and went about other business relating to the monastery. Now the nuns used to come every day to tease and laugh at him, saying anything before him, imagining that he heard them not. Which the abbess took no notice of, not apprehending the least danger; and one day being laid down to rest himself, two nuns, who were walking in the garden, came to the place where he pretended to be asleep: and as they stood looking upon him, one, who was a little more forward than the other, said, "Could I be assured of your secrecy, I would tell you of a thought I have often had in my head, which might be of service to yourself." Said the other, "You may speak safely, for I never will disclose it." When the first nun began in this manner: "We are kept here in strict confinement, and not a man suffered to come near us, but our steward, who is old, and this dumb man: wherefore I have often had a mind to gratify a certain curiosity with this fellow; for he is the fittest in the world for our purpose, being such an idiot, that he cannot expose us if he would: what is your opinion?" "Alas!" quoth the other, "what is that you say? Do not you know that we have promised our virginity to God?" "Oh! but sister," she replied, "how many things do we promise every day, which we never perform? If we have promised, there will be others found that shall be more punctual." "But," said the other lady, "if we should be with child, what would become of us then?" She replied, "You think of the worst before it happens: it will be time enough then to talk of that; there are a thousand ways of managing in such a case, that nobody will ever be the wiser, unless we ourselves make the discovery." She was now prevailed upon

and said to her friend, "How shall we contrive this matter?" The other replied, "You see it is about nine o'clock, and I believe our sisters are all asleep; let us look round the garden, and if nobody be in it, what have we to do, but for one of us to lead him into yonder arbour, whilst the other keeps watch?" This was done accordingly, and they used to serve one another in the same manner, till at length they were discovered by the other nuns, who all took the same liberty: and last of all the lady abbess herself, excited by the same curiosity, had him conveyed into her chamber, and kept him there several days; till having satisfied his inclinations, he now resolved to depart. One night, therefore, he broke his long silence, and acquainted her with his intentions of going away. She was in the utmost astonishment to hear him speak, and said, "What is the meaning of this? I thought you had been dumb."—"Madam," replied he, "so I was, but not naturally; I had a long disorder, which deprived me of my speech, and which was restored to me but this night, for which I am very thankful."—The lady was too prudent to let him depart, for fear of his scandalizing the monastery; and in some little time, the steward happening to die, he was appointed to succeed him: and the people were made to believe that their prayers, together with the merits of the saint to whom the monastery was dedicated, had effected this miracle. The affair was carried on so privately afterwards among them, that there was no suspicion of that sort till after the death of the abbess, when Masetto, being now in years, and wealthy, was desirous of going home: and their manner of living being no longer a secret, his desire was the more readily complied with. Thus, taking no care of his children, but bequeathing them to the place where they were bred and born, he returned to his native country, having taken such advantage of his youth, as amply to provide for the ease of his old age.

NOVEL II.

An equerry belonging to King Agilulf lies with his queen: of which the king making a secret discovery, set a mark upon him by shearing the hair off his head: upon which he who was so shorn, cut that of his fellow-servants in like manner, and so escaped further punishment.

PHILOSTRATUS having concluded his novel, which made the ladies sometimes blush and sometimes smile, the queen ordered Pampinea to follow, who began pleasantly in this manner:—There are some people so indiscreet in appearing to know what they had better be unacquainted with, that they think, by reproving other people's inadvertencies, to lessen their own shame: whereas they make that vastly greater. This I shall show to be true, by its contrary; setting forth the craft which a certain fellow (of no more account than Masetto) made use of to outwit a very wise and worthy prince. Agilulf, king of Lombardy, fixed the seat of his kingdom, as his predecessors had done, at Pavia; having taken to wife Teudelinga, late queen of Vetari, who was king of Lombardy likewise; a beautiful and most virtuous lady, but unhappy in having a lover. The affairs of the kingdom being now in a prosperous way, by the good management of King Agilulf, it happened that one of the queen's equerries (a man of low extraction, though in other respects far above the station wherein he was placed; comely and also graceful in his person as the king himself) fell immoderately in love with her. His low rank did not prevent his seeing the inconvenience with which this passion might be attended; therefore he was so wise as to make discovery of it to no one; not even so much as, by his looks, to herself. And though he lived without the least hopes of ever attaining his desire, yet he could not help glorying in having fixed his affections so high; and being entirely captivated, he took more than ordinary care (far beyond the rest of his fellow-servants) to do everything that he thought would please her. Whence it happened, that if she had a mind to ride out at any time, she oftener rode the horse that he had the care of than any other; which he esteemed a singular favour, never stirring from the stirrup; and could he but touch her clothes, he was then the happiest man in the world. But as we often see that love most violent where there is the least probability of success, so it happened to this groom; for his passion was such, he

being without the least hope whatever, that he often resolved, as he was unable to disclose it, to die. Considering in what manner, he resolved at length that it should be done in a way to convince her that it was for her sake: yet he was willing first to try his fortune, if it were possible, to obtain his desire, not by speaking, or even writing to her, to make her sensible of his love (for he knew both were to no purpose), but choosing rather to do it by stratagem; which was some way or other to personate the king, and so to get admittance into her chamber.

In order then to see what dress and manner his majesty used to go to the queen, he hid himself often in the night in a great room in the palace, that was between the king's apartment and that of the queen; and one night he saw the king come out of his chamber, wrapped in a large mantle, with a lighted torch in one hand, and a wand in the other, and go to the queen's lodging-room, when, without speaking a word, he would knock two or three times at the door with his stick, and it was immediately opened, and the torch taken out of his hand; which being observed by him, and seeing the king return in like manner, he determined to do the same. Accordingly, he procured such a mantle as that of the king, with a torch and wand; and having first washed himself very clean, that the smell of the stables might not make a discovery to the queen of what he was, he hid himself as usual till every one was asleep, which he thought a fit time either to succeed in his desires, or to bring upon himself, by a most daring cause, that death he had long wished for. Therefore he struck a light, with which he kindled his torch, and folding himself well in the mantle, he went to the door, rapping twice with his stick. The door was immediately opened by a damsel half asleep, who took the light out of his hand, and set it in a corner of the room, while he stripped off his mantle, and got into the queen's bed. There he had the full gratification of his wishes, without a word being spoken on either side (for he knew the king's temper at certain times, and especially when he was disturbed, was such, that he would neither speak himself nor be spoken to); and having stayed as long as he thought it was safe to stay, he took his mantle and torch, and stole softly to his own bed. He was scarcely got therein, before the king came to the queen's chamber, at which she was much surprised, and had the boldness then to say to him, "My lord, what is the meaning of your returning so

quickly? It is but this moment that you left me, and then you stayed longer than usual." The king, at hearing this, concluded that she had been imposed upon by somebody or other, who had assumed his person and manner: but, like a wise man, when he found that she was entirely ignorant of it, as well as every one else, he resolved that she should continue so: not like a great many simple people, who would have been apt to say, "I never was with you to-night before: who was it that was here? How did he come? In what manner did he go away?" All which must have given the lady great uneasiness, and the thing would have been in every one's mouth: whereas by his discreet silence, he avoided both the one and the other. Seeming then more at ease in his looks and talk, than he was really in his mind: he said to her, "And is my coming again to you, so soon, disagreeable? however, I will leave you for to-night." Being now highly incensed against the villain that dared presume to do him that injury, he left the room, resolving to find him out if it were possible; for he concluded he must be in the house, as there seemed no way for him to have got out Taking a small light therefore in a lantern, he went into a long chamber in his palace, which was over the stables, where all his family lay in different beds: and supposing, whoever he was, that he should find a difference in the beating of his heart and pulse, he began to examine them all from one end to the other. They were every one asleep, except that person who had been with the queen, who seeing the king come into the room, and supposing what the occasion was, thought it best to counterfeit sleep, and to see what he meant to do. His majesty had now laid his hand upon many of them without finding cause to suspect any one, till coming to that person, he immediately said to himself, "This is the man." Being desirous that nobody should know anything of his designs, he at present did nothing more but just cut off, with a pair of scissors that he had in his pocket, a part of his hair, which they wore very long at that time, in order to know him again the next morning; and so returned directly to his chamber. The man was wise enough to know what was the intent of this; therefore, without delay, he took a pair of scissors which they used for their horses, and clipping all the people's hair above their ears in like manner, went to bed again without being perceived by any one. In the morning the king arose, and ordered, before the palace gates were opened,

that his whole family should come before him, which accordingly they did, standing with their heads uncovered; when he began to view them one after another, to find out the person whom he had marked, and perceiving that many of them had their hair cut alike, he began to wonder, and said to himself, "This fellow, though he be of low condition, is of no common understanding." Therefore, seeing that he could in no way find out the person, without making a great stir and noise; and unwilling also to incur a shame of that sort, for the sake of a little revenge, he thought it best to let the person know, by a word or two, that he was observed, and to admonish him for the future. Then turning to them all, he said, "Whoever he is, let him do so no more; and all go about your business." Another person would have put them to the rack, to find out what would be much better concealed, and which, when discovered, what revenge soever was taken, would, instead of lessening, have enhanced the disgrace, and brought dishonour upon the lady. They all wondered at hearing the king's words, and asking one another what could be the meaning of them; but nobody was wise enough to understand them, except the man aimed at; who kept it to himself as long as the king lived, never daring to run the like risk any more.

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NOVEL III.

A lady, under pretence of confessing, and a pure conscience, being in love with a young gentleman, makes a sanctified friar bring them together, without his knowing any thing of her intention.

THE boldness and great subtlety of the groom were as much commended as the king's extraordinary discretion; when the queen, turning to Philomena, bade her follow, who began pleasantly in this manner:—

I design to acquaint you with a trick, that a certain lady put upon a friar, which will be so much more agreeable to us lay-people, as they are a set of folks who think themselves both better and wiser than other people; whereas, it is quite otherwise, they being for the most part such persons as are unable to raise themselves in the world, and therefore take shelter in places where they may be maintained in laziness and luxury. This then I shall do, not so much out of compliance with the order enjoined me, as to shew

you, that even the religious themselves, to whom we over-credulous women yield too implicit a faith, may be, and often are, tricked and imposed on, not by the men only, but even by us.

In our city (more full of craft and deceit, than friendship and faithful dealing) there lived not long since a lady whose beauty and good behaviour made her equal to most of her sex: her name, as well as that of every other person concerned in this novel, I shall beg leave to conceal, out of regard to some persons that might be offended, who may now pass it over with a smile: this lady, I say, knowing herself to be nobly descended, and being married to a tradesman, who was a clothier, she could by no means bring down her spirit, which made her deem a man of that rank, however rich he was, as unworthy of a gentlewoman: and observing that he had not the least understanding in any thing out of his own business, she determined not to admit of his embraces any farther than she was obliged, but to make choice of a gallant that should be more worthy of her. Accordingly she fell in love with a gentleman, of suitable years, to that degree, that unless she saw him every day, she could get no rest at night. But he, knowing nothing of the matter, had not the least regard to her; whilst she was so cautious that she would neither trust to letters nor messages for fear of danger; and knowing that he was much acquainted with a certain friar, one of a gross person, yet esteemed by all as a very religious man, she judged that he would be the fittest agent to go between her and her lover. After thinking which would be the properest method to take, she went one day to that church to which he belonged, and having called him aside, she told him, that, when he was at leisure, she had a mind to confess.

The friar, seeing her to be a person of distinction, immediately gave leave, and when that was over, she said, "I am come to you, father, for your advice and assistance. I have informed you of my relations and my husband, who loves me more than his own life, and who, as he is very rich, obliges me in every thing that I ask for; for which reason I love him more than I do myself; but, setting apart what I would do for him, were I capable of so much as harbouring a thought which should be contrary to his honour and will, I should judge no woman more deserving of death than myself. Now there is a person whose name I am a stranger to, but who seems to be of some figure, and, if I mistake not, an acquaintance of yours, a well-looking man, with brown clothes; who,

being unacquainted, perhaps, with my upright intentions, seems to lay constant wait for me; nor can I stir out of door, or so much as to the window, but he is always there: I wonder he is not after me now: which gives me infinite concern, because such things often bring scandal upon us. Sometimes I have thoughts of letting my brothers know; but then I consider that men frequently deliver messages in such a manner, that words ensue, and from words, blows: therefore, to prevent both scandal and mischief, I have hitherto held my tongue, resolving to acquaint you, rather than any other person, both because you are his friend, and as it is your duty to correct such abuses, not only in friends, but also in strangers. I entreat you then, for God's sake, that you would exhort him to leave off those ways; there are other ladies enough, who may be of that stamp, and would be proud of a gallant; but I am another sort of person, and such a thing gives me the greatest uneasiness." Having said this, she hung down her head, as if she was going to weep. The holy father immediately understood who the person she meant was; and having commended her for her good disposition, believing it was all true that she said, he promised to take care that she should have no more disturbance of that kind; and knowing her to be rich, recommended works of charity, and alms-giving to her, mentioning his own particular necessities. The lady then said, "I beg of you, sir, if he should deny it, to tell him without any scruple, that I informed you myself, and am very uneasy about it." Having now confessed, and remembering what he had told her concerning charity, she put a sum of money into his hand, desiring he would say mass for the souls of her deceased friends; and rising from his feet, she departed to her own house. In some little time, the gentleman came, according to custom, to the friar; who, after talking awhile to him upon indifferent matters, took him aside, and reproved him in a gentle manner, for his design upon the lady: he was much surprised, having never taken any notice of her, and but seldom passed by the house, and would have excused himself, but the other would not suffer him; and said, "Never pretend to be surprised, nor spend your breath in denying it, for it is to no manner of purpose: this is no common report, she herself told me; such behaviour is very unbecoming in you: and, let me tell you, if there is a woman in the world averse to such follies, it is she: therefore, for her comfort, and your credit, I exhort you to refrain, and let her live in quiet.'

The gentleman, more quick of apprehension than the friar, easily took the lady's meaning; and seeming to be out of countenance, promised to concern himself with her no more: accordingly, he took his leave, and went directly towards the lady's house, who was generally looking out for him at the window, and who now appeared so gracious and well pleased at the sight of him, that he found himself not mistaken: and from that time he used frequently to pass that way, under the pretence of other business, to her great satisfaction.

In some time, when the lady perceived that she was as agreeable to him, as he had been to her, and being willing to give him some farther proofs of her affection, she returned to the friar, and throwing herself at his feet in the church, she began to lament most grievously. He seeing this, asked, with a great deal of concern, what new accident had happened? When she replied, "It is only that cursed friend of yours, whom I complained to you of the other day: I think in my conscience, he is born to be a perpetual plague to me, and to make me do what I should never think of otherwise; nor shall I ever dare afterwards to lay myself at your feet."—"What," said the friar, "and does he continue still to give you trouble?"—"Indeed, sir," quoth she, "since I have made my complaint to you, he seems to do it out of mere spite; and for once that he used to come this way before, he now passes at least seven times. And would to God those walks and wanton gazes would content him; for he is now grown so audacious and impudent, that no longer since than yesterday, he sent a woman to my house with his nonsense; and, as if I had wanted purses and girdles, he sent me a purse and girdle; at which I was, and am still, so much offended, that, had not the fear of God, and regard to you, prevented me, I had certainly done some wicked thing or other. But I kept my temper, nor would I do or say anything, till I had first made you acquainted. Moreover, having returned those things to the woman that brought them, with the intent that she should carry them back; and after giving her an angry farewell, fearing afterwards lest she might keep them herself, and tell him I had received them, as I am told those people often do, I called her back, and took them out of her hand in great rage; and have now brought them to you, that you may give them to him again, and tell him, that I want nothing that belongs to him; for, thank God and my husband, I have purses and girdles enough. Therefore, good father, I now

tell you, that if he does not desist, I will immediately acquaint my husband and my brothers ; for, happen what will, I had much rather that he should suffer, if it must be so, than that I myself should bear any blame on his account."

Having said this, she took a rich purse and girdle from under her gown, shedding abundance of tears, and threw them into the friar's lap : who, believing all she had told him, was disturbed beyond measure, and said, "I do not wonder, daughter, that you make yourself uneasy for these things, nor can I blame you ; but I much commend you for following my instructions. I reproved him the other day, and he has ill performed what he promised : however, I will give him such a reprimand for what he has done before, and now also, that he shall be no more a plague to you ; for Heaven's sake, then do not suffer yourself to be hurried away by passion, so as to tell any one ; because it may be of bad consequence. Never fear any blame to yourself, for I will bear testimony of your virtue both to God and man."

The lady seemed now to be a little comforted ; and leaving this discourse, as well knowing the avarice of him and his brethren, she said, "Holy father, for some nights past, many of my relations, have appeared to me in a vision, demanding alms ; especially my mother, who seemed to be in such affliction, that it was terrible to behold : I believe it is her concern to see me in all this trouble, through this most wicked fellow ; therefore I desire, for the sake of their souls, that you would say the forty masses of St. Gregory, that God may deliver them from that fiery penance ;" and having said this, she put into his hand a florin of gold. The holy father received it very cheerfully, confirming her devotion by good words and divers examples, and, having given her his blessing, let her depart. When she was gone, never thinking how he was imposed upon, he sent for his friend ; who, finding him a little out of temper, supposed he had been discoursing with the lady, and he waited to hear what he would say ; who accordingly began with his former reproofs, chiding him severely for what the lady had now complained of, concerning his offered present. The honest gentleman, who as yet could not guess where all this tended, seemed faintly to deny his sending a purse and girdle, that he might not be entirely discredited by the good man, if it should have happened that the lady had given him any such thing : at which the friar, in a good deal of passion said, "How can you deny it, you wicked man!

Behold, here it is; she herself brought it me with tears: see if you know it again." The gentleman appeared quite ashamed, and said, "Yes, indeed I know it; I confess I have done very ill, and, I promise you, now I know her disposition, that you shall have no more complaints upon that score." After many such words, the simple friar gave him the purse and girdle; and, exhorting him to do so no more, let him go about his business. The gentleman, now convinced of the lady's good-will towards him, and that this was her present, went overjoyed to a place where he might obtain the sight of her, and shewed her both the purse and girdle, which gave her great satisfaction, as her scheme seemed now to take effect. As nothing was at present wanting to complete it but the husband's absence, it fell out soon after, that he was obliged to go to Genoa; and no sooner had he mounted his horse, and was departed, but she went again to the holy man, and, after making great complaints and lamentations, she said, "Good father, I tell you plainly that I can no longer suffer this; but, as I promised to do nothing without first consulting you, I am come to excuse myself to you; and to convince you that I have great reason to be uneasy, I will tell you what your friend, that devil incarnate, did this very morning. I know not by what ill fortune he came to know that my husband went to Genoa yesterday, but so it is; this morning he came into my garden, and got upon a tree to my window, that looks into the garden; which he opened, and would have come into the chamber, when I arose, and was beginning to cry out, and should have done so, had he not begged of me, for Heaven's sake and yours, to be merciful; telling me who he was: upon which I ran and shut the window. Now judge you if these things are to be endured; it is upon your account only, that I have suffered them so long." The friar was the most uneasy man in the world at hearing this: "And are you sure," said he, "that it was that person, and no other?" "Bless me!" quoth she, "do you think I could be so mistaken? I tell you it was he; and if he should deny it, don't believe him." "Daughter," quoth the friar, "I can say no more than it was a most vile, audacious action, and you have done your duty: but I beg of you, as God has preserved you hitherto from dishonour, and you have followed my advice twice before, that you would do so now: leave it then to me, without saying a word to any of your relations, and see if I cannot manage this devil unchained, whom I always took for a saint: If I can reclaim him from this lewdness, it will

be well; if not, along with my benediction, I shall give you leave to do as you shall think most proper." "For this once, then," quoth she, "I will give no trouble; but do you take care that he be not offensive for the time to come, for I promise you to come no more upon this account;" and, without more words, she went away seemingly very uneasy. She was scarcely got out of the church, but in came the gentleman, when he took him aside, using all the opprobrious language that could be used to a man, calling him both villain and traitor; whilst he who had undergone these rebukes twice before, stood in great perplexity, waiting for him to speak first; but at last he said, "Why, what have I done to deserve this treatment?" When the friar replied, "Mark the impudence of the fellow! he speaks neither better nor worse, than if these things had happened some years ago, and were now out of his mind. Pray, have you forgotten whom you injured this morning? Where were you a little before day-break?" "That I cannot tell," replied the other; "but you soon heard of it, wherever I was." "You say right," quoth he, "I did hear of it: I suppose you thought yourself sure, now the husband is from home. A very pretty fellow truly! he gets into people's gardens in the night, and climbs up the walls by the help of the trees! You think, I suppose, that you shall be able to seduce the lady by your importunity, that you get up to the windows at nights in that manner. There is nothing she so much detests as yourself, and yet you will persist. Truly, you are much the better for what has been said to you; but I assure you, she has hitherto held her peace purely at my request, and not out of the least regard to you: but she will conceal it no longer: and I have now consented, if you give her any farther disturbance, to let her take her own course. What would become of you, should she tell her brothers of it?" The honest man now perceived what he had to do, and, having quieted the friar with large promises, took his leave, and the following night got into the garden, and so up by the tree into the window, which was open, and where the lady stood expecting him. She received him with much joy, giving many thanks to the holy father for shewing him the way; and from that time they had frequent opportunities of being together, without standing in any farther need of such a mediator.

NOVEL IV.

A young scholar, named Felix, teaches one Puccio how he may be saved, by performing a penance which he shews him: this he puts into execution, and, in the meantime, Felix amuses himself with his wife.

WHEN Philomena had finished her story, which was much commended by Dioneus, the queen, casting her eyes on Pamphilus, said: "Do you continue this amusement by some story that shall be agreeable." He replied that he was very willing, and began thus:—

Some people there are, who, whilst they endeavour to get to heaven themselves, inadvertently send others thither; which was the case with a neighbour of ours, as you shall hear. Near to St. Brancazio, as I am informed, there lived an honest man, and one of good substance, whose name was Puccio di Rinieri, who, being spiritually minded, and having much converse with the Franciscans, was usually called Friar Puccio. This man, I say, regarding only his religious affairs, and having no family besides a wife and a maid-servant, used to be constantly at church, spending his whole time in saying his Pater Nosters, hearing sermons, and going to masses; and for fasting, and all kinds of holy discipline, he was as devout as the best. His wife, whose name was Isabella, a lady of about twenty-eight years of age, and as fresh as a rose, was sick of all this fasting, and would gladly have been at rest many times when he was recounting to her the holy life of our Lord, the preachings of Father Anastasius, and the lamentations of Mary Magdalen. Now at that time there returned from Paris a monk belonging to the convent of St. Brancazio, a comely young man, of good parts and learning, with whom our Puccio contracted an acquaintance; and being able to solve all his scruples, and appearing to be very religious, Friar Puccio would frequently invite him to his house, both to dine and sup, whilst his wife shewed him great civility on her husband's account.

Coming often to the house in this manner, he soon cast his eye upon Puccio's wife, and as he perceived himself no way disagreeable to her, he took the first opportunity of making a discovery of his inclinations; but though he found her disposed to a compliance, he could in no way contrive the means, for she would go nowhere out of her own house, and there it could not be, for Puccio was never far from home, which threw him into a kind of

despair. At last it came into his head how the thing might be carried on in the house without any suspicion, though the husband was there all the time; and being one day together, he spoke to Puccio in this manner: "I understand, brother Puccio, that all your desire is to become holy, but it seems to me as if you took quite a round-about way, whilst there is a much shorter path, which the pope and the other great prelates know and follow, yet are unwilling it should be divulged, for the sake of the clergy, that live chiefly on the charities of the people, who then would have no farther need to give them alms. Now as you are my friend, and have entertained me well at your house, if I thought you would tell no person, and would regard it, I should reveal it to you." Puccio was extremely impatient to know the secret, swearing by all that was sacred, never to divulge it without his consent, and promising, if possible, to observe it. "As you make this promise," quoth the other, "I will tell you. You must understand then, that the holy doctors of the church maintain that penance, in the manner I am going to lay down, is necessary to happiness. But take notice, I do not say that, after this penance, you will be no more capable of sinning. No; all the sins committed before that time shall be forgiven, and the sins afterwards shall not be numbered to your damnation; but you may wash them away with holy water, like other venial sins. A man then must begin this penance by a strict confession of all his sins; after which, fasting and abstinence are necessary for forty days; during which space you must refrain even from your own wife. Besides this, you must have some place in your own house where you may look towards heaven all night long. Thither you are to go in the evening, where a table is to be fixed in such a manner that, as you stand upon your feet, the small of your back must lean upon it, whilst your arms are extended like a crucifix; and if you can make them reach to any peg of wood, it is so much the better. In this manner you are to gaze towards heaven, without altering your posture till the morning; and, if you had been a scholar, you should have repeated some prayers which I would have taught you; but as you are not, you must say three hundred Pater Nosters, with so many Ave Marias, in honour of the Trinity; and, fixing your eyes upon heaven, you are still to remember God, the Creator of heaven and earth, and to bear in mind Christ's passion, standing in the manner that he was nailed to the cross;

and, when the bell sounds in the morning, you may throw yourself upon your bed to sleep. You must afterwards go to church, and hear three masses at least, and say fifty Pater Nosters and the like number of Ave Marias; and when this is done, you may go fairly and honestly about any business you shall have to do; afterwards get your dinner, and be at church in the evening, where you must say a few prayers which I shall give you in writing, without which all would signify nothing, and in the evening return as before; and if you follow this method, as I have formerly done, I hope, before the expiration of your penance, that you will perceive wonderful things of the eternal beatitudes; supposing, at the same time, that you are thoroughly devout." Puccio then replied. "This is no such long and grievous affair, and, with God's permission, I will begin next Sunday;" and, taking his leave, he went and related the whole to his wife: she immediately understood what the meaning was of his standing in that place till the morning, and made answer, "That she was satisfied with that, or any thing else that he should do for the good of his soul; and, to render his penance more effectual, she meant to keep him company with fasting, but with nothing else." So far they were agreed: and, when Sunday came, he entered upon his course, whilst the monk came every evening to sup with her, bringing with him plenty of meat and drink, and he stayed with her always till morning, when it was Puccio's time to come to bed. Now the room that he had fixed upon for his penance was next to that where the lady lay; and one night having just got through a hundred of his Pater Nosters, he thought he heard something of a noise in the next room; and, making a full stop there, he called out to know what was the meaning of it. She made answer and said, laughing to herself, "You know very well I can never sleep when I go to bed fasting, and that is the case now." Poor Puccio imagined that her not sleeping was really occasioned by her going to bed without her supper: therefore he said, very honestly and kindly to her, "I have always bid you not to fast; but since you would do it, even try and rest as well as you can." She replied, "Do you take care of the affair you are now upon, never fear but I shall do well enough." In this manner they went on, during the whole time of penance, and they contrived means of being frequently together afterwards, so that, to make my first and last words agree, whilst Puccio was aiming only to get to heaven him-

self, he made the monk, who had shewed him the way, extremely happy, as well as the lady.

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NOVEL V.

Ricciardo, surnamed the Beau, makes a present of a fine horse to Francisco Vergellesi, upon condition that he should have the liberty of speaking to his wife: and she making him no reply, he answers for her, which accordingly has its effect.

THE ladies all smiled at Pamphilus's story, when the queen laid her next commands upon Eliza, who began pretty smartly, according to her usual manner, to this effect:—

There are many people who know so much, that they think others know nothing at all; and who whilst they are designing to overreach others, are themselves outwitted: therefore, I hold that person very unwise, who puts another man's wits to the test, without any occasion: but as all of you may not be of my opinion, I will tell you what happened to a knight of Pistoia.

In the town of Pistoia there lived, not long since, a knight, named Francisco, of the family of the Vergellesi; a rich and prudent man in all respects, but covetous beyond measure, who being made provost of the city of Milan, and having furnished himself with every thing necessary for such a high office, excepting a fine horse, he was at a loss where to meet with one that should please him. In the same town lived also a young gentleman, called Ricciardo, of no great family, but rich enough: a person so neat always and exact in his dress, that he was called the Beau; and who had long admired and followed the lady of Francisco, but hitherto without success. Now he was possessed of one of the most beautiful horses in all Tuscany, which he set a high value upon; but as it was known what a respect he bore towards Francisco's wife, Francisco was given to understand, that, if he would ask it of him, the other would gladly make him a present of the horse upon that account. He, therefore, moved by his avarice, requested the Beau to sell him his horse, expecting, at the same time, that he should receive him as a gift. The other was much pleased with this, and said, "Sir, all you have in the world could not purchase the horse; but you may have him for nothing, provided I may first have leave to say a word or two to your wife in your presence, at such a distance from every one that

I may not be overheard. Francisco, overswayed by his covetous temper, and thinking to make a jest of the other, answered, that he was willing, as soon as he pleased; and leaving him in the hall, he went up stairs to his wife, to tell her how easily he was going to get the horse; and to enjoin her to hear what the beau had to say, but to make him no answer, little or much. She blamed him for it, but, being bound to obey, she went with him into the hall, to hear what the other had to offer: who, taking her to the farthest part of the room, began in this manner: "I make no doubt, most worthy lady, but that you have long perceived how great a slave I am to the force of your beauty, which far exceeds that of all the ladies I ever beheld: not to mention your personal accomplishments, enough to vanquish the most resolute and insensible of men; therefore, it would be needless to tell you, by words, that my love is the most fervent that a man can possibly have for a woman; and so it shall continue whilst life shall actuate these frail limbs; and even to eternity, if we love in the next world as we do in this. Be assured, then, that you can call nothing your own, so much as me and mine: and to give you proofs of this, I should take it as a singular favour, if you would command me such a service as it is possible for me to perform, seeing there is nothing I should refuse for your sake. To you, therefore, whose I am, and on whom all my peace and happiness depend, I address myself for relief; humbly hoping, as I am wounded to the heart by your beauty, that your merciful goodness will not suffer me to perish. For suppose I should die, you could not help saying to yourself, Alas! why did I not shew some pity to my poor beau. Which remorse would be greatly to your disquiet: think, therefore, before it be too late: for it is in your power to make me either the happiest or most miserable of men. I hope, however, that the love I bear you will not be rewarded with death; but that you will speak one word of comfort to raise my drooping spirits, which are ready to take flight, whilst I am now before you." Here he ended, and with tears streaming from his eyes, and fetching some deep sighs, sat expecting the lady's answer; whilst she, who had been hitherto unmoved, notwithstanding all his tilts, balls, serenades, and such-like gallantries, was now heartily affected with his last most tender expressions; and began to feel that passion to which she had been hitherto a stranger; and though she was silent, out of regard to her husband's

commands, yet could she not avoid, disclosing, by her sighs, what she had much rather have declared by words.

The beau, having waited some time, and finding she made no answer, at first wondered very much; but he soon began to suspect that it was a trick of her husband's: and looking earnestly at her, and observing the sparkling of her eyes, cast now and then towards him, and some secret sobbings which she strove in vain to stifle; he began to take courage, and immediately hit on a new method, namely, to answer himself in the same manner as if she had spoken; which he did to this effect:—"Dear sir, I have most assuredly been a long witness of the great love you bear towards me, and am now further convinced of it from your words, with which I am well satisfied, as indeed I ought: and if I appeared displeased or hard-hearted, do not imagine that I was really so; I always loved you far beyond every other person, but that behaviour was necessary, for fear of other people, and to preserve my own character: the time is now come that I have it in my power to repay your love: then have a good heart; in a few days my husband goes to be provost at Milan, and as you have given him your favourite horse for my sake, I promise you, upon my word, that then you shall have admittance, and (that I may have no occasion to speak to you again upon the subject, till the very time) take notice, that, as soon as you shall perceive two handkerchiefs hanging out of the window, which looks toward the garden; be careful nobody sees you, and come to me through the door into the garden, where I shall be expecting you." Having said this, as for the lady, he answered in his own person as follows: "Dear madam, I am so transported with your reply, that I scarcely know how to return you due thanks; but, were I able, no time would be sufficient to do it in the manner I could wish, and as I ought: I leave it therefore for you to imagine, as I find it impossible to be described: you may depend, however, on my being punctual to what you have proposed, and I shall always have a due sense of the great favour conferred upon me. Nothing now remains, my dearest love, but till that time to bid you adieu." Notwithstanding all that he had spoken, she said not one word: upon which he arose, and made towards the knight, who was coming to meet him; and said to him with a smile, "Well, what think you, sir, have I performed my promise or not?"—By no means (answered he) for you promised I should speak to your

lady, and you have given me a statue to talk to." The knight was much pleased with this, and if he had a good opinion of his lady before, he had now a better. Afterwards he said, "You allow, I suppose, that the horse is mine." The beau replied, "Most certainly I do; but could I have thought no better success would have ensued on the bargain, I would have given him without any consideration; for as it is, you have bought him, and I not sold him." The knight laughed heartily, and being now provided with a horse, he set out in a few days for Milan, when he entered upon his office. The lady being then at liberty, began to think a little of the beau's words, and the regard he had for her; and seeing him often pass by her house, she said to herself, "What am I about? Why do I lose all this time? My husband is at Milan, and will not return these six months, and when shall I meet with such another lover? There is none here that I need be afraid of. I do not see why I may not make use of the opportunity, whilst I may have it. Nobody will know it, or if they should, it is better to do it and repent, than to repent and not to do it." Having therefore resolved, she put two handkerchiefs out of the window, as the beau had said. This he saw with a great deal of joy, and that very night went privately to the garden-door, which was open, as was also the door into the house, where he found the lady waiting for him: and though this was their first meeting, it was not the last, for, during the husband's stay at Milan, and even after his return, they found means of being frequently together, to the mutual joy of both parties.

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NOVEL VI.

Ricciardo Minutolo is in love with the wife of Philippello Fighinolfi; and knowing her to be jealous of her husband, makes her believe that he was to meet his wife that night at a bagnio. Accordingly she goes thither; and, imagining she had been with her husband all the time, finds herself at last with Ricciardo.

ELIZA had now concluded her story; and, having commended the beau's ingenuity, the queen laid the next charge upon Flammetta, who began, with a smile, as follows:—

It may be convenient to quit our own city at present, which, as it abounds in everything, is no less fruitful in examples relating to

most subjects; and to recount, as Eliza has done, what has come to pass in other countries: therefore, passing over to Naples, I shall set forth how one of those sanctified ladies, who seemed averse to all love intrigues, was, by the dexterous management of her lover, brought to taste the fruits of love, before she had known the flower of it; which will both divert you as to what is already past, and caution you in certain points for the time to come.

There lived at Naples, one of the most ancient and pleasant cities in all Italy, a young gentleman of great wealth, as well as nobly descended, called Ricciardo Minutolo; who, notwithstanding he had a beautiful lady for his wife, was enamoured of another, who was thought to surpass all the women in Naples, and was called Catella, being the wife of a young gentleman, named Philippello Fighinolfi, whom she loved and valued above all things. Now Ricciardo being in love with this lady, and doing everything which he thought might gain her affections, but to no manner of purpose, he fell into despair; and as he was unable to get the ascendancy over his passion, he had no pleasure in living, at the same time that he knew not how to die. Continuing in this disposition, he was one day advised by the ladies of his acquaintance to give it over as a vain pursuit, seeing that Catella regarded nothing so much as her own husband, of whom she had that entire jealousy that she was fearful of every bird that flew over his head, lest it might snatch him from her. Ricciardo, hearing of this jealous disposition, began now to conceive hopes of success; and making a pretence of laying all such views aside, he gave it out that he had taken a fancy to another lady, towards whom he used the same gallantries as he had before done to Catella: and in a little time it was universally believed that it was no longer Catella that he fancied, but this second lady; insomuch that she began now to put off that reservedness which had hitherto appeared in her behaviour, and to shew the same openness and affability to him as to her other neighbours.

Now it happened, the season of the year being sultry, that some companies of gentlemen and ladies went to divert themselves on the sea-shore, where they were to dine and sup; and Ricciardo knowing that Catella was gone thither with a party of people, he went likewise with a set of his friends; and, after much importuning, as if he was not fond of continuing there, he was persuaded to join companies with Catella and her friends: there they all began

to banter him concerning this new love of his, whilst he seemed so much affected with it, that they talked the more upon that subject. At length, being dispersed up and down, as is usual in those places, and Catella remaining only with a few friends where Ricciardo was, he threw in a word, as it were, relating to an intrigue of her husband's, which gave her a violent fit of jealousy, and she grew extremely impatient to know the truth of it: in a little time, therefore, she began to entreat Ricciardo, that, for the sake of the lady whom he loved most, he would make that matter clear to her, relating to Philippello. "You have conjured me," he replied, "by a person, on whose account I can refuse nothing that is asked me, only you must promise never to speak a word to him, or any other person about it, till you find it really so, which I will shew you how you may be satisfied of, as soon as you please." She was now more strongly possessed of the truth of it, and promised to be silent. Taking her then apart, that they might not be overheard, he thus addressed her: "Madam, if I now loved you in the manner I formerly did, I could not endure to tell you what must occasion so much uneasiness; but as that is at an end, I shall be less fearful of making a full discovery. I do not know whether your husband was provoked at my loving you; or whether he had any suspicion of my being respected by you; but be this as it will, he has taken an opportunity, when I had the least cause to be jealous, of attempting to do by me, what he might suspect I meant to do to him; namely, to seduce my wife; for which purpose he has tried frequent messages, with which she has constantly made me acquainted; and returned such answers to them as I directed her: and this very morning I found a woman in close conference with her, and imagining who she was, I asked my wife what the woman wanted. When she told me that she came from Philipello; 'who from such answers,' continued she, 'as you have made me send, from time to time, begins to have hopes of prevailing; and he now says that he wants me to come to a resolution, and that he can so order it, that we may meet privately at a bagnio; and he begs and entreats me most earnestly to be there; and were it not that you have made me hold him in suspense with such frivolous answers, I should have dealt with him in such a manner, that he should never have troubled me more.' I bore all the rest patiently, but now he has proceeded too far, and accordingly I resolved to tell you, that you might see how he has rewarded your most faithful love, for

which I was just at death's door; but, lest you should think this all groundless, and that yourself may be an eye-witness of it, I ordered her to tell the woman that she would meet him there at nine o'clock, when every body would be asleep; with which answer she went away well pleased. Now I would not have you suppose that I intend to send her thither; but, were I in your place, I should go instead of her, and after you have been some time together, I would then make a discovery of myself to him; by which means you will shame him from being ever guilty of the like practices hereafter, and, at the same time, prevent the injury which is designed both to yourself and me."

Catella, without considering who it was that told her this, or what his designs might be, gave credit to it, as jealous people usually do to such-like stories; and calling to mind other circumstances to confirm it, she said, with a great deal of passion, that she would certainly do so, and that she would so confound him, that he should never dare to look women in the face more.

Ricciardo was highly pleased, and now thinking that his scheme was likely to take effect, he confirmed her in that resolution, desiring her nevertheless not to mention what she had heard, which she accordingly promised. The next morning, then, he went to the woman who kept the bagnio, which he had mentioned to Catella, and begged her assistance in the affair, which she easily agreed to; and they contrived how it might be best effected. There was a dark room in the house, where she made up a bed, as he had directed her, and as soon as he had dined he went thither to wait for Catella. Whilst she, giving more credit to his words than she ought, returned home full of spleen; when it happened, by chance, that Philipello came home likewise very thoughtful, and perhaps might not show that fondness towards her that he usually did, which made her suspect the more; and she said to herself, "Truly he is taken up with thinking of the lady whom he is to meet to-morrow, but I will prevent it:" and she was considering all night long what she should say to him at their meeting. In a word, at nine o'clock she took a friend with her, and went directly to the bagnio, and seeing the good woman, she inquired if Philipello was there. She having learned the lesson from Ricciardo, said, "Are you the lady that is to speak to him here?" Catella answered, "I am." "Then," said she, "go in there." Catella, who went to seek what she would not willingly have found, was conducted into the room where

Ricciardo lay: her face being covered with a veil, and she made fast the door, whilst he arose and went to meet her, saying, with a low voice, "My dear, I am glad to see you." In the mean time she made no answer, for fear of a discovery. At length, when she thought it a proper time to shew her resentment, she broke out in the following manner: "Miserable women as we are! How ill placed is the love that we bear to our husbands! For these eight years have I loved you more than my whole life; whilst you, most wicked man, give yourself up entirely to another woman. Whom do you think you are now with? You are with her whom you have so often deceived with your false flatteries, pretending affection, when you have placed it elsewhere. You villain, I am Catella, and not Ricciardo's wife. Do you know my voice or not? I am, I tell you; and I think it long till I bring you into the light, to confound you with shame as you deserve. Alas! whom have I loved in this manner for so many years! Who, but this wretch, who, supposing himself in bed with another woman, hath shewed more fondness than he ever did to me since we were married. Why do not you answer, you villain? Are you struck dumb at what I have said? I have a good mind to pull your eyes out of your head. You thought it had been all a secret; but you are mistaken." Ricciardo was pleased at hearing these words, and returned no answer but by his caresses; whilst she, resuming her complaints, said, "If you think to wheedle me in this manner you are mistaken; I will never rest till I have exposed you to all our neighbours and friends. Am I not as handsome as the wife of Ricciardo? Am I not as good a gentlewoman as she? Hands off; touch me not. I know full well that your fondness, since I have made the discovery, is all forced; but if I live you shall repent it. I see no reason why I should not send to Ricciardo, who once entirely loved me, and yet could never boast that I vouchsafed to give him one kind look; and who knows what mischief may then ensue? You thought you had been with his wife all this time, and you are equally guilty as if you really had; therefore, were I to prove criminal with him you could not blame me." Her complaints were long and outrageous; till at length he began to think that if she was suffered to depart in this mood, it might be of bad consequence, therefore he resolved to undeceive her: and holding her so fast in his arms, that she could not get away, he said to her, "My life, do not make yourself uneasy, that which I could not have by dint of love, I

have obtained by stratagem: I am your Ricciardo." She hearing this, and knowing his voice, would have leaped out of bed, but could not; and as she was going to cry out, he laid his hand upon her mouth, and said, "Madam, what has been now done cannot be undone again, were you to cry all your life long; and if it be made public by any means, two things must happen. The first, which is of great concern to you, is, that your honour and good name will be called in question; for though you should allege your being deceived, I will contradict it, and say that you came hither for reward, and because I would not give you as much as you expected, for that reason you made all this disturbance; and you know that people are always more ready to believe what is bad, than what is good, of another, on which account my story would find the most credit. In the second place a mortal enmity must ensue betwixt me and your husband; and things may be carried so far, that he may kill me, or I him, which would give you great uneasiness: therefore, my dearest life, do not lessen yourself and make mischief between us. You are not the first nor will be the last that is imposed upon. It is not to deprive you of your honour, but it is the abundant regard I have for you that has put me upon using this device: and from henceforth myself, and all I am worth, shall be at your service; as you are discreet then in other things, I hope you will be so in this."

She expressed the utmost grief whilst he was speaking these words; but yet she listened so far to what he said, as to be convinced that it was reasonable; when she replied, "I do not know how God will enable me to bear both the injury and the trick you have put upon me; I will make no noise here, where I have been brought by my own foolishness and over great jealousy; but this you may depend upon that I shall never be at quiet till I see myself revenged one way or other: therefore let me go; you have gained your point, and have done what you pleased; it is time to leave me, leave me then I beseech you. Ricciardo, who saw the anguish of her heart, had resolved not to part with her before he made peace; using all the kind and tender expressions he could think of to mollify her; and he prevailed so far at last, that her former insensibility was turned into extreme love.

NOVEL VII.

Tedaldo, having a misunderstanding with his mistress, leaves Florence. he returns thither afterwards in the habit of a pilgrim, and makes himself known to her; when he convinces her of her mistake, and saves her husband from being put to death for his murder, for which he had been condemned. He then reconciles him to his brethren, and lives upon good terms with her for the future.

ELAMMETTA, who, having been commended by all, was now silent; when, to prevent loss of time, the queen gave immediate orders to Emilia, who began thus:

I choose to return to our own city, which the two ladies who spoke last had departed from; and to relate how one of our own citizens regained his lost mistress.

There lived at Florence a young nobleman, called Tedaldo Ele, who, being in love with a lady named Monna Ermellina, wife to one Aldobrandino Palermini, was on account of his good qualities, deserving of success. But ill fortune was still in his way; for after the lady showed a liking to him, all at once she refused to see him, and would receive no more messages from him, which threw him into utter despair; but as his love was a secret, the cause of his melancholy was unknown. Divers means were used to regain the love, which had been lost without any fault of his; but finding all in vain, he resolved to separate himself from the world, that he might deprive her, who had been the cause of his malady, of the pleasure of seeing him in that condition. Getting, therefore, together what money he could privately raise, without saying a word of his intention to more than one friend, he went away, and came to Ancona, calling himself Philippo di Sanlodeccio, and he hired himself to a merchant, with whom he went on shipboard to Cyprus; who was so taken with his behaviour, that he not only allowed him a good salary, but took him in partner, entrusting the greatest part of his affairs to his management; which he ordered so discreetly, that, in a few years, he became a wealthy and famous merchant.

Whilst he was in this employ, though he would sometimes call to mind his cruel mistress, and be desirous of seeing her again; yet such was his resolution, that for six years together he got the better of his passion in this conflict; till one day it happened, whilst he was at Cyprus that he heard a song composed by him-

self sung there ; in which was largely set forth the mutual love which they bore to each other ; and concluding from thence, that it was impossible she should ever forget him, he had such a desire to see her, that he could no longer forbear it ; and, settling his affairs, he departed with only one servant to Ancona, and consigned all his effects to a merchant at Florence, an acquaintance of his old friend at Ancona ; whilst he travelled privately with his servant like a pilgrim, just returned from the holy land. Being now arrived at Florence, he went to an inn, which was kept by two brethren, near where his mistress lived ; when the first thing he did, was to go to the house to endeavour to see her ; but he found the windows and doors all made fast, which made him suspect that she was either dead or else had changed her dwelling. From thence he proceeded in a sorrowful manner towards the house where his brethren lived, when he saw four of them in mourning standing at the door, which surprised him very much ; and knowing himself so much altered since he had been away, that he could not be easily known again, he applied himself to a shoemaker, and inquired the reason of their being in black? who replied, "About fifteen days ago, a brother of theirs, called Tedaldo, who has been long absent, was murdered ; and I understand they have proved in court, that he was killed by one Aldobrandino Palermini, who is arrested for it, because he had taken a fancy to his wife, and returned privately to be with her." Tedaldo wondered much that any one should be so like himself, as to be taken for him ; being troubled also for Aldobrandino, and finding that his mistress was alive and well ; it being now night, he returned full of thought to his inn, and having supped along with his servant he was put to bed in a garret. There, what with his trouble, the badness of the bed, and perhaps his light supper, he was kept awake till midnight ; when he thought he heard some persons come from the top of the house, and he saw a light appear through the chinks of the door. Therefore, going softly to peep, he beheld a pretty young woman holding a candle, whilst three men were coming towards her, down stairs ; and, after some laughing together, one of them said, "We are now safe, God be thanked, since Tedaldo's death is proved by his brethren upon Aldobrandino Palermini, who has also confessed, and sentence is now passed ; but yet it behoves us to keep it private ; for should it be known, hereafter, that we are the persons, we should be in

the same danger that he is now in." Having said this to the woman, who seemed pleased with it, they came downstairs, and went to bed. Tedaldo, upon hearing what passed, began to reflect how great and many were the errors to which the mind of man was subject; first, thinking of his brethren who had mourned for a stranger, and buried him by mistake for himself, and had afterwards taken up an innocent person upon a bare suspicion, who was accordingly condemned through false witnesses; considering also the blind severity of the law, and the ministers and dispensers of it, who, whilst they are solicitous to find out the truth, do often, by their horrid tortures, confirm a falsity; and, instead of serving the cause of God and justice, are rather the executioners of iniquity and the devil. After this he thought of Aldobrandino, and what was to be done to save his life.

In the morning then he went alone to the lady's house, and by chance finding the door open, he entered, when he beheld her sitting upon the ground in a little room, making sad lamentation. "Madam," said he to her, "do not trouble yourself; your peace is at hand." She, lifting up her head, replied with tears, "Honest man, thou seemest to be a stranger, what knowest thou either of my peace or affliction?" "Madam, I am a messenger sent by God from Constantinople, and am just now arrived, to turn your tears into joy, and to save your husband's life." She made answer, "If you are but now arrived, and come from Constantinople, what do you know either of me or my husband?" He then related to her the trouble of her husband, how long they had been married together, with many other circumstances, to which she was no stranger; at which, being surprised, she fell down upon her knees, supposing him to have been a prophet; praying him, that if he was come for Aldobrandino's sake, to make all possible dispatch, for the time was short. He, shewing himself to be a mighty religious person, said, "Raise yourself up, madam, and attend to what I am going to say. This trouble is now come upon you on account of a sin formerly committed; therefore you must take care how you do the like for the time to come, lest a greater calamity befal you." "Alas!" quoth she, "Sir, I have been guilty of more sins than one; then tell me particularly what sin you mean, and I will do all in my power to amend." "Madam," returned he, "I do not ask for information: I know what sin it is: I do it only that you may have the greater remorse by confessing. But to come to the point.

Had you ever a lover?" The lady was in great amaze at this, supposing nobody had known anything of the matter; though, from the time that person was slain, who had been buried for Tedaldo, something of that kind had been talked of, occasioned by some words imprudently let fall by Tedaldo's friend, whom he had entrusted with the secret; and fetching a deep sigh, she said, "I perceive Heaven has revealed to you all the secrets of mankind, therefore I shall make no scruple of telling you mine. I did love, I confess, that unhappy young man whose death is now laid to my husband, and which has given me also infinite concern; for though I might appear a little harsh to him, yet neither hath his parting, long stay, nor miserable death, been able to drive him from my heart." The other then said, "The poor man who is dead never loved you, though Tedaldo did. But tell me what was the reason of your quarrelling with him? Did he ever give you any offence?" She replied, "Most certainly he did not; but it was all owing to a wicked friar, who, after I had mentioned to him, at confession, my love for that person, and our familiarity together, so terrified me, with denouncing eternal damnation to such practices, that I immediately resolved to break off all acquaintance with him, and from that time rejected all his solicitations: though I really think, had he persisted a little longer, for I suppose he went away in despair, I might have relented at last, because I had a true value for him." "Madam," quoth the stranger, "this is the sin which now sticks close to you. It was of your own accord that you first loved Tedaldo; there was no force in the case; you were agreeable to each other, and acquaintance begot more love. Why, therefore, was he discarded in that cruel manner? These things should always be considered beforehand; and you should never engage when you are likely to repent. Now, with regard to these friars, you must understand that, being one of them, I must be supposed to know something of their ways; and therefore if I speak a little more freely concerning them, it will be more excusable, as it is all for your good. Formerly they were religious good men; but they who call themselves so now-a-days, and would be thought such, resemble the others in nothing but their hoods; nor in those things entirely: for the first friars wore them coarse and scanty, to shew their great contempt of all temporal things, when they wrapped their bodies in such mean habits; but now they are made full shining, and of the finest cloth that can be got: and, resembling

in their cut the pontifical robes, they strut with them, like so many peacocks, in churches and all public places; and as a fisherman strives to take as many fish as possible with one cast of his net, so do these with their large folds envelope and captivate young maids, who have vowed chastity, widows, and other simple people: and this is their whole care and study: so that, to speak properly, they have not preserved the hoods of their predecessors, but only the colour of them. Formerly, also, they were solicitous for people's salvation, but now they desire only women, and as much money as they can get; for which purpose they terrify the ignorant with idle stories, making them believe, that their sins are all to be purged away with alms-giving and saying masses; for which purpose one sends bread, a second wine, and a third money, all for the souls of their departed friends. It is most certain that prayers, and giving of charities, are both pleasing to God: but if people knew what sort of folks they were bestowed upon, they would sooner throw what they part with in that manner to the hogs. They know full well, that rich people are not so manageable as the poorer sort, for which reason they are for engrossing wealth to themselves. They cry down luxury, whilst they wallow in all kinds of debauchery. They condemn usury and evil gains, in order to purchase some great benefice or bishoprick, with what is given them by way of restitution; and which, being detained from them, would occasion (they say) that person's damnation. And when they are told of these, and many other of their wicked practices, all the answer they make, is, '*Do as we say, not as we do;*' as if it were possible for the sheep to have more resolution and constancy than the shepherd. But they would have you do as they say, namely, fill their purses with money; entrust them with all your secrets; be chaste, patient, forgivers of injuries, and never to speak an ill word, which are all very good things; but for what reason? why, truly, that they may then do what, if we acted otherwise, they could not! We all know, without money there could be no sloth or idleness. If you spend your money for your own diversion, they could not have it for their maintenance: if you visit the women, they would want the opportunity of being with them themselves: unless you are patient, and a forgiver of injuries, they would not dare to come into your house to corrupt your family. But why do I go through so many particulars? Let them first set the example, and then teach others. Suppose, however, what the friar told you to be true, namely, that

it is a great crime to break the matrimonial vow: Is not murder as bad? If, then, after Tedaldo had fallen into such despair, as to leave his country, he had laid violent hands upon himself, would not you have been the occasion of it? Now, by your own confession, he deserved no such usage at your hands. This therefore is the crime, which is attended with its due punishment; for, as you broke your engagement without reason; in like manner without reason, is your husband in danger of his life upon his account, and yourself in great trouble. All that you can do then to be free, is to promise, and to be as good as your word, that if ever he returns from his long banishment, you will reinstate him into the same degree of favour, that he enjoyed before you were over-persuaded by that mischievous friar."

When he had made an end of speaking, she replied in this manner:—"Good sir, I allow what you say to be right: to be sure, they are a set of very bad people, though hitherto I had a quite different opinion of them: I own myself also much to blame with regard to Tedaldo, and would do as you say: but how is it possible? He is dead; and what need is there then of making any promise about him?" The stranger made answer, "Madam, I know he is not dead, but alive and well, provided he has your good graces." She then replied, "Be careful of what you say, I saw him before our door stabbed in several places, and I lamented much over him; which, I suppose, gave occasion to the scandalous story that was raised about us."—"Madam," quoth he, "say what you please, I assure you he is not dead; and, if you will promise what I desire, I hope you will soon see him."—"That," she replied, "I will do with all my heart; nothing can give me greater pleasure than to see my husband at liberty, and Tedaldo living." He now thought it a fit time to make a discovery of himself, and to give her more assurance concerning her husband: therefore he said, "Madam, for your greater comfort, I have one secret to entrust you with, which you must keep as you value your husband's life." Then taking a ring out of his pocket, which she had given him the last night of their being together, he shewed it to her, saying "Madam, do you know this?" She instantly remembered it, and replied, "Yes, sir, I gave it formerly to Tedaldo." He then arose from his seat, and, throwing off his hood, said, "And do you know me?" When she saw him she was quite confounded, finding him to be Tedaldo, and was as much afraid as she would have been of a ghost; considering him

not as returned from Cyprus, but as newly risen from the dead. He then said to her, "Doubt not, Madam; I am your Tedaldo, alive and well; I never was dead, as you and my brothers believe." The lady began now to be a little better reconciled to him, and throwing her arms about his neck, she cried, "My dear Tedaldo, you are welcome home." He embraced her, and said, "Madam, we have no time now for these greetings; I must go and take care of your husband, of whom I hope that before to-morrow you will hear such news as will please you; and if I succeed according to my expectation, I will come and spend this evening with you; when I shall be able to give you a more full account than my time will permit at present."

Resuming his former habit, therefore, and taking his leave of her, he went to the prison to Aldobrandino, who lay expecting nothing but death; and being admitted by the favour of the keeper as a confessor, he sat down by him, and spoke in this manner: "I am a messenger of God (who has regard to your innocence) to bring you tidings of your deliverance; for his sake, then, I request one little favour, which, if you grant, I make no doubt but that before to-morrow night, you will hear of a pardon." Aldobrandino replied, "Sir, you are a stranger to me, but I must suppose you to be a friend, since you are so solicitous about my deliverance. With regard to this fact, however, which has been sworn upon me, I am entirely innocent; I may have been bad enough in other respects, for which this may be a judgment upon me. Then ask what you please, be the request of ever such consequence, I promise to grant it, if I can obtain my liberty." He made answer, "What I require is only a pardon for Tedaldo's four brethren, who have brought you into this trouble, supposing you were concerned in murdering their brother, whenever they ask it of you." Aldobrandino replied, "Nobody knows the sweets of revenge, and how eagerly it is coveted, but they who have received the injury; nevertheless, I forgive them, and if I obtain a pardon I will do it in such a manner as shall be most agreeable to you." He was pleased with this, and bid him have a good heart, for that before the next day at night he should be assured of his liberty; and from thence went straight to the signiory, and taking one of the lords aside, he said to him, "Sir, it is the business of every one to endeavour to find out the truth, especially such as are in your station, in order that people may not suffer wrongfully; and

that they who deserve punishment may have it; which, that it may tend to your honour and the confusion of the guilty, is what now brings me before you. You know you have proceeded with severity against Aldobrandino, thinking you had proved the murder upon him of Tedaldo. This I aver to be false, as I shall prove to you before midnight, delivering the very murderers into your hands." The worthy lord, who was under great concern for Aldobrandino, gave ear to the stranger's story, and about midnight the two brothers and their maid were taken by his means, being let into the house by him; when they all confessed the fact, namely, that they had slain Tedaldo without knowing him. Being asked the reason, they declared that it was because he would have forced one of their wives when they were abroad. After this was known, he had leave to depart, and he went privately to the lady's house to give her a full account of what had passed; he afterwards spent the night with her, when there was a firm and thorough reconciliation. In the morning, having acquainted her with what he meant to do, and enjoined her secresy, he went as soon as time came to attend to the affair of Aldobrandino; when the lords, upon a full inquiry, released him, and sentenced the others to lose their heads where the fact was committed. Aldobrandino being discharged, and knowing that it was all owing to the stranger, he and his friends invited him to their houses to make what stay he pleased, and shewed him all possible respect; the lady especially, who well knew to whom she was so obliging. And now, thinking it time to bring about a reconciliation between Aldobrandino and his brethren, who had gained so much ill-will since his discharge that they were forced to go armed, he demanded his promise. Aldobrandino answered that he was willing. He therefore made him provide a great entertainment, to which his relations and their wives were to be invited, and the four brethren with their wives, and that himself would ask them as to his feast. Accordingly he went to the four brethren, and after much entreaty prevailed upon them, in order to regain Aldobrandino's friendship, to ask pardon; and when that was done, invited them the next day to dine there, giving them his word for their security.

At dinner-time, therefore, the next day, Tedaldo's four brethren, all in mourning, with some of their friends, came first to Aldobrandino's house, who was expecting them; when, laying their arms down upon the ground, in presence of all the guests who

had been invited to bear them company, and offering themselves to his mercy, they humbly asked his pardon. He received them with abundance of tears, and saluting them one after another, forgave the injury he had suffered. After this their sisters and their wives came also, and were graciously received by Ermellina and the other ladies. And the entertainment being now served up, and everything agreeable, excepting a confirmed silence, occasioned by the late sorrow, which was represented by the habit of Tedaldo's relations ; on which account the stranger's contrivance and invitation appeared unseasonable to many people. This he soon perceived, and resolved, when he saw a fit time, to remove : accordingly, when the dessert was served up, he arose and said, "Nothing seems wanting to make this a merry meeting but the presence of Tedaldo, whom, as you have had so long with you without knowing him, I mean now to show you."—Throwing off then his monk's disguise, he appeared in a green silk doublet, and was known by all to their great surprise, who gazed upon him for a considerable time before they could be convinced that he was the very person ; which he perceiving related many circumstances concerning both themselves and him for their farther satisfaction. Upon which the brethren and the rest of the men all ran and embraced him, as did all the women except Ermellina ; which, when Aldobrandino saw, he said, "What's the meaning of this, Ermellina ? Why don't you welcome Tedaldo home, when every body else has done it ?" She replied, in the hearing of them all, that no one could rejoice more sincerely than herself, as she was obliged to him for her husband's life ; but the scandalous words that had been given out concerning her when that person was taken for Tedaldo had made her cautious. Aldobrandino replied, "Away with these idle stories ; do you think I regard them ? He has sufficiently cleared himself by his regard for my life : do then as the rest have done." She wanted nothing so much, and was therefore not slow in obeying her husband's order. Aldobrandino's liberality was so agreeable to all present, both men and women, that their former misunderstanding was quite forgotten. After Tedaldo then had received every one's compliments, he tore the mourning off all his kindred, and ordered other clothes to be immediately brought ; and having put them on, they concluded the feast with singing, dancing, and such like diversions. From thence they went to Tedaldo's house, where they supped, and they

continued feasting many days. Whilst the people for some time looked upon him with the utmost amazement, as one risen from the dead; and perhaps his very brethren might have still entertained some doubt about him, if one thing had not happened, which made it clear who the person was that was slain, and which was as follows:—Some sorry fellows of Lunigiana were going one day past the house, and seeing Tedaldo at the door, they stopped and said, "How do you do, Fativolo?" Tedaldo replied, before some of his brethren, "You mistake your man." They, hearing him speak, were out of countenance, and asked pardon, saying, "Never two people were more alike than you and a companion of ours, called Fativolo da Pontriemoli, who has been come hither these fifteen days, and we can't learn what has befallen him. We wondered indeed how he came by this dress, for he was a soldier, as we are." The eldest brother, hearing this, inquired more particularly as to his clothes, and finding all circumstances agree, it now appeared plainly that it was Fativolo, and not Tedaldo, that was slain, and this set every one right with regard to that affair. Thus Tedaldo returned home rich, and continued his acquaintance with the lady without any farther interruption. May the like good fortune happen to us all.

NOVEL VIII.

Ferondo, by taking a certain drug, is buried for dead, and by the abbot, who has an intrigue with his wife, is taken out of the grave and put into a dungeon, when he is made to believe that he is in purgatory: being raised up again, he rears a child as his own, which the abbot had got by his wife.

EMILIA'S long novel was now brought to a conclusion (though it did not appear long to the company, on account of the variety of incidents with which it was stored), when the queen gave a nod to Lauretta, who began in this manner:—

I am going to relate a thing which has more the appearance of fiction than truth, and which I call to mind, from what has just been told us, of one person's being mourned for, and buried instead of another. I purpose then to tell you how a living person was buried as though he had been dead; how afterwards it was believed by himself, as well as other people, that he was risen

from the dead, and not actually living all the time; and how one obtained the name of a saint upon that score, and was adored as such, when he deserved rather to have been severely punished.—

There was in Tuscany a certain abbey, and is at present, situated in a lonesome place; of which a certain monk was chosen abbot, who was religious enough in every respect, excepting the affair of women, and this he managed so well, that he was never suspected; therefore he was reckoned pious in all points. Now it happened, that a rich countryman was acquainted with this abbot, one of mean parts and understanding, but whose simplicity would sometimes afford matter of mirth; and in the course of their acquaintance, the abbot found that he had a handsome wife, with whom he grew most violently in love; but being informed that Ferondo, however stupid in other things, was prudent enough as to his care of her, he almost despaired of success; yet he managed so artfully, that he prevailed upon Ferondo to bring her sometimes for their amusement to his gardens at the abbey, when he would discourse to them of the beatitudes of eternal life, and of the pious works of many righteous people departed hence; which had that effect upon the lady, that she had a great desire to confess to him: for this purpose she desired leave of her husband, which was granted. Coming then to confession, greatly to his good liking, and sitting at his feet, she began, before she entered upon her subject, to this effect:—"Sir, if God had given me a different sort of a husband from what I now have, or if he had given me none at all, yet with your instruction it would be easy for me perhaps to pursue the path which you have pointed out to eternal life: but when I consider what sort of a person I am tied to, I must look upon myself as a widow, and yet in this respect worse than married, as I can have no other husband as long as he lives. Besides, he is so unreasonably jealous, that I live in constant misery with him: therefore, before I proceed to confession, I must beg a little of your advice in this particular; for, till I find some remedy here, confession, or any other good work, will be of little effect." This touched the abbot in the most sensible part; and now thinking that fortune had opened a way to what he had so long aimed at, he replied:—"Daughter, I can easily believe how grievous it is for a pretty young lady, as you are, to have a fool for your husband, and it is worse to have a man that is jealous; therefore, you must suffer extremely that have both one and the other. But

to be plain with you, I see no advice that can avail, or remedy, but one; namely, to cure him of that jealousy. The remedy, in such a case, I know well how to apply, provided you will keep it a secret."—"Father," quoth the lady, "never fear; I would die before I would make a discovery contrary to your injunction: but how is it possible?" The abbot replied, "If we desire he should be cured, it will be necessary for him to go first into purgatory."—"What, go there alive?" quoth the lady.—"He must die first," answered the abbot, "and then go thither; and when he shall have suffered enough to cure him of his jealousy, we shall use a few prayers to bring him to life again, and it shall be done."—"Then I must remain a widow?" said the lady.—"For a time," he replied, "when you must be exceedingly careful not to be prevailed upon to marry elsewhere, for that would be a very bad thing, and as you must return to Ferondo, when he comes to life again, he would be more jealous than ever."—"Well," quoth she, "so long as there is a cure, and I am not to be a prisoner all my life, do as you will, I am content."—"But," continued he, "what reward shall I have for this service?"—"Father," she replied, "whatever lies in my power to give; but what can such an one as myself offer worthy the acceptance of a person like you?" He made answer, "Madam, it is in your power to do as much for me, as it is mine for you. As I am ready then to perform what shall be for your ease and comfort, so should you be mindful of me in a point where my life and welfare are both concerned."—"If it be so," quoth she, "I am very ready."—"Then," said he, "you must grant me your love, for which I entirely languish." She was started at this, and said, "Alas! my father, what is it you would have? I took you always for a saint. Do holy men request such favours of ladies who come to them for advice?" The abbot replied: "My dearest life, let this not surprise you; my sanctity is not the less on this account, because that abides in the soul, and what I ask of you is only a sin of the body. But however that may be, the force of your beauty is such that constrains me to do thus: and I must tell you that you have reason to value yourself upon it, as it captivates the saints, who are employed in contemplating the beauties of heaven. Besides, although I am an abbot, I am yet a man, and not old; nor should you think much of this, but rather be desirous of it, because all the time he is in purgatory, I will supply his place, and it will never be so much as

suspected, because every one has the same opinion of me that you yourself just now declared. Then refuse not what is thus offered you; there are enough that would be glad of it. Moreover, I have jewels and other things of value, which I intend shall all be yours. Do, therefore, my dearest love, what I would willingly do for you." The lady had her eyes fixed on the ground, not knowing how to deny him, and yet to grant the favour seemed not so well: he, perceiving that she began to listen, and did not immediately reply, supposed the conquest half made, and continued using such sort of arguments as before, till he convinced her that it would be a good action; therefore she said at last with a blush, that she was willing to comply, but not till her husband was sent to purgatory. The abbot was well enough satisfied with this, and replied, "He shall go thither directly, only do you take care that he comes hither to-morrow, or next day, to make some stay with me." Upon saying this, he put a fine ring into her hand, and dismissed her. She was overjoyed with the present, supposing she should have many more such; and returning to her friends, related wonderful things of the abbot's great sanctity, and they went together to her own house. In a few days Ferondo went to the abbey, and as soon as the abbot saw him he prepared a drug, which came to him as a present from a great person out of the East, and which was used when he had a mind to throw any one into a trance; so that by giving more or less he could, without doing them any harm, make them sleep as long as he pleased: insomuch, that whilst its effect lasted, you would imagine them to be dead; of this he took as much as would operate for three days, and mixing it up with a glass of wine, without his perceiving it, gave it to him to drink. He afterwards walked with him into the cloisters with several of the monks, and they began to be merry together as usual. In some little time it began to work, and he was taken with sudden drowsiness, and he nodded as he stood, and at last fell down in a profound sleep.

The abbot seemed much concerned at the accident, making them unbutton his collar and throw cold water in his face, in order to bring him to himself, as though it had been occasioned by some fumes from his stomach, or such-like disorder: but when they found all was in vain, and perceiving, by touching his pulse, no signs of life remaining, it was concluded by all that he was certainly dead: accordingly they sent to acquaint his wife and

relations, who immediately came thither, and having lamented over him for a time, he was buried by the abbot's direction, with his clothes on, in one of their vaults. She went back to her own house, giving out, that she resolved never to stir a step from a little son she had by him; and continuing there, she took upon herself the management of the child, as well as estate, which he had left behind. The abbot, when night came, carried a monk of Bologna with him, whom he could trust, and who was just come thither upon a visit; and taking Ferondo out of the vault, they brought him into a dungeon, which served as a prison for the monks that had committed any fault; when, stripping him of his clothes, they dressed him in the habit of a monk, and left him upon a bundle of straw, till he should come to himself; whilst the monk, being instructed by the abbot as to what he would have done, was to wait there without any body's knowing anything of the matter, till he had his senses. The next day the abbot went, attended by some of his monks, to pay his visit of condolence to the widow, whom he found in her weeds very sorrowful; and, after a little consolation, he put her softly in mind of her promise. She, finding herself now at liberty, and seeing another valuable ring on his finger, gave her consent, and it was agreed that he should come the next night. When that time came, therefore, he put on Ferondo's clothes, and taking his faithful monk along with him, went thither, and stayed till the morning; and this practice he followed so long, that he was frequently seen passing backwards and forwards by the neighbours, who all agreed, that it was Ferondo who walked there, doing penance, and many strange stories were reported among the simple country people about it, which were carried to the lady, who knew full well what kind of ghost it was. The monk, as soon as he perceived Ferondo growing a little sensible, came in, making a most terrible noise; and having a rod in his hand, began to chastise him severely. Ferondo, crying very much, could say nothing else but, "Where am I?" The other replied, "Thou art in purgatory." "How!" said Ferondo, "and am I then dead?" "Most surely," answered the monk. Upon which he began to lament for himself, his wife, and child, uttering the strangest things in the world; whilst the monk gave him something to eat and drink, which Ferondo seeing, said, "What? do dead people eat?" The monk replied, "Yes, and what I now bring, thy wife

sent this morning to church, to have mass said for thy soul." "God bless her!" quoth Ferondo, "we always lived happily together." When, finding himself hungry, he began to eat and drink, and the wine being very bad, he said, "Alas! why did she not give the priest some of that wine nearest to the wall?" No sooner had he filled his belly than he had the same discipline over again: when he roaring out amain, said, "What is all this for?" The monk answered, "Because thou art jealous of thy wife, who is one of the best of women." "Alas!" quoth he, "you say true; she was a most dear creature; but I did not know that it was a sin to be jealous." "Oh!" said the monk, "you should have taken care of that whilst you were in the other world; and if it should happen that you return thither, remember what I now say, and be jealous no more." "Then," replied Ferondo, "do people ever return thither again, after they have been dead?" "Yes," said the other, "if God so pleases." "Oh!" quoth Ferondo, "if that should be my case, I would be the best husband in the world; I would never beat her, or say an angry word, unless it were for the bad wine she has sent me, and letting me have no candles, that I am forced to eat in the dark." "She sent candles enough," answered the monk, "but they are all burnt out at the mass" "Well," quoth Ferondo, "you say very true, and when I go back she shall do as she pleases: but pray tell me who you are that do all this unto me?" The monk replied, "I am now dead; but I was of Sardinia, and am condemned to this office, because I formerly commended a certain master of mine for being jealous." "But," said Ferondo, "is nobody here then besides us two." "Yes," replied he, "thousands; but you can no more see or hear them, than they can hear or see us." "Then," quoth Ferondo, "how far may we be distant from our own countries?" "Many thousands of leagues," answered the other. "Why truly that is far enough," quoth Ferondo, "then we must certainly be out of the world." In this manner was Ferondo kept there for ten months, whilst the abbot continued his visits to the wife; till at last she proved with child, when it was thought convenient that he should be delivered out of purgatory. The next night, therefore, the abbot went into the dungeon, and called upon Ferondo, with a counterfeited voice, saying, "Take courage, Ferondo: it is now ordered that thou return into the other world, when thou shalt have a son by thy wife, whom thou shalt name Benedict; because, through the

prayers of the holy abbot, and thy most virtuous wife, and the intercession of St. Benedict, this favour is granted thee." He was overjoyed at hearing this, and said, "Thanks be to St. Benedict, my wife, and the abbot; I shall ever love and honour them." Accordingly, in the next wine that was sent him, the abbot mingled as much of the former drug as would make him sleep four hours; when they put his own clothes upon him, and he was carried into the vault where he had been interred. By break of day then he came to himself, and seeing a glimmering of light through a crevice of the vault, which he had been utterly deprived of for ten months, he began to suppose himself alive, and he cried out aloud, saying, "Open the vault and let me forth." At the same time he lifted up the cover with his head, it being of no great weight, and was making his way out, whilst the monks, having just ended their morning service, ran thither, and knowing Ferondo's voice, and seeing him arise out of the vault, they were so terrified that they fled to tell the abbot, who, seeming to them to be just risen from prayer, said, "Fear not my sons; take the crucifix and holy water, and follow me, that we may see what kind of miracle this is." Ferondo was quite pale, as might be supposed, having been so long confined without seeing any light; but as soon as the abbot appeared, he fell at his feet, saying, "Your prayers, most holy father, as it has been revealed to me, and those of my wife, with the intercession of St. Benedict, have delivered me out of purgatory, and brought me to life again, for which I shall ever be thankful." "Then go" quoth the abbot, "as this mercy is bestowed upon you, and comfort your wife, who has been in the utmost trouble ever since you departed from us." He, seeming also to hold the thing in great veneration, ordered the monks to sing devoutly the *Miserere*. In the mean time, Ferondo returned to his house, where every one that saw him fled, as if they had seen some terrible sight, affirming that he was risen from the dead. His wife also expressed the utmost consternation. In some little time, however, after they were convinced of his being alive, they began to ask him questions concerning the souls of their departed friends, when he made the finest stories in the world about purgatory! relating to them, also, what had been revealed to him before his resurrection. From that time he lived comfortably with his wife; and at length they had a son, whom they called Benedict Ferondo. Ferondo's resurrection, and what he himself

reported about it, every one giving entire credit to his words, added greatly to the character of the abbot's extraordinary sanctity. Ferondo also was cured of his jealousy; and his wife had the pleasure of the abbot's company, as often as they could conveniently meet together.

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NOVEL IX.

Giletta de Narbonne cures the King of France of a complaint, and demands the Count de Roussilon in marriage, as her reward; he marries her against his will, and goes in a pet to Florence, where he fell in love with a young lady, and lay with his own wife, when he thought himself in bed with his mistress. She had two sons by him, and, by that means, matters were accommodated at last between them.

THERE remained now only the queen to speak (saving his privilege to Dioneus); therefore she began, without being called upon, in this manner:—

Who can say anything now to please, since we have heard Lauretta's story? It is well for most of the company she was not the first; for few would have been thought so agreeable after her; and so I believe it will be with regard to such as are yet to speak; however I shall keep to the subject, and give you my story, such as it is.

There lived in France a gentleman named Isuard Count Roussilon, who, because he was in a bad state of health, kept always a physician in his house, called Master Gerard de Narbonne. Now the count had an only son, whose name was Beltram, a fine youth, who was brought up along with other children of his own age, amongst whom was a daughter to this physician, called Giletta, who had an infinite esteem and love (more than was common at such an age) for him; whilst he, on account of his father's death, and his being left to the king's care, was obliged to go to Paris, which gave her the utmost concern: soon afterwards, her father dying also, she would gladly, if she could have found a fit pretence, have gone thither to have seen him; but such care was taken of her, as she was an heiress, that it was impossible. Being now of age to marry, and being unable to forget her first love, though she had many offers, to whom her guardians would willingly have disposed of her, she rejected them all, without assigning any reason. In the mean time, her love growing more violent every day, as she heard an extraordinary character of him, news was brought that

the King of France had a dangerous complaint which succeeded a swelling in his breast, from its not being well cured, that gave him extreme trouble; nor could he meet with a physician, though he had tried many, that was able to heal it; but, on the contrary, they had made it worse, insomuch that he was determined to have no more advice. This was agreeable enough to the young lady, not only as it afforded a pretence for her going to Paris, but also, if the disorder proved of the kind suspected, she had great hopes of getting Beltram for her husband; upon which, mixing up such sort of drugs as her father was wont to use in cases of that nature, she hastened away to Paris, when the first thing she did, after she had obtained a sight of Beltram, was to wait upon the king, to desire he would acquaint her with his malady. His majesty most graciously condescended to grant her request: when she was instantly convinced she was able to make a cure, and said, "Sir, if you will give me leave, I hope, without any pain or trouble, to restore your health in eight days." The king could not help making a jest of this, saying to himself, "What! shall a woman undertake to do that which has baffled all the best physicians in the world?" He thanked her, therefore, for her good intention, and told her that he resolved to try no more medicines. The lady then replied, "Sir, you ridicule my art, because you see me young, and a woman; but I must remind you, that I do not pretend to this from my own knowledge; but I rely upon the help of God, and the judgment of Master Gerard de Narbonne, who was a most eminent physician in his time, and my father." The king, hearing this, said to himself, "Perhaps she is sent from God to my assistance: why do I not, therefore, make trial of her, as she promises to cure me, without any trouble, in so short a time?" He said, therefore, to her, "But suppose you should prove mistaken, what would you forfeit for making me break my resolution?" She replied: "If your majesty pleases, you may set a guard upon me; and if you are not cured in eight days, then burn me alive: but if I succeed, and you get well, what reward am I then to have?" The king made answer: "You seem to be a maiden, I will dispose of you in marriage to a person of great account." "Sir," quoth she, "I accept your offer of a husband, but I will name the person, excepting all of your royal house." He immediately promised, and she began to administer her medicines; and before the limited time she had wrought a thorough cure. He then said, "Fair maid, you

have well earned a husband." "Then, sir," she replied, "I have gained the Count de Roussilon, whom I have loved ever since I was a child." The king thought her demand very great, but, as he had given his word, he would not depart from it. He sent for him, therefore, and said to him, "Beltram, you are now of age to take upon you the government of your own country; I consequently will that you return thither, and take a wife whom I shall recommend to you." "And who is the lady, sir?" replied Beltram. "It is she," said the king, "who has cured me with her medicines." Beltram knew and liked her well enough, only that he thought her extract too low for his quality; upon which he said, with some disdain, "And does your majesty then mean to give me a doctress for my wife? Surely I may do much better for myself." "Then," quoth the king, "would you have me worse than my word? She requested to have you, and I promised, upon condition that I was made well." "My liege," replied he, "you may take away what I now possess, or you may add to it if you please; but this I assure your majesty, that I will never consent to such a match." "It is my pleasure to have it so," continued the king; she is a prudent and beautiful lady, and you may be happier with her, than if you were married to one of greater quality." Beltram then held his peace; and the king ordered a magnificent entertainment in honour of the nuptials, and, when the day came, Beltram espoused her, much against his will, in the king's presence, which being done, he took his leave of his majesty, as if he was going to keep his wedding in his own country; but, instead of that, he went a quite different way, and came to Tuscany, where he heard that the Florentines were at war with the Senesi, when he willingly joined to them, and, having a command given him, he continued some time in their service. The bride, not at all pleased with his behaviour, went to Roussilon, in hopes of gaining his affections by her prudent management, where she was received as their lady and mistress, and, finding every thing in disorder, on account of her husband's long minority, she used such care and diligence in restoring all to its wonted tranquillity, that she gained the favour and good-will of her subjects, who blamed the count highly for his neglect of her. When that was done, she sent two knights to him, to desire to know if it was on her account he stayed away from home; and to tell him that she was willing to go elsewhere to please him. But he answered roughly, that she might use her

pleasure; "For," said he, "I will go to her only when she shall have this ring upon her finger, and a son, begotten by me, in her arms." Now he valued the ring at a high rate, and never parted with it from his finger, because of some secret virtue which he supposed it to have. The knights looked upon the condition as implying two impossibilities; and, perceiving that he was not to be moved from his resolution, they returned, and reported his answer. The lady was much afflicted at this, and began to consider, if there were no way to effect these two points, and consequently regain her husband. Taking her measures then accordingly, she assembled all the principal people of the country, when she recounted to them, in a most tender and affectionate manner, all that she had done for the love of the count, and what ensued thereupon; and she let them know, that it never was her intention, by staying amongst them, to keep him in perpetual banishment: wherefore she resolved to spend the remainder of her life in pilgrimage, for the good of her soul; and her desire was, that they would take the government upon them, and inform the count that she had quitted possession, and left the country with a design never more to return. As she was speaking these words, they all began to weep, and they entreated her much to change her resolution, but to no purpose. Taking her leave, then, and being attended with only a maid servant and a relation, they set forward together like pilgrims, having provided themselves well with money and jewels; and, without anybody's knowing whither they were gone, they made no stop till they came to Florence; there, by chance, they met with an inn that was kept by a widow, where she stayed, with a desire of learning some news concerning her lord.

The next day it happened that he passed by the house on horseback, along with his troop, when, though she knew him very well, yet she asked the landlady who he was? "It is a gentleman, a stranger," answered she, "one of the best-natured men in the world, and much respected in this city, who is in love with a gentlewoman of small fortune in this neighbourhood: she bears a good character, but is yet unmarried, on account of her scanty circumstances, and lives with her mother." The countess, upon hearing this, began to consider more fully of what she meant to do; and, inquiring the person's name and where she lived, she went one day to the house, and, after the usual salutation, told the old lady that she had a mind to speak to her: the other arose, and

said, with all her heart. They then went into a chamber by themselves, and sitting down together, the countess began in this manner: "Madam, you seem to be as little obliged to fortune as myself; but perhaps it is now in your power to do us both a kindness." The other replied that she should be very willing, if it could be done honestly. The countess added, "I put myself entirely into your hands; if you deceive me, you frustrate the purposes of both."—"Speak out," said the lady; "you shall find I never shall deceive you." She then related her whole story, from beginning to end, part of which the old lady had heard from common report: and she added, "You now hear the two things which I am to compass to gain my husband, with regard to which there is no person in the world can serve me besides yourself, if it be true, as I am told that he is violently in love with your daughter."—"Madam," quoth the lady, "there is some appearance of the count's liking my daughter; but whether there be any thing real, that I cannot pretend to say. But what has this to do with your affair?"—"That," answered she, "I shall soon tell you. But you must first hear what I intend to do in consideration of this service of yours. I understand that you have a daughter of age to marry, whom you are forced to keep at home with you, for want of a fortune to give her: now my design is, to advance such a sum of money as you yourself shall think sufficient to marry her reputably." The lady liked the offer very well, but yet, having the spirit of a gentlewoman, she replied: "Tell me what you want to have done, and if it appear fair and honest, I will do it most willingly, and leave the reward to you." The countess then said: "You must give the count to understand, by some person whom you can trust, that your daughter is ready to oblige him as soon as she can be assured that he has that real love for her which he pretends, and which she knows not how to credit, unless he sends her the ring that he usually wears, and which, she hears, he sets such a value upon. This ring you must give to me, and then you may let him know that your daughter is at his service, and that he may come privately hither as soon as he pleases, when you must put me to bed to him instead of your daughter. Perhaps I may prove with child; so that, by having his ring on my finger, and a son of his in my arms, which were the two conditions required, I may live with him afterwards as my husband, and you may be the happy instrument of it." The lady was in some doubt

at first, fearing some scandal might befal her daughter; but considering afterwards how fit it was that the good lady should have her husband, she therefore promised her assistance, and in a few days obtained the ring, much against his will, and afterwards put the lady to bed to him instead of her daughter. Accordingly it happened that she became with child of two sons, as the event made manifest, which, as soon as she perceived, she said to the lady, "Madam, my end is now answered, I have nothing more to do but to satisfy you for your trouble." She replied: "If you are contented, it is well; I did it out of no expectation of reward, but only as it appeared to me quite a right thing."—"Madam," continued the countess, "I am entirely pleased, and I intend to make you a recompense suitable to your great merit." She then, moved by her necessity, desired, with the utmost modesty, a hundred pounds for her daughter's portion: whilst the other, knowing her great worth, and hearing her humble demand, gave her five hundred and jewels to the amount of as much more, for which she was very thankful; and, to take away all pretence of the count's coming any more to her house, removed with her daughter to her friends in the country. In some time, Beltram, hearing that his countess had departed out of his territories, went thither, at the request of his subjects; whilst she stayed at Florence till her time of labour came, when she was brought to bed of two sons, very like their father, whom she took care to have well nursed; and, in due time, without being discovered by any person, she came to Montpelier, where she made some stay, to rest herself and to make inquiry concerning her husband: when, hearing that he was to make a great feast at Roussilon, on the day of All Saints, she went thither in the same pilgrim's dress as she at first set out in; and, just as the guests were going to sit down at table, she pressed forwards through the midst of the crowd, both of gentlemen and ladies, with her two children in her arms, till, coming where the count was, she threw herself at his feet, saying with tears, "My lord, I am your unhappy wife, who have undertaken a long pilgrimage, in order that you might return to your own house. I conjure you, in the presence of God, that you abide by the two conditions enjoined me by the two knights whom I sent to you. Behold, not one son only of yours in my arms, but two; and see, here is the ring." The count was confounded with admiration, knowing the ring and seeing the children to be like him, and

said: "How can this be?" She then related the whole story before all the company: whilst he, knowing her to speak the truth, perceiving also her constancy and good management, and beholding two such pretty children, to satisfy also his promise, as well as to oblige the whole company, who requested him to take her as his wife; upon all these considerations, I say, he laid his inveterate hatred aside, and raised her up and saluted her, acknowledging her for his lawful countess and the two babes for his children: he ordered also suitable apparel to be brought for them, to the great joy of the whole court; whilst the feasting continued not that day only but many others; and from that time he shewed her all due respect, and they continued happy together as long as they lived.

NOVEL X.

Alibech, a young girl desirous of becoming a Christian, travels to a desert to consult some holy men as to the best means of serving and pleasing God. Rusticus, a devout hermit, informs her that the Devil had escaped from hell, that nothing could be more acceptable to God than his being sent back again, and teaches her how to accomplish it; which she does with his pious assistance, to her great satisfaction.

DIONEUS who had listened attentively to the story just related by the queen, perceiving that she had finished, and that it only remained for him to tell his, did not wait for their commands, but smiling, thus commenced:—

Most gracious ladies, you may not have heard how the devil, having broke loose, was again replaced in hell, and I will, with very little deviation from the drift of all that has been spoken today, tell you how it occurred, as the knowledge of it may, peradventure, enable you to save your souls. Although love dwells in gorgeous palaces, and sumptuous apartments, more willingly than in miserable and desolate cottages, it cannot be denied but that he sometimes causes his power to be felt in the gloomy recesses of forests, among the most bleak and rugged mountains, and in the dreary caves of a desert; to comprehend which, we must believe that all things are subject to his power. As a proof of the foregoing observations, I proceed with the following history.

In the city of Capsa, in Barbary, there resided formerly a very rich man, who had, among other children, a daughter named

Alibech, who was young, handsome, and docile. This girl was not a Christian, but hearing the Christian faith, and the serving of God much praised by the Christians who were in that city demanded of one of them in what manner, and how with the least interruption or trouble she could serve God. She was informed that they served him best, who despised and fled from the vanities and things of this world, as did those who retired to the solitudes in the deserts in Thebais. The young girl, who was all simplicity, and not more perhaps than fourteen years of age, nor governed by a reasonable desire, but by the headstrong impulses of youth, without disclosing her intention, started secretly the next morning for the desert of Thebais. She arrived with great fatigue (her resolution having continued firm) at one of the solitary places, where, having discovered a little dwelling, she entered it, and found a holy man who marvelled much to see the like of her, in such a place, and enquired the object of her journey. She replied, that inspired by God, she came to dedicate herself to his service, and also to seek some one who could instruct her how she must serve him. The holy man seeing her young and so beautiful, fearing that the devil might tempt him, if he detained her, commended highly her great devotion, and having given her some roots and herbs, some wild apples and dates to eat, and some water to drink, said to her: "My child, not far from hence there lives a holy man who in such matters as you seek, is a greater master than I am, go you then to him;" and he put her in the way, by which she came to the cell of an hermit, named Rusticus, who was young and sufficiently pious and good. She made the same request to this one that she had to the other; and he, wishing to make a grand experiment of his firmness, instead of following the example of the other by sending her away, retained her in this habitation, and at night made a bed of palm branches in one corner, that she might repose herself thereon. This done, the temptations of the flesh waited not a moment to oppose themselves to the strength of the hermit; who finding that he had been too long deceived by them, without receiving too great an assault, gave himself up for conquered, and setting aside divine thoughts, prayers, and discipline, began to ruminate on the youth and beauty of the fair pilgrim, and to devise by what ways and means he should accomplish his purpose, in order that she might not consider him a dissolute man. Having in the first place, by certain interrogatories, ascertained that she was as simple as she appeared to be

and never had knowledge of man, it occurred to him that, under the pretext of serving God, he could bring her to his desires. He therefore began to explain to her, that the devil was the greatest enemy of our Lord, and that the service most pleasing to God, was to send the Devil back again to hell, where our Lord had condemned him. She demanded of him how this was to be done, which he immediately proceeded to explain.*

* The translators regret that the disuse into which magic has fallen, makes it impossible to render the technicals of that mysterious art into tolerable English; they have therefore found it necessary to insert several passages in the original Italian. To those who are acquainted with the French language the version of a few passages by Mirabeau will be sufficient to throw some light on these difficulties.

Tu le sauras tout-à-l'heure : fais seulement tout ce que tu me verras faire.....Aussitot l'ermite quitte ces vêtemens, et la docile Alibech en fait autant. Les voila nus l'un et l'autre : Rustique promène ses regards avides sur ce corps d'albâtre, dont l'Amour sembloit avoir arrondi les formes.. ...et le diable se déchaisne avec une indomptable fureur. Eh ! mon Dieu, mon père, s'écrie Alibech toute étonnée, qu'est-ce donc que je vois la ? Je n'ai rien de pareil .....(En disant ces mots elle touche le diable, et vous jugez qu'il lève avec plus d'audace sa crête altière.) Mon amie, c'est précisément là le diable dont je t'ai parlé, et qui me livre en cet instant de cruels assauts. O que je suis heureuse de n'avoir pas un diable comme celapour me tourmenter ! Ma fille, tu as beaucoup plus ; tu portes l'enfer où il faut le précipiter. (Et le rusé papelard presse d'une maine ardente le sanctuaire de l'amour, qu'il appeloit l'enfer.) Certes, Dieu me comble de bienfaits en t'envoyant vers moi : il a voulu me donner des moyens de vaincre l'esprit malin: permets, ô mon enfant ! que je le plonge dans le lieu de ténèbres qu'il doit habiter, et nous gagnerons tous deux le ciel. Vraiment, mon père, vous êtes bien le maistre, et je hais le diable autant que vous.

Rustique en proie à ses impatiens désirs, s'élance sur la jeune Alibech, comme un vautour insatiable saisit une timide colombe.....et le diable pénètre dans l'enfer, non sans obstacles, non sans douleur.....Alibech pleuroit et s'écrioit : "O mon père ! qu'il est méchant ce démon, puisque "dans l'enfer même il fait encore du mal !" Rustique ne répondoit pas, il n'avoit plus de voix pour répondre, et sans dout il étoit bien sûr de réconcilier bientôt sa douce victime avec un diable qui ne fait jamais deux fois les mêmes ravages.

Le solitaire zélé ne se lassoit pas de lui faire la guerre. Sa docile néophite le combattit bientôt avec autant de ferveur que lui. "Ah ! "s'écroit-elle, après ces salutaires combats, qu'ils disoient bien la vérité, "ces honnêtes gens de Caspe, quand ils m'assuroient que rien n'est si "délicieux que de servir le Créateur ! Cette guerre contre l'ennemi de "l'homme me procure des plaisirs incomparables à tous ceux que j'avois "connus."

Par une cause très naturelle, mais assez triste, le zêle de Rustique diminuoit à mesure que celui de la belle augmentoit. Celle-ci en murmuroit souvent, et disoit à son compagnon : "Mais votre piété devient "tiède ; souvenez-vous donc, mon père, que je suis venue ici pour prier

Alla quale Rustico disse : Tu il saprai tosto, e però farai quello che a me far vedrai ; e cominciossi a spogliare quegli pochi vestimenti, che aveva, e rimase tutto ignudo, e cosi ancora fece la fanciulla, e posesi in ginocchione a guisa, che adorar volesse ; e dirimpetto a se fece star lei. E cosi stando, essendo Rustico, piu che mai, nel suo disidero acceso, per lo vederla cosi bella, venue la resurrezion della carne ; la quale riguardando Alibech, e maravigliatasti, disse : Rustico, quella che cosa e, che io ti veggio, che cosi si pigne in fuori, e non l' ho io ? O figliuola mia, disse Rustico, questo e il diavolo, di che io t' ho parlato, e vedi tu ora : egli mi da grandissima molestia, tanta, che io appena la posso sofferire. Allora disse la giovane. O lodato sia Iddio, che io veggio, che io sto meglio, che non stai tu, che io non ho cotesto diavolo io. Disse Rustico, tu di vero ; ma tu hai un' altra cosa, che non l' ho io, et haila in iscambio di questo. Disse Alibech : O che ? A cui Rustico disse : Hai l' inferno ; e dicoti, che io mi credo, che Dio t' abbia qui mandata per la salute dell' anima mia ; percioche, se questo diavolo pur mi dara questa noia, ove tu vogli aver di me tanta pieta, e sofferire, che io in inferno il rimetta ; tu mi darai grandissima consolazione, et a Dio farai grandissimo piacere, e servigio ; se tu per quello fare in queste parti venuta se', che tu di. La giovane di buona fede rispose O padre mio, poscia che io ho l' inferno, sia pure quando vi piacera mettervi il diavolo. Disse allora Rustico : Figliuola mia benedetta sia tu : andiamo dunque, e rimettiamlovi si, che egli poscia mi lasci stare. E cosi detto, menate la giovane sopra uno de' loro letticelli, le 'nsegno, come star si dovesse a dover incarcerare quel maladetto da Dio. La giovane, che mai piu non aveva in inferno messo diavolo alcuno, per la prima volta senti un poco di noia ; perche ella disse a Rustico.

" Dieu, et non pour rester oisive ; remettons donc le diable en enfer— Ils l'y remettoient ; mais le diable se retrouvoit très-fatigué. Rustique fut obligé d'avouer à Alibech que cet esprit de ténèbres perdoit ses forces quand il étoit trop châtié. On ne devoit lui livrer de combats, ajoutoit-il, que lorsqu'il élève orgueilleusement la tête, et non pour l'agacer, sans cesse comme tu fais ; car il n'est pas chrétien d'avoir, même contre le diable, une haine implacable. Mais, dit Alibech, s'il en est ainsi de votre diable, il me semble que mon enfer ne devroit pas me tourmenter incessamment, ou que Satan devroit toujours y être renvoyé quand l'enfer le rappelle. Mon père, j'ai calmé ce malin esprit qui vous chagrinoit ; appaisez donc les flammes qui me dévorent. Rustique ne savoit que répondre ; il ne s'étoit pas défié de sa vertu, il avoit trop présumé de ses forces. C'étoit un double embarras ; il s'efforçoit en vain de satisfaire la jeune fille ; c'en étoit un autre ; Alibech se désperoit. "Hélas!" disoit-elle, "il faut renon-"cer à notre salut : Dieu ne peut jeter sur nous que des regards irrités."

Per certo, padre mio, mala cosa dee essere questo diavolo, e veramente nimico di Iddio che ancora all' inferno, non che altrui duole quando, egli v' e dentro rimesso. Disse Rustico: Figliuola, egli non averra sempre cosi: e per fare, che questo non avvenisse, da sei volte anziche di su il letticel si movesero, ve 'l rimisero; tantoche per quella volta gli trasser si la superbia del capo, che egli si stette volentieri in pace. Ma ritornatagli poi nel seguente temp piu volte, e la giovane ubbidente sempre a trargliela si disponesse, avvenne, che il giuoco le comincio a piacere; e comincio a dire a Rustico. Ben veggio, che il ver dicevano que valenti uomini in Capsa, che il servire a Dio era cosi dolce cosa, e per certo io non mi ricordo, 'che mai alcuna altra ne facessi, che di tanto diletto, e piacere mi fosse, quanto e il rimettere il diavolo in inferno; e percio giudico ogn' altra persona, che ad altro che a servire a Dio attende, essere una bestia. Per la qual cosa essa spesse volte andava a Rustico, e gli diceva. Padre mio, io son qui venuta per servire a Dio, e non per istare oziosa; andiamo a rimittere il diavolo in inferno. La qual cosa faccendo, diceva ella alcuna volta. Rustico, io non so perche il diavolo si fugga di ninferno, che s' egli vi stesse cosi volentieri, come l' inferno il riceve, e tiene; egli non sene uscirebbe mai. Cosi adunque invitando spesso la giovane Rustico, et al servigio di Dio confortandolo, si la bambagia del farsetto tratta gli avea, che egli a talora sentiva freddo, che un' altro sarebbe sudato; e percio egli incomincio a dire alla giovane, che il diavolo non era da gastigare, ne da rimettere in inferno, se non quando egli per superbia levasse il capo; e noi, per la grazia, di Dio, l' abbiamo si sgannato, che egla priega Iddio di starsi in pace: e cosi alquanto impose di silenzio alla giovane. La qual, poiche vide che Rustico non la richiedeva a dovere il diavolo rimittere in inferno, gli disse un giorno. Rustico, se il diavolo tuo e gastigato, e piu non ti da noia me il mio ninferno non lascia stare: perche tu farai bene, che tu col tuo diavolo aiuti ad attutare la rabbia al mio inferno; come io col mio ninferno ho ajutato a trarre la superbia al tuo diavolo Rustico, che di radici d' erbe, e d' acqua vivea, potea male rispondere alle poste, e dissele, che troppi diavoli vorrebbono essere a potere l' inferno attutare: ma che egli ne farebbe cio, che per lui si potesse; e cosi alcuna volta le sodisfaceva: ma si era di rado, che altro non era che gittare una fava in bocca al leone. Da che la giovane, non parendole tanto servire a Dio, quanto voleva, mormorava, anzi, che no. Ma mentre che tra il diavolo di Rustico, e

l'inferno d' Alibech era, per troppo disiderio, e per men potere, questa questione.

Some time after a dreadful fire broke out in the city of Capsa and destroyed the father of Alibech, in his own house, with the rest of his children, by which circumstance she became sole heir to very considerable property. There was in this city a young man named Neherbal, who had spent in wanton extravagance all his wealth, and knowing that Alibech was alive, immediately commenced a search after her, in hopes of finding her before her property was dissipated by others. His exertions were such that he found her and brought her to Capsa against her own consent but to the great relief of poor Rusticus. Neherbal took Alibech to wife, but being in conversation with some ladies of the city before that she had slept with her husband, they asked in what manner she served God in the desert. She said she served God by replacing the Devil into hell, and that Neherbal had been guilty of a great crime in having taken her away from such service. The ladies wished to know in what manner she replaced the Devil in hell. Alibech, as well by words as by gestures, endeavoured to show them, which made them burst into a fit of laughter, and say to her, be not melancholy, my child, for they know well enough how to do that here. Neherbal will serve God well with you. They related this among themselves throughout the city, and it became in time a common proverb, "that the most agreeable service we could render God, was to replace the Devil in hell." The proverb has passed from thence across the sea to us, and exists to the present day.

By this, you young ladies, to whom the grace of God is necessary, may learn to put the Devil into hell, because it is very agreeable to God; it affords exquisite pleasure to both parties embarked in such devotions; and much good will grow out of it and follow it.

Dioneus having finished his story, and the queen knowing her sovereignty to be now at an end, took the crown from her head, and placed it upon Philostratus, saying, "We shall soon see whether the wolves govern the sheep better than the sheep have hitherto governed the wolves." He returned, with a smile, "You have no more right to call us wolves, than you have to call yourselves sheep: however, I take upon me the command." Giving the proper orders then to the steward, as to what he would have done, he turned about to the ladies, and said:—"It has been my misfortune, ever since I was able to judge of anything, to be always in love with

one or other of you ladies: nor has it availed me in the least that I have been humble, obedient, and desirous of pleasing to the utmost of my power; for I have constantly been discarded at last for some other lover, going still from better to worse, and so I expect to continue till I go to my grave. Therefore I intend that our subject for this day shall be something suitable to my own case; namely, concerning those persons whose amours have had an unfortunate conclusion." Having said this, he gave them leave to depart. The garden was so pleasant, that every one chose to walk thither, especially as the sun was going down, where some diverted themselves with observing and running after the kids, rabbits, and other creatures, that were skipping about them. Dioneus and Flammetta sat together singing the song of Gulielmo and the Lady of Virtue. Philomena and Pamphilus played at chess. And thus they were all differently employed till the time of supper, which came upon them a little unexpected: when, the table being spread by the side of the fountain, they supped with a great deal of pleasure. As soon as the cloth was taken away, Philostratus, not to go out of the path which had been followed by the queens who had gone before him, commanded Lauretta to begin a dance with a song, who replied, "May it please your majesty, I know nothing of other people's songs, nor my own at present, which would please so agreeable a set of company: but, if you will accept of such an one as I can call to mind, I will do it with a great deal of pleasure:" when the king made answer, "Nothing of yours can be disagreeable, sing such as you have." She then began with a musical voice, but in a desponding manner, thus:

SONG.

CHORUS.

Who can with so much cause complain,
As I, who love and sigh in vain?

I.

He whose almighty word hath taught to move
The heavens, and every star above;
Hath made me as you see,
All brisk and debonair, that I might be
A pattern of perfection priz'd;
Yet I'm despis'd.
Who can, &c.

II.

I heretofore
Was by a fond admirer made to prove
The soft persuasive force of love;
Swift past the hours of transport thus divine,
Whilst all his wishes, all his thoughts were mine,
But he's no more.

Who can, &c.

III.

One more morose and vain
Next made his court;
But from report
He jealous soon became;
And falsely left me in distress,
Tho' conscious then I was,
That charms like mine, for gen'ral view designed,
Were to that lover's wishes still confin'd:

Who can, &c.

IV.

For ever be that day accurst,
When to commence a bride,
I laid my sable weeds aside,
Which dress so well became me first;
Thrice happy damsel, had I died
Before that fatal change I tried.

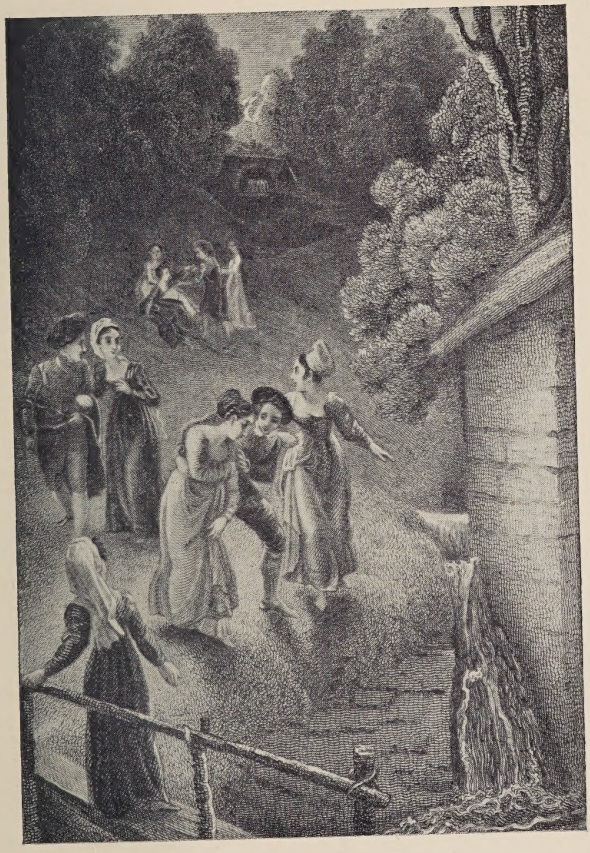
Who can, &c.

V.

And thou, my dearest lover, once, and friend,
Who, with the saints above,
Enjoy'st the fruits of virtue and of love
My pray'r attend!
Amidst the sweet repose, which now you find,
Think on me, poor distressed maid;
And nature's final debt when paid,
May we then meet, and be for ever joined.

Who can with so much cause complain,
As I, who love and sigh in vain?

When this song was ended, lighted torches were brought, and set upon the grass; and they continued, till the stars began to go down, singing and making merry. Then the king thought it time for them to depart, and, wishing one another good night, they retired to their respective chambers.



Il Decamerone.

(Fourth Day.)

THE FOURTH DAY.

THE sun had now driven all the stars from the heavens, and dispelled the vapours of the night from the earth, when Philostratus arose, and ordered all the company to be called. They walked then into the garden, and dined, when the time came, where they had supped the preceding night. Taking a nap afterwards, whilst the sun was at its height, they returned at the usual time to the fountain side. Here Philostratus commanded Flammetta to begin, who spoke in a soft agreeable manner, as follows.

—o—

NOVEL I.

Tancred, Prince of Salerno, puts his daughter's lover to death, and sends his heart to her in a golden cup; she pours water upon it, which she had poisoned, and so dies.

OUR king has given us a most melancholy subject for this day's discourse; considering, that as we came hither to be merry, we must now recount other people's misfortunes, which cannot be related without moving compassion, as well in those who tell as in those who hear them. Perhaps it is designed as an alloy to the mirth of the preceding days. But whatever his reason may be for it, I have no business to make any alteration with regard to his pleasure. I shall, therefore, mention an unhappy story to you, worthy of your most tender compassion.

Tancred, prince of Salerno, was a most humane and generous lord, had he not in his old age defiled his hands in a lover's blood. He, through the whole course of his life, had one only daughter; and happy had he been not to have possessed her. No child could be more dear to a parent than she was, which made him loath to part with her in marriage: at length, not till she was a little advanced in years, he married her to the Duke of Capoa, when she was soon left a widow, and came home again to her father.

She was a lady of great beauty and understanding, and continuing thus in the court of her father, who took no care to marry her again; and it seeming not so modest in her to ask it, she resolved at last to have a lover privately. Accordingly she made choice of a person of low parentage but noble qualities, whose name was Guiscard, with whom she became violently in love: and by often seeing him, and evermore commending his manner and behaviour, he soon became sensible of it, and devoted himself entirely to the love of her. Affecting each other thus in secret, and she desiring nothing so much as to be with him, and not daring to trust any person with the affair, contrived a new stratagem in order to apprise him of the means. She wrote a letter, wherein she mentioned what she would have him do the next day for her; this she put into a hollow cane, and giving it to him one day, she said, pleasantly, "You may make a pair of bellows of this for your servant to blow the fire with this evening." He received it, supposing very justly that it had some meaning: and, taking it home, found the letter; which, when he had thoroughly considered, and knew what he had to do, he was the most overjoyed man that could be; and he applied himself accordingly to answer her assignation, in the manner she had directed him. On one side of the palace, and under a mountain, was a grotto, which had been made time out of mind, and into which no light could come but through a little opening dug in the mountain, and which, as the grotto had been long in disuse, was grown over with briars and thorns. Into this grotto was a passage by a private staircase, out of one of the rooms of the palace, which belonged to the lady's apartment, and was secured by a very strong door. This passage was so far out of every one's thoughts, having been disused for so long a time, that nobody remembered anything about it: but love, whose notice nothing can escape, brought it fresh into the mind of the enamoured lady; who, to keep this thing entirely private, laboured some days before she could get the door open; when, having gone down into the cave and observed the opening, and how high it might be from thence to the bottom, she acquainted him with the fact. Guiscard then provided a ladder of cords; and casing himself well with leather, to be defended from the thorns, fixing one end of the ladder to the stump of a tree which was near, he slid down by the help of it to the bottom, where he stayed expecting the lady. The following day, therefore, having

sent her maids out of the way, under pretence that she was going to lie down, and locking herself up alone in her chamber, she opened the door and descended into the grotto, where they met to their mutual satisfaction. From thence she shewed him the way to her chamber, where they were together the greatest part of the day, and, taking proper measures for the time to come, he went away through the cave and she returned to her maids. The same he did the next night, and he followed this course for a considerable time, when fortune, as if she envied them their happiness, thought fit to change their mirth into mourning. Tancred used sometimes to come into his daughter's chamber, to pass a little time away with her; and going thither one day after dinner, whilst the lady, whose name was Ghismond, was with her maids in the garden; and, being perceived by no one, nor yet willing to take her from her diversion, finding also the window shut and the curtains drawn to the feet of the bed, he threw himself down in a great chair, which stood in a corner of the room, leaning his head upon the bed, and drawing the curtain before him, as if he concealed himself on purpose, when he chanced to fall asleep. In the meantime, Ghismond, having made an appointment with her lover, left the maids in the garden and came into her chamber, which she secured, not thinking of any person being there, and went to meet Guiscard, who was in the cave waiting for her, and brought him into her chamber; when her father awoke, and was a witness to all that passed between them. This was the utmost affliction to him, and he was about to cry out, but upon second thoughts he resolved to keep it private if possible, that he might be able to do more securely, and with less disgrace, what he had resolved upon. The lovers stayed together their usual time, without perceiving anything of Tancred, who, after they were departed, got out of the window into the garden, old as he was, and went, without being seen by any one, very sorrowful to his chamber. The next night, according to his orders, Guiscard was seized by two men as he was coming out of the cave, and carried by them in his leathern doublet to Tancred, who, as soon as he saw him, said, with tears in his eyes, "Guiscard, you have ill requited my kindness towards you by this outrage and shame which you have brought upon me, and of which this very day I have been an eye-witness." When he made no other answer but this: "Sir, love hath greater power than either you or I." Tancred then ordered a guard to be set

over him. And the next day he went to his daughter's apartment as usual, she knowing nothing of what had happened, and, shutting the door that they might be private together, he said to her, weeping, "Daughter, I had such an opinion of your modesty and virtue that I could never have believed, had I not seen it with my own eyes, that you would have violated either, even so much as in thought. My reflecting on this will make the pittance of life that is left very grievous to me. As you were determined to act in that manner, would to Heaven you had made choice of a person more suitable to your own quality; but for this Guiscard, he is one of the very meanest persons about my court. This gives me such concern that I scarcely know what to do. As for him, he was secured by my order last night, and his fate is determined. But, with regard to yourself, I am influenced by two different motives; on one side the tenderest regard that a father can have for a child, and on the other the justest vengeance for the great folly you have committed. One pleads strongly in your behalf, and the other would excite me to do an act contrary to my nature. But, before I come to a resolution, I would hear what you have to say for yourself." And when he had said this, he hung down his head and wept like a child.

She, hearing this from her father, and perceiving that their amour was not only discovered, but her lover in prison, was under the greatest concern imaginable, and was going to break out into loud and grievous lamentations, as is the way of women in distress; but getting the better of this weakness, and putting on a settled countenance, as, supposing Guiscard was dead, and being resolved firmly in her own mind not to outlive him, she spoke therefore with all the composure in the world to this purpose: "Sir, to deny what I have done, or to entreat any favour of you, is no part of my design at present; for as the one can avail me nothing, so I intend the other shall be of little service. I will take no advantage of your love and tenderness towards me; but shall first, by an open confession, endeavour to vindicate myself, and then do what the greatness of my soul prompts me to. 'Tis most true that I have loved, and do still love, Guiscard: and whilst I live, which will not be long, shall continue to love him; and if such a thing as love be after death, even that shall not dissolve it. To this I was induced by no frailty, so much as his superior virtue, and the little care you took

to marry me again. I preferred him before all the world: and as to the meanness of his station, to which you so much object, that is more the fault of fortune, who often raises the most unworthy to a high estate, neglecting those of greater merit. We are all formed of the same materials, and by the same hand. The first difference amongst mankind was made by virtue; they who were virtuous were deemed noble, and the rest were all accounted otherwise. Though this law therefore may have been obscured by contrary custom, yet is it discarded neither by nature nor good manners. If you then alone regard the worth and virtue of your courtiers, and consider that of Guiscard, you will find him the only noble person, and the others a set of poltroons. With regard to his worth and valour, I appeal to yourself. Who ever commended man more for every thing that was praiseworthy, than you have commended him? and deservedly in my judgment; but if I was deceived, it was by following your opinion. If you say, then, that I have had an affair with a person base and ignoble, I deny it; if with a poor one, it is to your shame, to let such merit go unrewarded. Now concerning your last doubt, namely, how you are to deal with me; use your pleasure. If you are disposed to commit an act of cruelty, I shall say nothing to prevent such a resolution. But this I must apprize you of, that unless you do the same to me, which you either have done, or mean to do to Guiscard, my own hands shall do it for you. Reserve your tears then for women: and if you mean to act with severity, cut us off both together, if it appear to you that we have deserved it." The prince knew full well the greatness of her soul: but yet he could by no means persuade himself that she would have resolution enough to do what her words seemed to threaten. Leaving her then, with a design of being favourable to her, and intending to wean her affection from her lover by taking him off; he gave orders to the two men, who guarded him, to strangle him privately in the night, and to take his heart out of his body, and bring it to him. Accordingly they executed his commands, and the next day he called for a golden cup, and putting the heart into it, he had it conveyed by a trusty servant to his daughter, with this message: "Your father sends this present to comfort you, with what was most dear to you; even as he was comforted by you, in what was most dear to him." She had departed from her father, not at all moved as to her resolution, and therefore had prepared

the juices of some poisonous plants, which she had mixed with water, to be at hand if what she feared should come to pass. When the servant had delivered the present, and reported the message according to his order, she took the cup without changing countenance, and seeing the heart therein, and knowing by the words that it must be Guiscard's, she looked steadfastly at the servant, and said, "My father has done very wisely; such a heart as this requires no worse a sepulchre than that of gold." And upon this she lifted it to her mouth and kissed it, thus continuing: "All my life long, even to this last period of it, have I found my father's love most abundant towards me, but now more than ever; therefore return him in my name the last thanks that I shall ever be able to give him for such a present." Looking then towards the cup, which she held fast in her hand, she said: "Alas! the dearest end and centre of all my wishes! Cursed be the cruelty of him, by whom these eyes now see you; although my soul hath long viewed and known you. You have finished your course; such an one indeed as fortune has thought fit to allot you; you are arrived at the goal to which we all tend; you have left the miseries of this world far behind, and have obtained such a sepulchre from your very enemy as your merit required. Nothing remained to make your obsequies complete, but the tears of her who was so dear to you whilst you were living: and which, that you should not now want, Heaven put it into the mind of my relentless father to send you to me. And you shall have them, though I had proposed to die unmoved, and without shedding a tear; and when I have done, I will instantly join my soul to yours: for in what other company can I go better and safer to those unknown regions? as I make no doubt your soul is hovering here, expecting mine." When she had done speaking, she shed a flood of tears, kissing the heart a thousand times; whilst the damsels who were about her knew neither what heart it was, nor what those her words imported: but being moved with pity, they joined with her, begging to know the cause of her grief, and endeavouring all they could to comfort her. After she had lamented as much as she thought proper, she raised up her head, and wiping her eyes, said, "Thou heart most dearly beloved, all my duty is now performed towards thee; nothing more remains but for my soul to accompany thine." Upon this she bade them reach the vessel of water, which she had prepared the

day before, and pouring it into the cup with the heart, which she had sufficiently washed with her tears, she drank it all off without the least dread or apprehension, and threw herself upon the bed with the cup in her hand, composing her body as decently as she could, and pressing her lover's heart to hers, she lay without uttering a word more, expecting death. The maids, when they saw this, though they knew not what it was she had drunk, sent to acquaint Tancred; who, fearing what had really happened, came into the room soon after she had laid herself down, and finding it was too late, began to lament most grievously: she then said to him, "Sir, save these tears against worse fortune that may happen, for I want them not. Who but yourself would mourn for a thing of your own doing? But if any part of that love now remain in you, which you once had for me, the last request I shall make is, that as you would not suffer us to be happy together whilst living, that our two bodies (wherever you have disposed of his) may be publicly interred together when dead." Extreme grief would suffer him to make no reply: when finding herself drawing near her end, she strained the heart strongly to her breast, saying, "Receive us, Heaven, I die!" Then closing her eyes, all sense forsook her, and she departed this miserable life. Such an end had the amours of Guiscard and Ghismond, as you have now heard; whilst the prince, repenting of his cruelty when it was too late, had them buried in one grave in the most public manner, to the general grief of all the people of Salerno.

—o—

NOVEL II.

Friar Albert makes a woman believe that an angel is in love with her, and in that shape deceives her. Afterwards, for fear of her relations, he throws himself out of the window, and takes shelter in a poor man's house; who exposes him the next day in the public market-place in the form of a wild man; when he is discovered by two friars, and put into prison.

THE story related by Flammetta drew tears several times from the eyes of all the company; but it being now finished, the king, looking gravely, said, "I would have given my life willingly to have enjoyed but half the pleasure which these lovers met with. Nor need you wonder at that, because I undergo a thousand deaths daily, without the least pleasure whatever in return. But letting my fortune alone

for the present, it is my will that Pampinea proceed ; who, if she goes on as Flammetta has begun, I shall expect to receive some small degree of comfort more to my affliction."

Pampinea, finding herself fixed upon for the next, and having more regard to the inclination of the company, which she very well knew, than the king's command, and more desirous of diverting them than of satisfying his melancholy temper, resolved upon a novel which would make them laugh, keeping still to the subject proposed :—It is a common saying, said she, that a wicked man, who has the reputation of being virtuous and good, may do many bad things, and nobody believe it. This affords ample matter for discourse, and a fit handle for me to shew how great the hypocrisy is of some of the religious, who have their garments long and large ; their faces made pale artificially, and on purpose ; their language meek and humble, to get men's goods from them ; yet sour and harsh enough in reproving them of those vices of which they themselves are guilty ; whilst they pretend that they themseves merit heaven as much by receiving as the others do by giving. Who also, not as if they were to get thither by their own endeavours, but as though they were the possessors and lords of it, portion out to every person that dies a better or worse place therein, according to the sum of money bequeathed to them ; deceiving themselves in the first place, if they really mean what they say, and those afterwards who put their trust in them. Of whom, might I have the liberty of speaking all I know, I could quickly disclose to many simple people what wickedness is too often concealed under that holy habit. I could wish, however, that the same success might attend the hypocrisy of them all, as befel a certain friar, who was concerned in some of the best families in Venice, the relation of which may prove some diversion to you, after your grief for the death of Ghismond.

There lived at Imola a man of a very bad life, called Berto della Massa, whose evil works had gained him such a character there, that nobody could believe him even when he spoke the truth. Finding, therefore, that all his quirks and cunning would stand him in no further stead at Imola, he removed in a kind of despair to Venice, the common receptacle of all sorts of wickedness, when he resolved to manage in a quite different manner from what he had done : and, as if he felt some remorse of conscience for his past life, pretending also to be seized with uncommon zeal and devotion,

he turned friar, calling himself Father Albert of Imola. In this habit he seemed to lead a mighty sanctified life, highly commending penance and abstinence, and eating no flesh and drinking no wine; but then it was when he could get neither to please him. Besides this, when he was officiating at the altar at any time, if he was taken notice of by many people, he would be sure to weep over our Saviour's passion, having tears enough at command whenever he pleased. To be short, what with his preaching and crying together, he had so far insinuated himself into the good graces of the people of Venice, that there was scarcely a will made but he was left executor; he had the care also and disposal of many people's money; and was the great adviser and confessor to the greatest part both of men and women; so that of a wolf he became the shepherd, and the fame of his sanctity was greater than ever was that of St. Francis. Now it happened that a vain simple lady, named Lisetta de Ca Quirino, wife to a merchant, who was gone a voyage to Flanders, came one day, with some other women, to confess to this holy friar; and being asked, as she was confessing, if she had a lover; replied, putting on an angry countenance, "What! father, have you no eyes in your head? Where do you see a woman so handsome as myself? I could have lovers enough; but my beauty is designed for none of them; it is fit only to appear in heaven itself." Using many more expressions of that sort, enough to give any one a surfeit to hear them, Father Albert immediately saw her blind side and thought her fit game for his purpose, but deferred using any flattering speeches till a more convenient opportunity; to shew himself, however, holy for that time, he began to reprove her, telling her it was vain-glory, and so forth. Whereupon she called him brute, and told him he could not distinguish beauty when he saw it. He then, not to provoke her too far, took her confession, and dismissed her. A little time after, taking a friend with him whom he could trust, to the house, he went with her to one side of the hall, where nobody could see them, and falling down upon his knees, said, "Madam, I must beg, for Heaven's sake, that you would forgive me for blaspheming your beauty as I did last Sunday; since I was so chastised the following night for it, that I could not rise out of my bed before to-day." "And who," quoth the foolish lady, "chastised you in that manner?" "I will tell you," replied Albert; "as I was saying my prayers that night, according to my usual manner.

suddenly a great light shone around me, and, as I turned about to see what it was, a beautiful youth appeared, with a staff in his hand, who took hold of my hood, and threw me down upon the floor, and beat me in such a manner that I was almost killed. Upon my asking what all that correction was for, he made answer, 'Because thou didst so saucily presume to reprove the celestial beauty of Madam Lisetta, whom I love above all things in the world.' 'And who are you then?' I demanded. He replied, 'I am an angel.' 'I humbly beg then,' quoth I, 'that you would forgive me.' He answered, 'I do forgive you, upon condition that you go the very first opportunity to her, and obtain her pardon: and unless she thinks fit to excuse you, I shall return, and give you such discipline as you shall feel as long as you live.' What he said more I dare not speak, unless I have your forgiveness." The simple woman, who was puffed up till she was fit to burst with vanity, gave ear to this ridiculous story, and said, "I told you, Father Albert, that my beauties were of the celestial kind; I am sorry for what you have suffered, and heartily forgive you; but tell me what the angel said besides." "That I will," said he; "but one thing I must enjoin you, namely, that you tell it to no person living, unless you have a mind to ruin all; for you are certainly the happiest woman on the face of the earth. He told me, then, that he had such a regard for you, that he should frequently come to visit you, if he thought you would not be too much terrified. He bid me tell you, therefore, that he should come some evening in human shape, and would know from you when you would choose to see him, and whose form and person you would have him assume." She replied that she approved of it very well, that she should be alone this evening, and that whatever form and manner he came in, she should not be afraid. "Madam," he continued, "you talk well, it shall be done as you have agreed; but I have a favour to beg, which will cost you nothing, it is that he may put on my person: my soul will be in a kind of trance in the mean time, as it will be then disengaged from the body." "I consent with all my heart," answered she; "it will be some amends for the blows you have received." "But," said he, "the door must be open, otherwise, as he comes in human shape, he would not be able to enter your house." She promised it should be done, and when night came he went to a woman's house, that he used to frequent when he had

such affairs in hand, where, getting his sham wings and oth accoutrements ready, he came flying at last into the lady's chamber. He stayed with her all that night, and at break of day went out in the same manner as he came in ; whilst the lady was so proud of her gallant, that she could not help boasting of it to one of her neighbours, who was so tickled with the story, that she told it amongst a whole company of gossips, who again reporting it to others, in less than two days it was known all over Venice. Her relations heard of it, amongst the rest, who, for several nights together, kept constant watch, to make a discovery, if possible, of this angel. One night, accordingly, he was coming to reprimand her for making it public, and had no sooner got into the room, and stripped himself of his wings, and other habiliments, but they were at the door ! which he perceiving, and seeing no other way to escape, opened the casement that was over the great canal, and threw himself directly into it.

As the river was deep and he able to swim, he received no harm : espying then a cottage on the other side with the door open he made towards it, and, entering, entreated the honest man, telling him a thousand lies concerning the reason of his coming there in that manner, and, at that time, to save his life ; who, being moved with pity, and having some affairs which called him away for a time, desired him to go into his bed and lie there till he should return ; he locked him then in the house, and went about his business. The lady's relations, upon coming into her chamber, found that the angel had left his wings, and flown away without them. They gave her, therefore, a severe reprimand, calling her all the vile simple women in the world ; and they carried off the angel's implements along with them. In the meantime, as soon as it was day, the man, being on the other side of the Rialto, heard the whole story of a fellow's personating an angel to be with Lisetta, and how he was discovered by her relations and forced to leap into the canal, and that nobody knew what was become of him ; whence he concluded that it must be the same man he had in his house. Finding this upon his coming home to be the fact, after some discourse together, he made him send home for five hundred ducats, threatening otherwise to deliver him up to the woman's friends, when, after the money was brought and the friar desirous of getting away, the honest man said farther to him, "I see no way for your escape but one : to-day we make a great rejoicing,

when one person is to bring a man clothed like a bear, another like a wild man, and so on; and in that manner people are to come under different disguises into St. Mark's Place, as to a hunt; and when the diversion is over, every man leads away the person that he brings to what quarter he pleases. Now if, before any one knows that you are here, you will consent to be led in one of those disguises, I will carry you afterwards where you will; otherwise I do not see how you can get away without being observed, for the relations are everywhere out upon the scout for you." This seemed a hard sentence to the father; but his fear of being discovered was so great that he consented at last: accordingly he was besmeared all over with honey, and covered all over with down; and putting a chain about his neck and a vizard upon his face, with a great stick in one hand and a couple of butcher's mastiffs in the other, a man was sent before to the Rialto, to make public proclamation that all who had a mind to see the angel so much talked of might repair to St. Mark's Place: which was a Venetian trick at best.— When that was done, he was led forth, and all the way as he was carried along there was a great outcry of the people, wondering what thing it was; and being brought into the great square, what with the people that followed and those that flocked hither upon hearing the proclamation, the crowd was immensely great. The fellow then tied his wild man to a pillar, pretending to wait till the sport began; in the meantime the flies and wasps, as he was bedaubed with honey, began to grow exceedingly troublesome to him. Perceiving at last the square sufficiently crowded, under pretence of turning him loose, he took off the vizard, and said, "Gentlemen, as I find we are to have no other sport to-day, I intend to show you the angel which used to come at nights to visit the Venetian ladies." No sooner was the vizard removed than they knew him to be Father Albert, and there was a most terrible outcry against him, every one pelting him with whatever filthiness came to their hands, till at length the news reached the convent, when two of his brethren came and brought him one of their habits and carried him away with the utmost difficulty, and he was consequently thrown into prison, where he ended his days in a miserable manner. It was thus this man's consummate hypocrisy and blasphemy met with their due reward; and may the like fate attend all such villains as himself!

NOVEL III.

Three young men fall in love with three sisters, and fly with them into Crete. The eldest destroys her lover out of jealousy; and the second, by consenting to the Duke of Crete's request, is the means of saving her sister's life: afterwards her lover kills her, and goes away with the eldest sister. The third couple is charged with her death, which they confess, and afterwards fee their keepers, and, making their escape, die at Rhodes at last in great necessity.

WHEN Philostratus heard the conclusion of Pampinea's novel, he stood some time in suspense, and at last, turning towards her, he said,

"There was something good in the end of your story, but the beginning was much too ludicrous." Then, pointing to Lauretta, he added, "Do you go on with a better if you can." She smilingly replied, You are too hard upon poor lovers to desire that their affairs should always end unfortunately. Nevertheless I shall, in compliance to your orders, give an account of three persons who were equally unhappy that way; and thus I proceed:—Every vice, as you very well know, may turn not only to the disadvantage of such as are subject to it, but of others also: and of all vices anger is that which hurries us along most blindly to our ruin. Now this passion seems to be a sudden and rash emotion, raised in us by an injury received; which, driving away all sense and reason, and veiling the eyes of our understanding, kindles in our souls a most violent fury. And as men are governed by it too often, though some more than others, yet is it of worse consequence in women, as it is more easily kindled in them, and burns also with a more fierce and lasting flame. Nor is this to be wondered at; for fire, in its own nature, is apt to take hold the soonest of such things as are of the lightest consistence; and our texture, we know, is much more delicate than that of men. Seeing, therefore, how prone we are to it naturally; considering, also, that nothing can recommend us more to the good esteem of the men with whom we are to spend our lives than mildness and good-nature; and, on the contrary, that anger is attended with infinite danger and trouble; I shall, for your greater defence and security in this respect, relate the loves of three young men and as many ladies, who all became miserable through the fury of one.

Marseilles, you know, is an ancient and famous city in Provence, situated on the sea-coast, and was better stored formerly with rich

citizens and wealthy merchants than it is at present. Amongst whom was a person called Narnald Cluada, one of a fair character, and immensely rich, who, besides his other children, had three daughters; the two eldest, who were twins, were about fifteen years of age, and the other fourteen; and there was nothing wanting to the disposing of all three in marriage but the return of their father, who was gone on a trading voyage to Spain. The names of the two former were Ninetta and Magdalena, and of the last Bertella. Now there was a worthy young gentleman, but of small fortune, named Restagnone, in love with Ninetta, and she having the same good liking for him, this affair was carried on for some time between them, without any body's knowing anything of the matter. In the meantime, two other young gentlemen, who were both rich, their fathers being just dead, fell in love with the other two sisters; the one, whose name was Folco, having made choice of Magdalena, and the other called Ughetto, of Bertella. Restagnone being apprised of this by Ninetta, contrived a way to make up his want of wealth by their love, and getting into company sometimes with one, and then with the other, and going with them, after they became a little acquainted together, to see their mistresses and his own, he took occasion one day to invite them to his house, when he spoke to them in this manner: "Gentlemen, our acquaintance for some time past may have convinced you of the great esteem I have for you, so as to have your interests at heart equally with my own: I shall now acquaint you, therefore, with a thought which has just come into my mind, and you may do afterwards as shall seem most proper. It plainly appears that you have the utmost regard and value for the two young ladies, and I have the same for the third sister. I think, if you will consent to it, that I have found out an expedient agreeable enough, which is as follows: you are both very rich, and I am otherwise; make then one joint stock, and let me come in a partner with you, and resolve on what part of the world we shall go to, to live happily together, and I will undertake that the three sisters shall bear us company, with a good part of their father's wealth; so that every one of us may have his mistress, and we live like brethren together, with great comfort and satisfaction: Say then what you mean to do."

The young gentlemen were so much in love, that they gave themselves very little time to reflect upon what was proposed; but declared that, happen what would, they were ready to comply.

Upon this, he took the first opportunity that offered, and which was no easy matter to compass, of being with Ninetta, when he made the same proposal to her, enforcing it by divers reasons, which he had no great occasion to do, because it was entirely to her liking. She told him, therefore, that she consented herself, and would persuade her sisters; that, in the meantime, he should get every thing in readiness for such an expedition. He returned then to his two friends, who grew impatient to be gone, and told them that every thing was in readiness on the part of the ladies. Their resolution was to go to Crete; and, selling all their estates under the pretence of turning merchants, they bought a light frigate, which they armed and victualled with great secrecy against the time appointed. During this, Ninetta, who was no stranger to her sisters' inclinations, had wrought so far upon them by her fine persuasions, that they longed for nothing so much as their departure. The night being come, therefore, when they were to embark, the three ladies opened their father's cabinet, and took out a great quantity of money and jewels, with which they stole away to meet their lovers, who were expecting them at the place appointed; when they immediately set sail, and made no stop any where till they came to Genoa the next night, where they consummated their several nuptials. From thence they went from port to port, till in eight days they arrived at Crete, where they purchased estates and fine houses, and lived like noblemen, keeping great numbers of servants, horses, dogs, &c., for their diversion; so that none seemed to enjoy more pleasure and satisfaction than themselves. Passing their time away in this manner, it happened (as it happens every day, that things, however coveted by us, nauseate by over great plenty), that Restagnone, who had an ardent affection for Ninetta before she was in his power, began now to be abundantly more cool in that respect; for, being at a feast one day, he met with a lady, with whom he became violently in love, and he began to give treats and entertainments for her sake, till his wife grew so jealous that he could never stir a step but she had notice of it, and expressed the utmost uneasiness both in her words and behaviour to him on that account. But as plenty always cloys, and as to have what we want denied us whets the appetite, so did this vexation of hers increase the flame of his love. For whether it was that he had really accomplished his desires or not, Ninetta, whoever told her so, believed it: and she consequently fell into such a fit of sorrow and

fury afterwards, that her love for her husband was exchanged into extreme hatred; and she resolved to revenge the wrong she had sustained with his death. Meeting then with an old Grecian woman, skilled in all sorts of poisons, she engaged her, by presents and large promises, to prepare a deadly water, which she gave him, without any farther consideration, one evening when he was very thirsty, to drink; and the power of it was such, that he died before morning. Folco and Ughetto, with their wives, knowing nothing of his dying of poison, lamented over him very much along with Ninetta, and had him honourably buried. But not many days afterwards the old woman was taken up for some other crime, when she confessed this. Whereupon the duke of Crete, without saying a word to any person about it, had Folco's palace beset one night, and Ninetta brought quietly away prisoner from thence; who, without any torture, confessed the whole of Restagnone's death. He therefore acquainted Folco and Ughetto with it, who used all their interest with him to prevent her being burnt, which they understood was likely to be her sentence, but all to no purpose; the duke seemed resolved to have justice done. Hereupon Magdalena, a very beautiful lady, and whom the duke had long taken a fancy to, though hitherto to no purpose, supposing now that by obliging him she might save her sister's life, sent privately to let him know that she would comply with his entreaties upon two conditions: the one was, that her sister should be set free; and the other, that the whole should be a secret. The duke liked the message, and agreed to what was proposed. Wherefore, keeping Folco and Ughetto prisoners one night, by her consent, as if he wanted some farther information, he went privately afterwards to Magdalena, and pretending that he had caused Ninetta to be put into a sack, and thrown into the sea, he took her along with him to her sister, to whom he gave her up, according to their agreement, charging Magdalena to send her out of the way, to prevent all blame and censure, and lest he should be compelled to proceed with rigour against her. The next morning Folco and Ughetto were told that their sister was put to death, and being released, went home to comfort their wives for the loss of her; and Magdalena endeavoured, as much as possible, to keep her concealed; yet Folco had some suspicion that she was in the house, and was at last convinced of it; which occasioned some jealousy, as he knew the duke's regard for his wife: therefore he asked her how it happened that Ninetta

was there? She began then a long story, to which he gave but little credit, and forced her at last to confess the truth. Upon which, being provoked to the last degree, he drew his sword, and stabbed her to the heart, she begging in vain for mercy: fearing afterwards the duke's resentment he went into the room to Ninetta, and said cheerfully to her; "Let us go away directly, according to your sister's appointment, for fear you should fall into the hands of the duke." She was desirous of getting away, and accordingly, without taking any leave of her sister, went off in great haste along with him, who took only what money was at hand, which was but little; and going on shipboard together it was never known whither they were carried. Magdalena being found dead the next day, some persons out of ill will to Ughetto, carried the news instantly to the duke, who came in all haste to the house, as he had an excessive love for her, and seized upon Ughetto and his lady, and put them to the rack, by which means he made them confess what they were entire strangers to; namely, that they were equally concerned in her death with their brother, who was fled, and finding that there was no other prospect of saving their lives, they bribed their keepers with a large sum of money, which they always had in readiness for any extraordinary occasion, and went immediately on board a ship, without being able to take any of their effects, and fled to Rhodes, where they died some time after in great distress and poverty. To such an end did the foolish love of Restagnone, and the ungoverned fury of Ninetta, bring both themselves and others.

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NOVEL IV.

Gerbino, contrary to a treaty made by King William, his grandfather, fought with a ship belonging to the King of Tunis, with a design to take away his daughter; who being slain by the ship's crew, he slew them likewise, and was afterwards beheaded for it.

LAURETTA had now concluded her novel, when the company gave their different opinions concerning the fate of these unhappy lovers; this person saying one thing and that another, till at length the king, raising up his head, as if from a profound study, made the next signal to Eliza, who began as follows:—

There are many people who are persuaded that love is only kindled at the eyes, making a jest at those who maintain the possi-

bility of people's being enamoured by report: but how far they are mistaken will be seen in the following story; wherein will be shewn, not only the power of fame in that respect, but that it has brought divers persons also to a miserable death.

William, the second king of Sicily (as their histories relate), had two children; a son named Ruggieri, and a daughter called Constantia, which Ruggieri died before his father, leaving a son called Gerbino, whom his grandfather took care to bring up, and he became a most accomplished prince. Nor did his fame confine itself to the bounds of his own country; but was echoed in divers parts of the world, especially in Barbary, which was then tributary to the King of Sicily. Amongst others who had heard of his singular worth and character, was a daughter of the King of Tunis, who, in the opinion of all that ever saw her, was as beautiful a woman as ever lived, with a soul equally noble and perfect: who, inquiring always after people of worth, received from all hands a most extraordinary account of Gerbino's merit and noble exploits, which were so pleasing to her, that, conceiving within her own mind the idea of his person, she became violently in love, and was never more pleased than when he was the subject of their discourse. On the other hand, no less had her fame reached Sicily, as well as other countries, and was particularly agreeable to the prince, who had conceived the same love for her; and being desirous above all things of seeing her, had charged some of his friends, till he could obtain leave from his grandfather to go himself to Tunis, to make his love known, in the best manner they were able, privately to her; and to bring him some tidings concerning her. This was managed very dexterously by one of them, who went under the character of a jeweller; and she received him with great cheerfulness and satisfaction, declaring a mutual regard for the prince, and, as a proof of it, sent him a present of one of her richest jewels. He received it with great joy, and wrote several letters, presenting her with things of great value, and obliging himself to wait upon her in person, as fortune afforded him an opportunity. Things being carried so far, and farther than they ought to have been, to their mutual satisfactions, it happened that her father promised her in marriage to the King of Granada, which gave her infinite concern, and she would gladly, could she have found a time, have fled away from her father to the prince. He, in like manner, hearing of this contract, was afflicted beyond measure, and resolved, if

it should happen that she was sent by sea, to take her away by force. The king of Tunis hearing something of Gerbino's love, and what he designed, and well knowing his resolution and great valour: when the time came that she was to depart, sent to the King of Sicily to acquaint him with his design, and to desire a safe passport; who, knowing nothing of his grandson's affections towards the lady, nor thinking that it was desired upon that account, readily granted it. The King of Tunis then fitted out a stately ship at Carthage, and providing it with every thing necessary to transport his daughter to Granada, waited only for the time that had been appointed. Whilst this was in agitation, the young lady sent one of her servants to Palermo to acquaint the prince that she was to sail in a few days, and that it would now appear whether he was a person of such valour as had been always reported, or had that love for her which he had often declared. The message was faithfully delivered; and the prince knowing, at the same time, that his grandfather had granted a passport, was at a loss how to behave; but reflecting upon the lady's words, and that he might acquit himself with honour, he hired two light ships at Messina, which he took care to have well manned, and sailed with them to the coast of Sardinia, expecting that the ship which had his mistress on board must take that course. In a few days that expectation was answered, and he beheld her sailing with a light gale of wind near the place where he was stationed. Upon this he addressed himself to his companions in the following manner: "My friends, if you are men of the worth I suppose you to possess, I imagine there is none of you but must have felt the extraordinary power of love, without which, as I judge by myself, there can be nothing virtuous and praiseworthy. If then you have ever been, or are now in love, you will the more easily comprehend the nature of my design. It is love that makes me call upon you; and the object of it is in the ship before you. Besides that, there is a store of riches, which, if you fight manfully, you may easily obtain. For my part I desire nothing but the lady, for whose sake I have taken up arms: everything else shall be yours. Let us go then boldly to the attack; fortune seems to favour our undertaking; they lie still, unable to get along for want of wind." The prince had no occasion to make use of such an exhortation; his people, eager for rapine, were ready enough to obey his orders. They declared their approbation then with a great shout, whilst

the trumpets sounded, and they all armed themselves, and rowed towards the ship. In like manner the other ship's crew, seeing two galleys come towards them, and that there was no possibility of escaping by flight, stood resolutely upon their defence. The prince being come sufficiently near, ordered that the masters of the ship should come on board, unless they meant to fight. Whilst the Saracens, understanding who they were, and what their demand was, told them that it was contrary to treaty, and shewed them their passport: declaring farther that they would neither surrender themselves, nor part with anything in the ship till they were forced to it. The prince, now seeing the lady upon deck, whose charms exceeded even fancy itself, replied, "Your passport has no weight with me; either deliver up the lady or prepare for fight." Whereupon they began slinging darts and stones on both sides; battering one another for a considerable time, to the great damage of both. At length, when the prince saw that little good was to be done that way, he took a small pinnace which he had brought with him from Sardinia, and setting it on fire, towed it with his two vessels sideways of the ship; which the Saracens observing, and being now assured that they must either surrender or perish, had the lady brought from below, where she was all in tears, when they called upon the prince, and murdered her before his face, begging in vain for mercy and his assistance, and threw her into the sea, saying, "Take her, such as we can now give thee; and such as thy breach of faith hath deserved." He, seeing their cruelty, nor caring now what became of his own life, in spite of all the darts and stones that were thrown at him, came up close with the ship, and boarded her; and, as a famished lion, when he gets among a herd of cattle, gives a loose to his fury before he satisfies his hunger, so did the prince slay all that came in his way, whilst the fire getting ahead in the ship, he ordered the sailors to save what booty they were able for themselves, and he returned to his ship little pleased with so dear a conquest. Afterwards, having recovered the lady's body out of the sea, and lamenting heartily over it, he returned to Sicily, and had it buried in a little island over against Trapani, from whence he came sorrowfully home. The King of Tunis, upon hearing the news, sent ambassadors all in deep mourning to the King of Sicily, complaining of the breach of faith, and relating in what manner it had been done. William was much concerned at

this, and seeing no way by which he could deny them the justice they demanded, had his grandson seized; and, notwithstanding the intercession of every one of his barons, ordered his head to be struck off in his presence; choosing rather to be without a grandson, than be thought a king without honour. So miserable was the end of these two lovers within a few days of each other, without tasting the least fruit of their loves.

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NOVEL V.

Isabella's brothers put her lover to death; he appears to her in a dream, and shows her where he is buried. She privately brings away his head; and, putting it into a pot of basil and other sweet herbs, laments over it a considerable time every day. At length they take it away from her, and she soon after dies for grief.

ELIZA having concluded her novel, which was commended by the king, Philomena was then ordered to begin; who, full of pity for the two unhappy lovers last mentioned, fetched a deep sigh, and said:—My novel will not be concerning people of such high rank as those about whom Eliza has now been relating, but perhaps it may be equally moving; and I am led to it from her mentioning Messina, where the thing happened.—There lived, then, at Messina, three young merchants, who were brothers, and left very rich by their father: they had an only sister, a lady of worth and beauty, who was unmarried. Now they kept a youth, by way of factor, to manage their affairs, called Lorenzo, one of a very agreeable person, who, being often in Isabella's company, and finding himself no way disagreeable to her, confined all his wishes to her only, which in some little time had their full effect. This affair was carried on between them for a considerable time, without the least suspicion; till one night it happened, as she was going to his chamber, that the eldest brother saw her, without her knowing it. This afflicted him greatly; yet, being a prudent man, he made no discovery, but lay considering with himself till morning, what course was best for them to take. He then related to his brothers what he had seen, with regard to their sister and Lorenzo, and, after a long debate, it was resolved to seem to take no notice of it for the present, but to make away with him privately, the first opportunity, that they might remove all cause of reproach both to their sister and themselves. Continuing in this resolution, they behaved with the same freedom

and civility to Lorenzo as ever, till at length, under a pretence of going out of the city, upon a party of pleasure, they carried him along with them, and arriving at a lonesome place, fit for their purpose, they slew him, unprepared to make any defence, and buried him there; then, returning to Messina, they gave it out that they had sent him on a journey of business, which was easily believed, because they frequently did so. In some time, she, thinking that he made a long stay, began to inquire earnestly of her brothers concerning him, and this she did so often, that at last one of them said to her, "What have you to do with Lorenzo, that you are continually teasing us about him? If you inquire any more, you shall receive such an answer as you will by no means approve of." This grieved her exceedingly; and, fearing she knew not why, she remained without asking any more questions; yet all the night would she lament and complain of his long stay; and thus she spent her life in a tedious and anxious waiting for his return; till one night it happened, that having wept herself asleep, he appeared to her in a dream, all pale and ghastly, with his clothes rent in pieces; and she thought he spoke to her thus: "My dear Isabel, thou grievest incessantly for my absence, and art continually calling upon me: but know that I can return no more to thee, for the last day that thou sawest me, thy brothers put me to death." And, describing the place where they had buried him, he bid her call no more upon him, nor ever expect to see him again, and disappeared. She, waking, and giving credit to the vision, lamented exceedingly; and, not daring to say anything to her brethren, resolved to go to the place mentioned in the dream, to be convinced of the reality of it. Accordingly, having leave to go a little way into the country, along with a companion of hers, who was acquainted with all her affairs, she went thither, and clearing the ground of the dried leaves with which it was covered, she observed where the earth seemed to be lightest, and dug there. She had not searched far before she came to her lover's body, which she found in no degree wasted; this confirmed her of the truth of her vision, and she was in the utmost concern on that account; but, as that was not a fit place for lamentation, she would willingly have taken the corpse away with her, to have given it a more decent interment; but, finding herself unable to do that, she cut off his head, which she put into a handkerchief, and, covering the trunk again with the mould, she gave it to her maid

to carry, and returned home without being perceived. She then shut herself up in her chamber, and lamented over it till it was bathed in her tears, which being done, she put it into a flower pot, having folded it in a fine napkin, and covering it with earth, she planted sweet herbs therein, which she watered with nothing but rose or orange water, or else with her tears; accustoming herself to sit always before it, and devoting her whole heart unto it, as containing her dear Lorenzo. The sweet herbs, what with her continual bathing, and the moisture arising from the putrified head, flourished exceedingly, and sent forth a most agreeable odour. Continuing this manner of life, she was observed by some of the neighbours, and they related her conduct to her brothers, who had before remarked with surprise the decay of her beauty. Accordingly, they reprimanded her for it, and, finding that ineffectual, stole the pot from her. She, perceiving that it was taken away, begged earnestly of them to restore it, which they refusing, she fell sick. The young men wondered much why she should have so great a fancy for it, and were resolved to see what it contained: turning out the earth, therefore, they saw the napkin, and in it the head, not so much consumed, but that, by the curled locks, they knew it to be Lorenzo's, which threw them into the utmost astonishment, and fearing lest it should be known, they buried it privately, and withdrew themselves from thence to Naples. The young lady never ceased weeping, and calling for her pot of flowers, till she died; and thus terminated her unfortunate love.—But, in some time afterwards, the thing became public, which gave rise to this song:

Most cruel and unkind was he,
That of my flowers deprived me, &c.

NOVEL VI.

A young lady, named Andrevuola, was in love with Gabriotto; they relate to each other their dreams, when he falls down dead in her arms; as she and her maid are carrying him out, they are apprehended by the officers of justice, and she relates how the affair happened. Afterwards the magistrate would force her, but she resists; at length her father hears of it, and as her innocence is clear, has her set at liberty. From that period she grows weary of the world, and becomes a nun.

THE ladies were all pleased with Philomena's novel, because they had often heard the song, but were unacquainted with the reason of its being made; whilst the king gave the next command to Pamphilus, who began thus:—

The dream in the preceding story puts me in mind of another, in which mention is made of two different dreams, that show what was to happen, as the last did what had already come to pass; and which were no sooner related, but the effect as suddenly followed. You must know, then, that it is a general passion in all people to see many things in their sleep, which appear real at that time, and when we awake we judge some of them to be so; some to be barely probable, and others to be utterly false; many of which have come to pass. For which reason we see many persons pay the same regard to a dream, as they would do to anything which they saw whilst they were really awake; insomuch that they find constant matter of joy or trouble from thence, according to their different hopes or fears. On the contrary, there are others who will believe nothing of that kind, until they fall into the very danger of which they have been in that manner forewarned. Of these, I commend neither the one nor the other; for, as all are not true, neither are they all false: that all are not true, we may each of us have frequently observed; and yet that all are not false, appears from Philomena's novel, and will be further shown by mine. Therefore, I am of opinion, that in a virtuous life and a good cause you need regard no dream, which may disagree, so as to forego any good intention. And, on the contrary, that in bad actions, although your dreams seem to be favourable, and to promise success, yet should you give no credit to these any more than to the others.

But to proceed with my story. In the city of Brescia there lived a gentleman, called Signor Negro de Ponte Carraro, who,

besides his other children, had a daughter named Andrevuola, a young and beautiful lady: now she had taken a fancy to a neighbour, whose name was Gabriotto, a man of mean extraction, but excellent qualities, as well as graceful person; and, by her maid's assistance, she had managed so, that he was not only made acquainted with it, but they had frequent interviews together in her father's garden, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. And, that nothing but death should part their affection, they were privately married. Continuing their meetings in this manner, it happened one night that she dreamed they were in the garden together, and, as she had him in her arms, she thought she saw something black and frightful arise out of his body, the form of which she could not well comprehend; which took him by force from her, and went with him underground; and from that time she could neither see one nor the other; this gave her infinite concern, and glad she was, upon waking, to find it otherwise: yet she had some dread still upon her on account of the dream. The next night, therefore, on his desiring to meet her, she endeavoured all she could to excuse herself; but seeing him resolute, and fearing to disoblige him, she received him as usual; and, after they had diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and sat down by a fountain-side, he inquired the reason why she would have prevented his coming that night. She then related her dream, and the apprehensions it had occasioned; which made him laugh, and tell her that it was a folly to mind dreams, which proceeded, for the most part, from the stomach being either too full or too empty, and which we every day see to be of no significancy: "But," added he, "had I shewed any regard to dreams, I should not have come here, and not so much for the sake of yours, as one of my own the last night, which was this: I thought I was hunting in a most delightful forest, and that I had taken a young beautiful hind, a white as snow, which in a little time became so tame that it never left me; when I, fearing to lose it, put a collar of gold about its neck, which I held by a golden chain in my hand; afterwards, being couched down by me, with its head in my bosom, on a sudden a greyhound, as black as jet, came rushing upon us, but from whence I could not imagine, seeming half-starved, and monstrously ugly; at me he made his full career, and it seemed as if he put his snout into my bosom, on my left side, and griped me to my very heart, which I thought he tore away from me, and

which gave me such pain that I instantly awoke ; when I laid my hand on my side, to feel if anything was amiss, and could not help laughing afterwards at my own weakness for doing so. What can be said, then, in such sort of cases? I have often had as bad or worse dreams, and nothing ever happened to me ; then let us think of something else." The lady was still more dismayed at hearing this, but concealed it as much as possible, for fear of giving him uneasiness ; yet every now and then would she cast her eye down the garden, to see if anything monstrous appeared. Till at length he, fetching a deep sigh, embraced her, and said, "Alas, my life, help me, I am just dying!" and, having said that, fell down upon the ground ; which she perceiving, drew him into her lap, and weeping said, "My dearest love, what is it that you feel?" He made no answer, but, gasping vehemently, and perspiring inordinately, he soon expired. It is easy to conceive how grievous this was to the lady, who loved him more than her own life. She called upon him by name, over and over again, and wept for a considerable time ; but, seeing that he was certainly dead, and not knowing what to do, she ran, all in tears, to call her maid, who had been entrusted with the secret, and, after they had lamented over him for some time together, she said to her: Since Heaven has taken away my love from me, I mean to live no longer myself ; but, before I put my design into execution, I would take the most effectual means to preserve my honour, by concealing the affection that existed between us ; I desire then to have this body first interred, whose dear soul is now departed." When the maid replied : "My good lady, do not talk of destroying yourself ; for, by doing an act of that kind, you will lose him also in the other world: a soul like his must be happy, and you would send yours to endless misery: you had better make yourself easy, and think how you may be of service, by offering up some few prayers in his behalf, if by chance he should stand in need of them, for any sin he may have committed.—With regard to his interment, that may easily be done in this garden, because it was never known that he came hither ; or, if you will not agree to that, we will carry him out, and leave him there ; he will be found in the morning, and conveyed home, when his relations will take care to bury him." The lady, though she was overwhelmed with grief, listened attentively to the maid's advice ; and not approving of the former part of it, she said, with regard to the latter, "Heaven

forbid that I should ever suffer a youth so dearly beloved by me, as well as my husband, either to be buried like a dog, or left in the street: he has had my prayers, and shall have those of his friends and relations. I am now resolved what to do." And immediately she sent the maid for a piece of rich silk she had in her cabinet, which being brought, she spread it upon the ground, and they laid the body upon it, with the head on a pillow; and closing his eyes and mouth, with abundance of tears, putting a garland of roses on his head, and strewing them over his body, she said to her maid: "It is not far from hence to his house, whither we can easily carry him, as he now is, and we will lay him before the door; it will soon be day, and then he will be found; and though it will be a sad sight to his friends, to me, in whose arms he died, it will be a satisfaction." Having said this, she hung down her head over him, and wept for a considerable time; till, being reminded by her servant that daybreak was at hand, she raised herself up, and taking the ring from her finger, with which he had espoused her, she put it upon his, saying, "My dear lord, if thy soul has any knowledge of my tears, or if there be any sense or understanding left after that is departed from the body, receive this last gift from her who was once so dear to thee:" and at these words she fell down in a swoon.—In some little time she came to herself, when they took up the silk, on which the body was laid, and went with it out of the garden, towards his house. And, as they passed along, it happened that they were met by some of the provost's officers, who were out upon another affair, and who seized them as they were carrying off the corpse. Andrevuola, coveting death at that time more than life, said freely to them, "I know who you are, and that it would be in vain to think of escaping; I am ready then to go before the magistrates, and to relate all I know concerning this matter: but let none of you dare to touch me, because I offer no resistance; nor touch anything belonging to this body, under pain of being accused himself." Accordingly it was carried untouched to the provost's hall, and, when notice of it was given to him, he arose, and she being brought before him, he began to question her how, and by what means, this thing had happened. Physicians also were sent for to give their opinions, whether it was done by poison, or any such way; who all declared the contrary, affirming that some vein near the heart was broken, which had suffocated him. The provost

hearing this, and perceiving her innocence, seemed to make a matter of favour of it, and told her he would set her at liberty, upon condition that she would yield herself to his pleasure; which she refusing, he was base enough to try force. But she, fired with a noble disdain, defended herself with great courage and resolution. It being now broad day, and the news being carried to Signor Negro, he went, full of grief, to the hall, attended by many of his friends, when, being informed of his daughter's innocence, he demanded her from the provost; who, choosing rather to mention himself what had happened, than to have her accuse him, began, with great commendation of her constancy and virtue, owning his design towards her; and offering to marry her, notwithstanding the meanness of her former marriage, if it was agreeable to her father and herself. And whilst he was speaking, she entered, and falling down on her knees before him, said, "My dear father, I suppose I need not tell you either of my boldness or my misfortune, as you must certainly have heard, and know both: therefore I most humbly beg your forgiveness for having married without your knowledge, the person whom I most loved; and this I do with no view to a pardon, but that I may die as your daughter, and not as an enemy."

Signor Negro was advanced in years, and, being one of a courteous and gentle disposition, could not refrain from tears at these words, and, raising her tenderly from the ground, he said, "Daughter, I should have been more glad if you had taken such a husband as I had approved of; yet, if you married to please yourself, this ought to please me. But to conceal it entirely, gives me concern for the little confidence you repose in me; especially as he is dead before I knew anything of the matter: but since it is so, the respect, for your sake, that I would have showed him, as my son-in-law, whilst he was living, I mean to express now he is dead." Then, turning to his children and friends, he ordered them to get every thing in readiness for a solemn and magnificent funeral. By this time Gabriotto's friends and relations had assembled, as well as great crowds from all parts of the city; and, the corpse being set in the middle of the court, in the manner she had before adorned it, great lamentation was made over it, by all the relations and others present; and from thence it was carried to the grave, not like an ordinary citizen, but as of a person of quality, upon the shoulders of some of the most eminent citizens, with the utmost honour and

respect. A few days afterwards, the provost renewed his request, and Signor Negro recommended it to his daughter, who would hear nothing of it: and he, willing to make her easy, sent both her and her maid into a monastery of great devotion; where, after a long course of time, they ended their lives.

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NOVEL VII.

Pasquino is in love with Simona; and, being in a garden together, he happens to rub his teeth with a leaf of sage, and immediately dies. She is brought before the judge, when, being desirous of shewing him the cause of Pasquino's death, she rubs her teeth with the same herb, and meets with a similar fate.

PAMPHILUS had gone through his novel, when the king, seeming to be under no concern for Andrevuola, turned to Emilia, and desired her to begin; which she did accordingly in this manner:—

Pamphilus's story puts me in mind of another, which is only like it in this respect, that, as Andrevuola lost her lover in a garden, so she of whom I am going to speak was taken up in the same manner as Andrevuola was, and delivered from the hands of justice, neither by force nor virtue, but by unexpected death. And though we have said before, that love makes his habitation in the houses of great people, yet does he not disown all influence over the poorer sort. On the contrary, all-powerful as he is, he shews his power over them; as well as over the rich; as will appear in a great measure from my novel; which brings me back again to our city, from which we had so far strayed to talk of other subjects, that have happened in different parts of the world. There lived not long since at Florence, a young woman, agreeable enough, according to her rank, but descended of mean parents, whose name was Simona; and though she earned her bread by spinning, yet she was not beneath the passion of love, with which she was inspired by the pleasing conversation and behaviour of a young man of the same condition as herself, who used to bring her wool to spin for his master, a clothier. From this youth, whose name was Pasquino, she received the amorous flame, ever wishing, but not expecting any thing farther; whilst still, as her wheel went round, she sent forth a thousand sighs, calling him then to mind who had brought her the wool. He, on the other part, being desirous that his

master's work should be well done, as if Simona's spinning was to make up the whole piece, used to call oftener upon her than upon any one else; whence the one continually soliciting, and the other desiring to be solicited, it happened, that the first began to assume more courage than he used to have, and the second lost a good deal of her fear and bashfulness, so that they seemed at last to have come to a tolerable understanding. This good liking of theirs continuing for some time, and every day increasing, he happened to say to her one day, that he desired of all things to meet her in a certain garden, where they might talk together with more freedom and less suspicion. She assured him that she was willing; and telling her father, one Sunday after dinner, that she was going for an indulgence, to St. Gallo, she went along with a companion of hers, called Lagina, to the place appointed. There she found him with a friend of his, named Puccino, though more usually called Stramba; when Stramba and Lagina soon became acquainted, and drew to one end of the garden; whilst Pasquino and Simona were at the other. In that part where this couple was, grew a large bush of sage, where they seated themselves, and having talked about a feast, which they intended to have some holiday in that garden, he plucked a leaf of the sage, and began to rub his teeth and gums with it, saying, that nothing cleansed the teeth better after eating than sage: and when he had done he returned to his former subject of the feast, when immediately he began to change countenance, his sight and speech both failed him, and he suddenly expired. When Simona saw this, she began to lament, and called for help to the other two, who instantly came thither, and seeing him not only swelled, but full of black spots, Stramba immediately cried out, "Oh! thou vile woman, thou hast poisoned him." And he made such an uproar, that he was heard by many of the neighbours, who flocked thither, and finding the man dead and swelled, and hearing Stramba lament and accuse Simona of his death, whilst grief for the loss of her lover, and astonishment together, had so confounded her, that she scarcely made any defence, they supposed it was as he said. Upon which the poor creature was carried before a magistrate; when Stramba, and two other friends of Pasquino, being her accusers, the judge took immediate cognizance of it, and not being able to see any malicious intent in Simona, or that she was in the least guilty, he wished to view the dead body, as well as the place and manner of it, because there were

some things which he could not well understand from her account. Coming, then, without any great bustle to the garden, where Pasquino's body lay puffed up like a tun, the judge was surprised, and inquiring how it happened, Simona went to the bush of sage, and having related the whole affair, that he might have a perfect account, rubbed her teeth with a leaf, as Pasquino had done. Stramba and the rest looked upon this as a frivolous and vain pretence, and called out violently to the judge to have her burnt for her wickedness; whilst she (miserable wretch!) grieved for the loss of her lover, and terrified to death with their threats, having rubbed her teeth with the same sage that he had used, dropped down dead in a similar manner, to the wonder of them all.

Happy souls! to end both their loves and their lives on the same day. More happy still, if they went together to the same place. Happiest, if they love one another as much in the other world as here. But happiest of all, at least in our judgment, is the soul of Simona, whose innocence fortune would not leave at the mercy of such witnesses, and therefore found a way, by her dying the same death with her lover, for her to escape their slander, and to follow the soul of her beloved Pasquino.

The judge was as one in amaze at this accident, as well as the rest of the company; and upon recollecting himself at last, he said, this sage is plainly venomous; therefore, that nobody else may suffer by it, let it be cut up by the roots and burnt; which was done by the gardener in his presence, when the cause of the lovers' deaths plainly appeared. Under it was a monstrous overgrown toad, with whose breath it was judged to be infected. And none being hardy enough to go near it, they made a circle of stubble round it, and burnt it along with the sage. So ended the process upon the death of poor Pasquino, whose body, as well as that of Simona, was interred by Stramba and the rest of the people present, in St. Paul's church, to which parish they were said to belong.

NOVEL VIII.

Girolamo is in love with Salvestra, and is obliged by his mother to go to Paris. On his return he finds her married; and getting privately into her house, he breathes his last by her side. Being carried from thence to a church to be buried, she dies likewise upon his corpse.

EMILIA'S novel was concluded, when by the king's order Neiphile began as follows:—

There are some people, most worthy ladies, who think they know more than other folks, and yet know less; and upon this presumption not only oppose their opinions to the general sense of mankind, but even to the very nature of things; from whence proceed frequently great inconveniences, and never any good. Amongst natural causes, that which the least brooks any advice or opposition is love, the nature of which is such, as more easily to wear away of itself, than to be removed by any admonition; for which reason I intend to relate a story of a lady, who, willing to appear wiser than she really was, or than the thing in which she would have shewed her good understanding required, by endeavouring to drive away that passion from a heart in which it was firmly implanted, deprived her son both of life and love at the same time.—In our city, as it is reported, there lived a great and wealthy merchant, whose name was Lionardo Sighieri, who by his wife had an only son called Girolamo. He died presently after his son was born, and the infant's guardians along with his mother took all possible care both of him and his affairs. As he grew up, amongst the other children of the neighbourhood, he used to play with a tailor's daughter much about the same age; in time that acquaintance changed into love, which became so vehement, that he was never easy unless he was in her company, and her respect and good liking were the same for him. His mother observed it, and would frequently correct him for it; and finding that ineffectual, complained to his guardians; and thinking, on account of his riches, that she might work impossibilities, she said to them, "This boy of mine, who is but fourteen years old, has taken such a fancy to a tailor's daughter, that unless we remove him he will marry her privately some time or another, which will be death to me; or else he will pine and consume himself away, if he sees her married to another person; for which reason I think it best to send him a distance off to some of our

factors, in order by his absence to put her out of his thoughts, and afterwards we may provide a more suitable wife for him." They agreed with her that it would be right to do so, and promised her all the service that lay in their power. Calling him into the counting-house, one of them spoke kindly to him in this manner: "Young gentleman, as you are now of considerable years, it is fit that you should begin to look after your own affairs; for which reason we hold it proper that you go and reside some time at Paris, where you will see how a great part of your trade is carried on: besides you will have greater opportunities there of improving yourself than you can have here, and after you have conversed with persons of quality and distinction, of which there are great number at Paris, and learned their breeding and elegant accomplishments, it will then be time for you to return." He listened very attentively, and replied in a few words, that he would not consent, because he thought it full as well to stay at Florence. They reproved him a little for it; but finding they could get no other answer, they acquainted his mother. She was in a violent passion, and gave him hard words, not on account of his refusing to go, but for his love affairs, which availing nothing she began to use gentler means, entreating him in the mildest terms that he would oblige his guardians; and she prevailed so far, that he consented to go and stay one year there, and no more, and accordingly he went. Being sent thus to Paris, over head and ears in love, his return was put off from one day to another, till he was kept there at last two years; when coming home, more enamoured than ever, he found that his mistress was married to a young man, a tent-maker, which gave him infinite concern. But seeing that the thing could not be remedied, he endeavoured to bear it patiently; and finding out the place where she lived, he began, as is usual with young lovers, to walk frequently by the house supposing that she could no more have forgotten him than he had forgotten her; but the case was otherwise: she remembered him no more than if she had never seen him, at least it seemed so by her behaviour, which gave him great trouble; yet notwithstanding, he tried all means to make her call him to mind; but finding it in vain, he resolved to speak to her though it cost him his life. And having informed himself, by a neighbour, concerning the state of the house, he got into it privately one night, when they were gone to spend the evening with some friends, and hid himself in their

chamber behind some sail-cloths, where he waited till they returned, and were in bed; and when he thought the husband fast asleep, he went softly to her side, and laying his hand upon her breast, said gently to her, "My dear life, are you asleep?" She happening to be awake was going to cry out, when he immediately added, "For God's sake make no noise; I am your old lover Girolamo." She, hearing this, replied, all in a tremble, "Dear sir, go about your business; the time when we might love one another is past; you see I am married, and therefore am only to regard my husband; I entreat you then to depart, for if he should know of it, supposing nothing worse to happen, I should be miserable as long as I live, and our lives hitherto have been very comfortable together." The youth was extremely troubled at these words, and though he put her in mind of past times, and used many arguments and fair promises to persuade her, yet it was all in vain. At last he desired that, as a recompence for all his love, she would only let him lie by her side till he had warmed himself a little, for that he was quite starved with waiting for her, promising neither to speak nor touch her, and when he grew warmer to go away. She, having some compassion left for him, gave leave upon those conditions. He then lay down by her, and calling to mind his long passion, and her inflexible cruelty, as one destitute of all hope, resolved to die; and holding strongly his breath, he clenched his hands, and expired by her side. In some little time, she being surprised at his lying so still, and fearing lest her husband should wake, began to say to him, "Alas! sir, why do not you go away?" And perceiving that he made no answer, she supposed he was asleep, and putting her hand out to jog him, found him quite cold; greatly amazed at this, and shaking him more strongly, she perceived he was certainly dead. Affected beyond measure, she lay a considerable time, not knowing what course to take. At length, she resolved to sound her husband, by making it another person's case; waking him, therefore, she proposed it to him, as having happened to somebody else, and then asked him what he would do in such an affair. The honest man replied, that he would have him carried privately home, without the least resentment to the woman, because she seemed to be no way in fault. "Then," said she, "we must do so now:" and taking hold of his hand, laid it upon the dead body; upon which he arose in a great fright, and, lighting a candle, immediately took

the corpse upon his shoulders, having first put all its clothes upon it, and relying upon his innocence, carried it to the mother's door, and left it there. Being found in the morning, there was a great uproar about it, and the body was examined all over, and no wound or bruise appearing, the physicians declared that he died for grief, and such was really the case. The corpse was then carried to the church, attended by the sorrowful mother, and other friends and relations to lament over it, according to the custom of our city; and whilst this was doing, the honest man, in whose house he died, said to his wife, "Go, veil yourself, and haste to the church, and hear among the women what they say about it, and I will do the same amongst the men, by which means we shall know whether they have any suspicion of us." The woman, who had some pity for him, when it was too late, grew desirous of seeing him dead, to whom, whilst living, she would not vouchsafe the favour of one kiss, and went directly thither.

Most wonderful it is to conceive, with what difficulty is traced out the powerful working of love! That heart which was proof against the prosperous fortune of Girolamo, was now pierced by his adversity; and the old flames of love, which were revived, had such an effect upon her, that, veiled as she was, she still pressed forwards to the corpse; when she made a most terrible shriek, and falling down with her face upon it, she shed but a few tears; for the very instant almost that she touched it, grief deprived her of life, as it did Girolamo. In some little time the women began to comfort her, not knowing who she was, and to desire her to rise; but perceiving that she did not stir, they lifted her up, when they knew her to be Salvestra, and beheld that she was dead. Upon which the women, overcome as it were by a double compassion, set up a greater lamentation than before. The news being carried through the church, soon came to the ears of her husband, at which he was deeply concerned, and having related to some that stood by the whole affair of the preceding night, the cause of both their deaths plainly appeared, and they were generally lamented. They then took the dead lady, and laid her by his side upon the same bier, and they were buried with the greatest lamentations in the same grave; so this pair, which love could not join together in their life-time, did death unite by an inseparable conjunction.

NOVEL IX.

Gulielmo Rossiglione gives his wife to eat the heart of Gulielmo Guardastagno, her gallant, whom he had slain; as soon as she knew this, she threw herself out of a window, and, dying, was buried along with him.

THERE being an end of Neiphile's novel, not without the greatest compassion expressed by the whole company, the king, who meant not to infringe upon Dioneus's privilege, as there was nobody else left to speak, began thus:—

I now call to mind a story, which, as you are upon sorrowful subjects, will move you no less than the last, as the persons concerned were of greater figure, and the event more cruel. You must know, then, that in Provence were two noble knights, who had each of them castles of their own, and vassals under their subjection; one of whom was called Gulielmo Rossiglione, and the other Gulielmo Guardastagno; and, being both persons of great prowess, they took vast delight in military exploits, and used to go together to all tilts and tournaments, and appeared always in the same colours. And though they lived ten miles asunder, yet it happened, that Rossiglione having a very beautiful wife, the other, notwithstanding the friendship that existed between them, became violently in love, and by one means or other he soon let her know it; which, he being a valiant knight, was not at all displeasing to her; and she began to entertain the same respect for him, so that she wished for nothing so much as that he should speak to her upon that subject, which in some little time came to pass, and they were together more than once. Being not so discreet as they ought to have been, the husband soon perceived it, and he resented it to that degree, that the extreme love which had been between them was turned into the most inveterate hatred; but he was more private with it than they had the prudence to be with their amour, and was fully bent upon putting him to death.

Continuing in this resolution, it fell out that a public tilting match was proclaimed in France, which Rossiglione immediately signified to Guardastagno, and sent to desire his company at his castle, when they would resolve together about going, and in what manner: Guardastagno was extremely pleased with the message, and sent word back that he would sup with him the next night without fail. Rossiglione hearing this, thought it a fit opportunity to effect his design, and arming himself the next day, with some of

his servants, he went on horseback into a wood about a mile from his castle, through which Guardastagno was to pass, where he lay in wait for him: after a long stay, he beheld him unarmed, with two servants unarmed likewise, as not apprehending any danger; and, when he saw him in a fit place for his purpose, he ran with his lance at him, with the utmost malice and fury, saying, "Villain, thou art a dead man!" and the very instant he spoke the word, the lance passed from behind through his breast, and he fell down dead, without uttering a word.

The servants, not knowing who had done this, turned their horses, and fled with all possible haste to their lord's castle. Rossiglione now dismounted from his horse, and with a knife cut Guardastagno's breast open, and took out his heart; and, wrapping it in the streamer belonging to his lance, gave it to one of his servants to carry, and commanding them not to dare to speak of it, he mounted his horse, and, it being now night, returned to his castle. The lady, who had heard of Guardastagno's supping there that night, and longed much to see him, perceiving him not to come, was a good deal surprised, and said to her husband, "Pray, what is the reason that Guardastagno is not here?" He replied, "I have just received a message from him that he cannot be with us till to-morrow;" at which she seemed very uneasy. As soon as he alighted from his horse, he sent for the cook, and said to him, "Here, take this boar's heart, and be sure you make it as delicious as possible, and send it up to the table in a silver dish. Accordingly, he took and minced it very small, tossing it up with rich spices, and making it a sort of high-seasoned forced meat.

When supper-time came, they sat down, and the dishes were served up; but he could not eat much for thinking of what he had done. At last the cook sent up the forced meat, which he set before his lady, pretending himself to be out of order, but commending it to her as a nice dish; she, who was not at all squeamish, began to taste, and liked it so well that she eat it all up. When he saw that she had made an end, he said, "Madam, how do you like it?" She replied, "In good truth, sir, I like it much." "As God shall help me," quoth the knight, "I believe you; nor do I wonder that it pleases you so much now it is dead, which, when living, pleased you above all things." She made a pause at this, and then said, "Why, what is it that you have given me?" He replied, "It is really the heart of Guardastagno, whom you, base woman, loved

so well: be assured it is the same, for these very hands took it out of his breast, a little time before I returned home." The lady, hearing this of him whom she loved above all the world, you may easily imagine what her anguish must be: and at last she replied, "You have acted like a base villain as you are; for if I granted him a favour of my own accord, and you was injured thereby, it was I, and not he, that ought to have been punished. But let it never be said that any other food ever came after such a noble repast as was the heart of so valiant and worthy a knight." Then rising up, she instantly threw herself out of the window. It was a great height from the ground, and she was in a manner dashed to pieces. He seeing this, was a good deal confounded; and being conscious of having done a base action, fearing also the country's resentment, he had his horses saddled, and fled directly away. The next morning the whole story was known all round the country, when the two bodies were taken and buried together in one grave in the church which had belonged to the lady, with the utmost lamentation; and verses were written over them, signifying who they were, as well as the manner and cause of their deaths.

—o—

NOVEL X.

A doctor's wife puts her gallant into a chest, imagining him to be dead; which chest is stolen by two usurers, and carried home. He comes to himself, and is taken for a thief; whilst the lady's maid informs the magistrates that she had put him into a chest, which the usurers had carried away; upon which he escapes, and they are fined a sum of money.

DIONEUS was the only person now left to speak, who accordingly began, by the king's order, as follows:—

The miseries of unfortunate lovers, which have been related by you, have so affected both my eyes and heart, that I have long wished for their coming to an end. We may now be thankful that they are concluded, unless I should add one to their number, which is no part of my design; I mean therefore to shift the prospect, and to present you with a little mirth after all this sorrow, and which may serve as a good argument for to-morrow's discourse.

You must understand, then, that not long since lived at Salerno a famous doctor in surgery, called master Mazzeo della Montagua, who in his old age had married a young and beautiful wife, of the

same city. There being such a disproportion in their years, he spared no cost of clothes and jewels, and gratified her in everything of that kind she could wish for; so that she appeared far beyond any other lady in the city. But she was not to be so satisfied; and looking out amongst the young gentlemen abroad, she at last fixed upon one, on whom she settled her entire hope and affection; and he being made sensible of it, shewed the same regard for her. He was named Ruggieri da Jeroli, and of a noble family, but had been always of a rakish disposition, on which account he had disobliged all his friends so far, that none of them would see him, and he was now branded all over Salerno for everything that was vile and wicked. This had no weight with her, and by her maid's assistance they were brought together, when she reproved him for his past conduct, and desired, that, for her sake, he would leave off those wicked courses; and, to take away all temptation, supplied him from time to time with money. The affair being carried on in this manner between them with a good deal of caution, it happened that the doctor had a patient in the meantime who had a bad leg; this, he told the person's friends, was owing to a decayed bone, which he was obliged to take out to make a cure; otherwise he must either lose his leg or his life; but yet he looked upon it as a very doubtful case. They therefore bid him do as he thought most proper.

Now the doctor, supposing that the patient would never be able to endure the pain without an opiate, deferred the operation till the evening; and, in the meantime, ordered a water to be distilled from a certain composition, which, being drunk, would throw a person asleep as long as he judged it necessary in this particular case, and which being brought him home, he set it in his chamber window, without saying what it was. Now when the evening came on which he was to perform this operation, a messenger arrived from some very considerable persons at Malfi, who were his friends, charging him to come away instantly, for that there had been a great fray among them, in which many people were wounded. The doctor then put off the operation of the man's leg till morning, and went in a boat directly to Malfi: whilst the lady, knowing that he would be out all night, had her gallant brought privately into her chamber, where she locked him in, till certain persons of her family were gone to bed.

Ruggieri, waiting thus in the chamber, expecting his mistress,

and being extremely thirsty, whether from some fatigue, or salt meat that he had eaten, or rather from a bad habit which he had of drinking, happened to cast his eye upon the bottle of water, which the doctor had ordered for his patient, and imagining it was something pleasant to drink, took it all off at a draught; when, in a little time, he fell into a profound doze. The lady made what haste she could to her chamber, and finding him fast asleep, began, with a low voice, to try to wake him; but he making no reply, nor even stirring, she was much disturbed, and shook him roughly, saying, "Get up, sluggard! If thou art disposed to sleep, thou shouldst have stayed at home, and not come to sleep here."

He being pushed in that manner, fell down from a chest, on which he was sitting, upon the ground, and shewed no more sense or feeling than if he had been really dead. She was now under greater concern, and began to pull him by the nose, as well as twinge him by the beard, but it was all of no service, the enchantment was too strong. On this she really suspected him to be dead, and pinched and burnt his flesh with the candle, till, finding all to no purpose, and being no doctress, although her husband was a doctor, she took it for granted he was so.

You may easily suppose what her grief now must be, as she loved him beyond all the world; and, not daring to make any noise, she for some time continued silently deploring her calamity: till fearing at last lest dishonour should follow, she thought some means must be contrived to convey him out of the house; not knowing how to order it herself, she called her maid, and advised with her about it. The girl was under great surprise, and, trying all means to rouse him to no purpose, agreed with her mistress that he was certainly dead, and that it was best to get him away. The lady then said,—"But where can we carry him, that it may never be suspected to-morrow, when he shall be found, that he was brought from hence?"—"Madam," she replied, "I saw late this evening, before a joiner's shop in our neighbourhood, a good large chest, if it be not taken into the house again; we may put him in there well enough, giving him two or three slashes with a penknife; whoever finds him will scarcely imagine that we should put him there rather than anywhere else; on the contrary, it will rather be supposed that he has been upon some bad exploit, because he has a general ill character, and that he was killed by his adversary, and so shut up in the chest." She approved of her maid's advice in everything

save the wounding him, saying, that for all the world she would never consent to that. Accordingly she sent the maid to see if the chest was still there, who brought her word back that it was. And being stout and lusty, she took him on her shoulders, whilst the lady went first to see that nobody was in the way, and coming to the chest, they threw him in, and shutting the lid, left him there. The same day two young men, who let out money upon interest, chanced to take a house a little farther on in the same street, who willing to gain much and spend but little, and having need of household goods, had taken notice of that chest the day before, and were resolved, if it should be left there all night, to steal it away. At midnight, then, they went and carried it off, without examining at all into it, though it seemed to be very heavy, and set it in a chamber where their wives lay, and then went to bed. Now Ruggieri, by this time, had gotten the greater part of his sleep over; and his draught being pretty well digested, and its virtue at an end, he awoke before morning; and though his senses were in some measure returned to him, yet was there a kind of stupefaction remaining, which continued, not that night only, but for several days; yet he opened his eyes, and seeing nothing, threw his hands about him, when he perceived himself shut up; he was consequently in the utmost amaze, and said to himself—"What is the meaning of this? Where am I? Am I asleep or awake? I remember last night to have been in my mistress's chamber, and now methinks I am in a chest. What can it be? Sure the doctor is returned, or some other accident has happened; and she, finding me asleep, put me in here: it can be nothing else." Upon that consideration he lay still, and began to listen if he could hear anything stir; and having lain for some time in an uneasy posture, as the chest was strait, and that side being sore that he had pressed so long upon, he was willing to turn upon the other; when, thrusting his back against one side of the chest, which stood upon an unequal place, he overset it, and down it came to the floor, with such a noise, that the women were awakened, and frightened out of their wits. Ruggieri upon this knew not what to think, but finding the chest open with the fall, he thought it better to get out if he could, than to stay within doors; therefore he went groping up and down in the dark, to find some door or place to make his escape at. They hearing this, cried out, "Who is there?" But he not knowing their voices, made no answer. Upon this they began to call their hus-

bands, but they were so fast asleep, having been awake the greatest part of the night, that they heard nothing of the matter. They were then more terrified than before, and went to the window calling out, "Thieves! thieves!" This brought many of the neighbours together, who forced their way into the house: and the husbands also were raised with this clamour, and seized upon poor Ruggieri, who was out of his wits almost with surprise to find himself there, where he saw no possibility of making his escape. And by this time the city officers were drawn thither, by reason of the tumult, into whose hands he was delivered, and had by them before the provost, when he was immediately put to the rack, as he was one of bad character; and he confessed that he had gotten into the house with intent to rob them; whereupon the provost sentenced him to be hanged out of hand. That morning the news was carried all over Salerno that Ruggieri was taken breaking into the usurer's house; which the lady and her maid hearing, were so astonished, that they could scarcely believe what had happened the preceding night was real; whilst the lady was in such concern for her lover, that she was almost distracted. Some few hours after the doctor returned from Malfi, when he inquired for his narcotic water, because he was then going upon his operation; and finding the bottle empty, he made a terrible mutiny, telling them that nothing in his house could stand untouched for them. The lady, who had something else lay nearer her heart, replied with some warmth, "What would you say in anything of consequence, when you make such a stir about a little water?" The doctor then said, "Lady, you should consider this is no common water, it is water distilled to cause sleep." And he further told her upon what account it was made. When she heard this, she concluded that Ruggieri had drank it off, and that they supposed him therefore to be dead; and she added, "Sir, we knew nothing of your intention, but if you please you can make more:" and he perceiving that there was no other remedy, did so. Soon afterwards the maid returned, whom she had sent to learn news of her lover: and she said, "Madam, there is nobody that speaks well of Ruggieri, whether relation or otherwise, or intends to give him any assistance; but all people agree that he will be hanged to-morrow: one thing, however, I have learnt, which is new; that is, how he came into those usurers' house, which I will tell you. You know the joiner at whose door the chest stood, wherein we had put him; he

has just had a warm dispute with another person, who, it seems, owned the chest, and who insisted that the joiner should pay for it: however, he replied that he had not sold it, but that it was stolen away from him. The other answered, 'It is a story, you sold it to two usurers, as they themselves told me this morning, when I saw it in their house at the time Ruggieri was taken. 'They are liars,' quoth the joiner, 'I never sold it them; but they stole it from me last night; let us go to them therefore.' So away they went together, whilst I returned hither; from hence it is easy to see that Ruggieri was carried in that manner to the place where he was taken; but how he came to himself afterwards is beyond my comprehension."

The lady now plainly saw how the case was, and told her maid what she had learnt from the doctor, begging that she would lend her assistance in promoting her lover's escape: for it was in her power at once to save his life and her honour. The maid answered, "Madam, tell me only which way, and I will do it with all my heart." The lady, as it was a thing that so nearly touched her, had all her wits about her, and gave the maid full instructions what she wished her to do: accordingly she went to the doctor, and began to weep, saying, "Sir, I am come to ask your pardon for a great crime which I have committed towards you." The doctor asked what crime it was? She, continuing to weep, replied, "You know what sort of a person Ruggieri da Jeroli is, who has been my sweetheart for this twelvemonth past, notwithstanding all his imperfections; and who, knowing last night that you were abroad, wheedled me so far, that I brought him into your house, and took him up into my chamber to be all night with me; when, being thirsty, and I not knowing how to get him either any water or wine without my mistress's seeing it, who was then in the hall, I suddenly recollected to have seen a bottle of watter in your chamber, which I fetched and gave him to drink, and set the bottle again where I found it; and I since understand that you have been in a great passion about it: I confess I did very ill; but who is there that some time or other doth not act amiss? I am extremely concerned for it; not so much upon account of the thing itself, as what has ensued; for it hath brought him in danger of his life. Therefore I earnestly beg your forgiveness, and that you would give me leave to go and assist him to the utmost of my power"

The doctor, hearing this story, answered merrily, notwithstanding his former passion: "You have reason enough to be sorry upon your own account, for instead of having a young brisk fellow you had nothing but a sluggard. You may go then and save the man, if you can, but take care you do so no more; for if you do, I shall then pay you for all together." Having this answer, she thought she had made a good beginning; therefore she hastened to the prison and persuaded the gaoler to let her speak to Ruggieri; when, having informed him what answers he was to make to the magistrate if he meant to escape, she went from thence to the judge, to whom she got introduced, and said to him, "Sir, you have had Ruggieri da Jeroli before you, who was taken up for a thief; but the case is quite otherwise;" and here she related her whole story: how she had brought him into the doctor's house, how she had given him that narcotic water to drink without knowing it, and how he was put into the chest for dead: she afterwards told him what had passed between the joiner and the owner of the chest, making it appear how he came into the usurer's house.

The judge saw that it would be an easy thing to come at the truth of this matter; therefore, he first inquired of the doctor whether the story was true concerning the water, and found it exactly so: he then sent for the joiner and owner of the chest, as also the usurers; and after much examination it appeared that they had stolen the chest the foregoing night, and carried it home. Last of all he had Ruggieri brought before him, when he being asked where he had lodged that night, he replied, That he could not tell where he actually did lie; but said his intention was to have lain with the doctor's maid in whose chamber he had drunk some water to quench his most violent thirst; but what became of him from that time to the time of his awaking and finding himself in the chest in the usurer's house, that he could give no account of. The judge was mightily pleased with their accounts, and made them repeat their several stories over and over. At length, perceiving Ruggieri to be innocent, he set him at liberty, and sentenced the usurers to pay a fine of ten crowns. It is easy to imagine what Ruggieri's joy now was, as well as the lady's, who made themselves very merry together afterwards along with the maid, for the slashes with her penknife, which she meant to have given him; still going on in the same mirth and pleasure from

good to better: which I wish may happen always to myself, but never to be put into a chest.

If the former novels had occasioned great grief and sorrow to the ladies, this last of Dioneus's made ample amends. But the king now perceiving that the sun was about to set, and that his sovereignty was therefore at an end, began to excuse himself for giving such a cruel subject to expatiate upon, as the unhappiness of lovers: then rising up, he took the crown from his head, and whilst they were waiting to see to whom he would resign it, he put it upon Fiammetta, saying, "I make choice of you as one who knows better than any other person to comfort us, for what we have heard to-day with to-morrow's mirth." Fiammetta, whose locks hung in long graceful ringlets over her white and delicate shoulders, her face round and beautiful with white and red, like lilies and roses blended together; her eyes like those of a falcon's, with a little mouth whose lips were like rubies: she, I say, said with a smile, "Philostratus, I willingly accept it; and, to the end that you may the better recollect yourself concerning what you have done hitherto, I will and command that every one be prepared to treat to-morrow upon what has happened happily to lovers, after certain cruel and unlucky accidents;" which proposal was agreeable to them all. Calling then the steward, and concerting with him what was most needful to be done, she gave them leave to depart till supper. Some therefore walked into the garden, the beauty of which was such that they were never weary of it; others went to see the mill; and some went to one place and some to another, according to their different inclinations; till that time being come, they all met together, as usual, by the fountain-side, where they supped with great elegance and satisfaction to themselves. When that was over, they began to dance and sing: and as Philomena was leading up the dance, the queen said, "Philostratus, I do not intend to deviate from my predecessors, but as they have done hitherto, so intend I to order a song: and as I am very sure that yours are like your novels, therefore, that no more of our days be disturbed with your misfortunes, I desire you would give us one of those which pleases you most. Philostratus replied, "With all my heart:" and he immediately began the following

SONG.

CHORUS.

Sure none can more your pity move,
Than I. who am betray'd in love.

I.

When my poor wounded heart,
For her of whom I now complain,
First felt the am'rous smart,
The greatest pain
As nought I deem'd:
For she, since most unkind,
Then all perfection seem'd:
But, ah! too late my error now I find.
Sure, &c.

II.

For why? I see myself deceiv'd
By her, my only hope and joy;
And when too fondly I believ'd,
None so secure so blest as I;
All past engagements laid aside,
To soothe a happier rival's pride.
Sure, &c.

III.

Since my disgrace,
I mourn and curse the day,
When her too beauteous face
First stole my ravish'd heart away;
Whilst my too easy faith and love
An endless source of sorrow prove.
Sure, &c.

IV.

So great the grief,
Which has my mind possest!
That vain is all relief,
And only death can give me rest;
'Tis that shall all my sorrows close,
With a secure and long repose.
Sure, &c.

V.

No other means remain
To ease my pain;
But, oh! when clos'd shall be these eyes,
Within her breast
Let ne'er one anxious thought arise,
Be she for ever blest!
Sure, &c.

VI.

Yet ere I go,
Kind Cupid, whisper in her ear,
That 'tis for her,
I all these torments know:
Perhaps she may repent her usage past,
And grant my love a kind return at last.

CHORUS.

Sure none can more your pity move,
Than I, who am betray'd in love.

Philostratus's sentiments, and the grounds of them, were plainly set forth in this song, and perhaps the lady's countenance who was engaged in the dance had made a farther discovery, if the darkness of the night had not concealed the blushes rising in her face: but the song being ended, as well as many others afterwards, and the hour of rest now drawing on, by the queen's command they all repaired to their several chambers.

THE FIFTH DAY.

THE sun now darted forth his golden beams over the face of our hemisphere, when Fiammetta, awaked by the sweet music of the birds, who, from the first notice of day, had been merrily chanting among the trees, arose, and had all the company called up; when they walked leisurely together upon the dewy grass, into a pleasant meadow, until the sun was a little higher; conferring by the way upon many agreeable subjects. At last, when the heat grew a little intense, they retreated to their former station, where they refreshed themselves with wine and sweetmeats, and diverted themselves afterwards in the garden, till dinner-time: everything being provided at that hour, in the neatest manner, by their steward, they had a song or two, and then sat down: and dinner being ended, they were entertained again both with music and dancing. After that was over the queen gave them their liberty; when, accordingly, some went to lie down, and others amused themselves in the meantime in the garden: but at the usual hour they all met by her order at the fountain-side. When, being seated on her throne and casting her eye upon Pamphilus, she smiled; and desiring him to begin, he immediately complied in this manner.

NOVEL I.

Cymon becomes wise by being in love, and by force of arms wins Ephigenia his mistress upon the seas; and is imprisoned at Rhodes. Being delivered from thence by Lysimachus, with him he recovers Ephigenia, and flies with her to Crete, where he is married to her, and is afterwards recalled home.

A GREAT many novels come now fresh into my mind, for the beginning of such an agreeable day's discourse as this is likely to be; but one I am more particularly pleased with, because it not only shews the happy conclusion which we

Il Decamerone.

(Fifth Day.)

are to treat about, but how sacred, how powerful also, as well as advantageous, the force of love is; which some people, without knowing what they say, unjustly blame and vilify, and which I judge will rather be had in esteem by you, as I suppose you all to be subject to the tender passion.

According to the ancient histories of Cyprus, there lived some time in that island, one of great rank and distinction, called Aristippus, by far the wealthiest person in all the country; and if he was unhappy in any one respect, it was in having, amongst his other children, a son, who, though he exceeded most young people of his time in stature and comeliness, yet he was a perfect natural: his true name was Galeso, but as neither the labour nor skill of his master, nor the correction of his father, was ever able to beat one letter into his head, or the least instruction of any kind, and as his voice and manner of speaking were strangely harsh and uncouth, he was, by way of disdain, called only Cymon; which, in their language, signified *beast*. The father had long beheld him with infinite concern, and as all hopes were vanished concerning him, to remove out of his sight an object which afforded constant matter of grief, he ordered him away to his country-house, to be there with his slaves. This was extremely agreeable to Cymon, because people of that sort had been always most to his mind. Residing there and doing all sorts of drudgery pertaining to that kind of life, it happened one day, as he was going, about noon-tide, with his staff upon his shoulder, from one farm to another, that he passed through a pleasant grove, which, as it was then the month of May, was all in bloom; from whence, as his stars led him, he came into a meadow surrounded with high trees, in one corner of which was a crystal spring, and by the side of it upon the grass, lay a most beautiful damsel asleep, clothed with a mantle so exceedingly fine and delicate, as scarcely to conceal underneath the exquisite whiteness of her skin; only from her waist downwards she wore a white silken quilt, and at her feet were sleeping, likewise, two women and a man-servant.

As soon as Cymon cast his eye upon her, as if he had never seen the face of a woman before, he stood leaning upon his staff, and began to gaze with the utmost astonishment without speaking a word. When suddenly, in his rude uncivilized breast, which had hitherto been incapable of receiving the least impression of politeness whatsoever, a sudden thought arose, which seemed to

intimate to his gross and shallow understanding, that this was the most agreeable sight that ever was seen. From thence he began to examine each part by itself, commending every limb and feature; and being now become a judge of beauty from a mere idiot, he grew very desirous of seeing her eyes, on which account he was going several times to awake her; but as she so far excelled all other women that he ever saw, he was in doubt whether she was a mortal creature. This made him wait to see if she would awake of her own accord; and though that expectation seemed tedious to him, yet so pleasing was the object, that he had no power to leave it.

After a long time she came to herself, and raising up her head, saw Cymon stand propped upon his stick before her, at which she was surprised, and said, "Cymon, what are you looking for here at this time of day?" Now he was known all over the country, as well for his own rusticity, as his father's nobility and great wealth. He made no answer but stood with his eyes fixed upon hers, which seemed to dart a sweetness that filled him with a kind of joy to which he had hitherto been a stranger; whilst she, observing this, and not knowing what his rudeness might prompt him to, called up her women, and then said, "Cymon, go about your business.' He replied, "I will go along with you." And though she was afraid, and would have avoided his company, yet he would not leave her till he had brought her to her own house; from thence he went home to his father, when he declared that he would return no more into the country, which was very disagreeable to all his friends, but yet they let him alone, waiting to see what this change of temper could be owing to. Love thus having pierced his heart, when no lesson of any kind could ever find admittance, in a little time his way of thinking and behaviour were so far changed, that his father and friends were strangely surprised at it, as well as every body that knew him. First of all then, he asked his father to let him have clothes, and every thing else like his brethren; to which the father very willingly consented. Conversing too with young gentlemen of character, and observing their ways and manner of behaving, in a very short time he not only got over the first rudiments of learning, but attained to some knowledge in philosophy. Afterwards, his love for Ephigenia being the sole cause of it, his rude and rustic speech was changed into a tone more agreeable and civilized: he grew also a master of

music; and with regard to the military art, as well by sea as land, he became as expert and gallant as the best. In short, not to run over all his excellences, before the expiration of the fourth year from his being first in love, he turned out the most accomplished young gentleman in every respect that ever Cyprus could boast of. What, then, most gracious ladies, shall we say of Cymon? Surely nothing less than this; that all the noble qualities which had been infused by Heaven into his generous soul were shut up as it were by invidious fortune, and bound fast with the strongest fetters in a small corner of his heart, till love broke the enchantment, and drove with all its might these virtues out of that cruel obscurity, to which they had been long doomed, to a clear and open day; plainly shewing from whence it draws those spirits that are its votaries, and whither its mighty influence conducts them. Cymon, therefore, though he might have his flights like other young people, with regard to his love for Ephigenia, yet when Aristippus considered it was that had made a man of him, he not only bore with it, but encouraged him in the pursuit of his pleasures. Cymon, nevertheless, who refused to be called Galeso, remembering that Ephigenia had styled him Cymon, being desirous of bringing that affair to a happy conclusion, had often requested her in marriage of her father, who replied that he had already promised her to one Pasimunda, a young nobleman of Rhodes, and that he intended not to break his word. The time then being come that was appointed for their nuptials, and the husband having sent in form to demand her, Cymon said to himself: "O Ephigenia, the time is now come when I shall give proof how I love you, I am become a man on your account, and could I but obtain you. I should be as glorious and happy as the gods themselves; and have you I will, or else I will die."

Immediately he prevailed upon some young noblemen who were his friends, to assist him; and, fitting out a ship of war privately, they put to sea, in order to waylay the vessel that was to transport Ephigenia; who, after great respect and honour shewed by her father to her husband's friends, embarked with them for Rhodes. Cymon, who had but little rest that night, overtook them on the following day, when he called out, "Stop, and strike your sails; or expect to go to the bottom of the sea." They, on the other hand, had got all their arms above deck and were preparing for a vigorous defence. He therefore threw a grappling iron upon the other ship,

which was making the best of its way, and drew it close to his own; when, like a lion, without waiting for any one to second him, he jumped singly among his enemies, as if he cared not for them, and love spurring him on with incredible force, he cut and drove them all like so many sheep before him, till they soon threw down their arms, acknowledging themselves his prisoners; when he addressed himself to them in the following manner:—"Gentlemen, it is no desire of plunder, nor enmity to any of your company, that made me leave Cyprus to fall upon you here in this manner. What occasioned it is a matter, the success of which is of the utmost consequence to myself, and as easy for you quietly to grant me: it is Ephigenia, whom I love above all the world; and as I could not have her from her father peaceably, and as a friend, my love constrains me to win her from you as an enemy, by force of arms. Therefore I am resolved to be to her what your Pasimunda was to have been. Resign her then to me, and go away in God's name."

The people, more by force than any good will, gave her, all in tears, up to Cymon; who, seeing her lament in that manner, said, "Fair lady, be not discouraged; I am your Cymon, who have a better claim to your affection, on account of my long and constant love, than Pasimunda can have by virtue of a promise." Taking her then on board his ship, without meddling with any thing else that belonged to them, he suffered them to depart. Cymon thus being the most overjoyed man that could be, after comforting the lady under her calamity, consulted with his friends what to do, who were of opinion that they should by no means return to Cyprus yet; but that it were better to go directly to Crete, where they had all relations and friends, but Cymon especially, on which account they might be more secure there along with Ephigenia; and accordingly they directed their course that way. But fortune, who had given the lady to Cymon by an easy conquest, soon changed his immoderate joy into most sad and bitter lamentation. In about four hours from his parting with the Rhodians, night came upon them, which was more welcome to Cymon than any of the rest, and with it a most violent tempest, which overspread the face of the heavens in such a manner, that they could neither see what they did, nor whither they were carried; nor were they able at all to steer the ship. You may easily suppose what Cymon's grief must be on this occasion. He concluded that Heaven had crowned his desires only to make death more grievous to him,

which before would have been but little regarded. His friends also were greatly affected, but especially Ephigenia, who trembled at every shock, still sharply upbraiding his ill-timed love, and declaring that this tempest was sent by Providence for no other reason, but that as he had resolved to have her contrary to the will and disposal of Heaven, to disappoint that presumption; and that, seeing her die first, he might die likewise in the same miserable manner.

Amongst such complaints as these they were carried at last, the wind growing continually more violent, near the island of Rhodes; and not knowing where they were, they endeavoured, for the safety of their lives, to get to land if possible. In this they succeeded, and got into a little bay, where the Rhodian ship had arrived just before them; nor did they know they were at Rhodes till the next morning, when they saw, about a bow-shot from them, the same ship they had parted with the day before. Cymon was greatly concerned at this, and fearing what afterwards came to pass, he bid them put to sea if possible, and trust to fortune, for they could never be in a worse place. They used all possible means then to get out, but in vain; the wind was strongly against them, and drove them to shore in spite of all they could do to prevent it. They were soon known by the sailors of the other ship, who had now gained the shore, and who ran to a neighbouring town, where the young gentlemen that had been on board were just gone before, and informed them how Cymon and Ephigenia were like themselves driven thither by stress of weather. They hearing this, brought a great many people from the town to the sea-side, and took Cymon and his companions prisoners, who had got on shore, with a design of fleeing to a neighbouring wood, as also Ephigenia, and brought them all together to the town. Pasimunda, upon hearing the news, went and made his complaints to the senate, who accordingly sent Lysimachus, who was chief magistrate that year, along with a guard of soldiers to conduct them to prison. Thus the miserable and enamoured Cymon lost his mistress soon after he had gained her, and without having scarcely so much as a kiss for his pains. In the meantime Ephigenia was handsomely received by many ladies of quality, and comforted for the trouble she had sustained in being made a captive, as well as in the storm at sea; and she remained with them till the day appointed for their nuptials. However, Cymon and his friends had their lives granted them (though

Pasimunda used all his endeavours to the contrary) for the favour shewed to the Rhodians the day before; but they were sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, where they remained sorrowfully enough, as they had no hopes of obtaining their liberty.

Now whilst Pasimunda was making preparation for his nuptials, fortune, as if she had repented the injury done to Cymon, produced a new circumstance for his deliverance. Pasimunda had a brother, beneath him in years, but not in virtue, called Ormisda, who had been long talked of as about to marry a beautiful lady of that city, called Cassandra, whom Lysimachus was also in love with, and had for some time been prevented marrying her, by divers unlucky accidents. Now as Pasimunda was to celebrate his own nuptials with great state and feasting, he supposed it would save a great deal of expense and trouble if his brother were to marry at the same time. He consequently proposed the thing again to Cassandra's friends, and soon brought it to a conclusion; when it was agreed by all parties, that the same day that Pasimunda brought home Ephigenia, Ormisda should bring home Cassandra. This was very grating to Lysimachus, who saw himself now deprived of the hope which he had hitherto entertained of marrying her himself; but he was wise enough to conceal it, contriving a way to prevent its taking effect if possible; none however appeared, but that of taking her away by force. This seemed easy enough on account of his office; still he thought it not so reputable as if he had borne no office at all at that time; but in short, after a long debate with himself, honour gave way to love, and he resolved, happen what would, to bear away Cassandra.

Thinking then what companions he should make choice of for this enterprise, as well as the means that were to be taken, he soon called Cymon to mind, whom he had in custody, as also his companions; and thinking he could have nobody better to assist him, nor one more trusty and faithful on that occasion than Cymon, the next night he had him privately into his chamber, where he spoke to him in this manner: "Cymon, as the gods are the best and most liberal givers of all things to mankind, so are they also the ablest judges of our several virtues and merits: such then as they find to be firm and constant in every respect, them do they make worthy of the greatest things. Now concerning your worth and valour, they are willing to have a more certain trial of both, than it was possible for you to shew within the scanty limits of your father's house,

whom I know to be a person of the greatest distinction; for first then, by the pungent force of love, as I am informed, have they, from a mere insensible creature, made a man of you; and afterwards, by adverse fortune, and now, by a miserable imprisonment, are they willing to see if your soul be changed from what it was, when you appeared flushed so lately with the prize you had won. If that continues the same, I can propose nothing so agreeable to you, as what I am now going to offer; which, that you may resume your former might and valour, I shall immediately disclose. Pasimunda, overjoyed with your disappointment, and a zealous promoter, as far as in him lay, of your being put to death, is now about to celebrate his marriage with your Ephigenia, that he may enjoy that blessing which fortune, when she was favourable, first put into your power, and afterwards snatched away from you, but how this must afflict you I can easily suppose by myself, who am like to undergo the same injury, and at the same time, with regard to my mistress Cassandra, who is to be married then to his brother Ormisda. Now I see no remedy for either of us, but what consists in our own resolution, and the strength of our arms: it will be necessary, therefore, to make our way with our swords, for each of us to gain his lady: if then you value (I will not say your liberty, because that, without her, would be of little weight with you; but, I say, if you value) your mistress, you need only follow me, and fortune has put her into your hands." These words spoke comfort to the drooping soul of Cymon, who immediately replied, "Lysimachus, you could never have a more stout, nor a more trusty friend for such an enterprise than myself, if it be as you seem to promise: tell me then what you would have me do, and you shall see me put it nobly into execution."

Lysimachus made answer, "Three days hence the ladies are to be brought home to their espoused husbands, when you, with your friends and myself, with some people whom I can confide in, will go armed in the evening, and enter their house whilst they are in the midst of their mirth, where we will seize on the two brides, and carry them away to a ship which I have secretly provided, killing all that shall presume to oppose us." This scheme was entirely to Cymon's good liking, and he waited quietly till the time appointed. The wedding-day being now come, and every part of the house full of mirth and feasting, Lysimachus, after having the necessary orders at the time fixed, divided Cymon and

his companions with his own friends into three parties, and putting arms under their several cloaks, and animating them boldly to pursue what they had undertaken, he sent one party to the haven to secure their escape, and with the other two they went to Pasimunda's house; one they stationed at the gate, to prevent any persons shutting them up in the house; whilst he, along with Cymon, went up stairs with the remaining part. Coming then into the dining-room, where the two brides, with many other ladies, were seated orderly at supper, they advanced up to them, and throwing down all the tables, each seized his lady, and giving them into the arms of their followers, ordered them to carry them away to their ship. The brides, as well as the other ladies and the servants, cried out so much, that immediately there was a great tumult. In the meantime, Cymon and Lysimachus, with their followers, all drew their swords, and came down stairs again, without any opposition, till they met with Pasimunda, having in his hand a great club, whom the noise had drawn thither, when Cymon, at one stroke, laid him dead at his feet, and whilst Ormisda was running to his assistance, he was likewise killed by Cymon: many others also of their friends, who came to their relief, were wounded and beaten back. Leaving the house then all full of blood and confusion, they joined parties, and went directly on to their ship with their booty, without the least hindrance whatever; when putting the ladies on board, and they with all their friends following them, the shore was soon filled with crowds of people who came to rescue them, upon which they plied their oars, and sailed joyfully away for Crete. There they were cheerfully received by all their friends and relations, when they espoused their ladies, and were well pleased with their several prizes. This occasioned great quarrels afterwards between the two islands of Cyprus and Rhodes. At length, by the interposition of friends, everything was amicably adjusted, and then Cymon returned along with Iphigenia to Cyprus, and Lysimachus in like manner carried Cassandra back to Rhodes, where they lived very happily to the end of their days.

NOVEL II.

Constantia is in love with Martuccio Gomito; and hearing that he was dead, out of despair, goes alone into a boat, which is driven by the wind to Susa: finding him alive at Tunis, she makes herself known; whilst he, being a great favourite there of the king's, marries her, and returns home with her to Lipari, very rich.

THE queen seeing that Pamphilus's novel was at an end, after praising it highly, she ordered Emilia to follow, who began thus:—We are all of us justly pleased with such things as we see attended with rewards, according to our wishes; and because love is more often deserving of happiness than misery, I shall therefore obey the queen with a great deal more pleasure, by treating on the present subject, than I did the king, in discoursing of that of yesterday. You must know, then, ladies, that near to Sicily is a little island called Lipari, in which, not long since, lived a lady of a worthy family named Constantia, with whom was in love a young gentleman of the same island, called Martuccio Gomito, one of an excellent character, and very eminent in his way. She also had the same regard for him, so that she was never easy but when she saw him. He, therefore, desirous of marrying her, asked her father's consent, who replied, that as he was in poor circumstances, he would never give it. Martuccio, grieved to see himself rejected on account of his poverty, fitted out a little vessel, with some of his friends and relations, and made a resolution never to return to Lipari till he should be rich. Parting from thence, he cruized on the coast of Barbary, taking every thing of less force than himself that came in his way. And fortune was favourable enough to him, could he have set bounds to his desires: but not being satisfied, he and his friends, with being very rich, and willing still to be more so, it happened that they were taken by some Saracen ships, after making a most obstinate defence, when, being plundered of all they had gotten, and the greatest part of them slain, after sinking the ship, he was carried prisoner to Tunis, where he suffered a long and miserable confinement. In the meantime, news was brought to Lipari, from divers hands, that they were all drowned; which was such an affliction to the lady, that she resolved not to survive it; and not having a heart to make away with herself by any violent means she chose to lay herself under a necessity of meeting with

her death: accordingly she went privately one night to the haven, where she found by chance a small fisher's boat, at liberty from the other ships, and furnished with sails and oars. Getting into this; and having rowed a little way into the sea, she threw away her oars and rudder, and committed herself entirely to the mercy of the winds, supposing of necessity, that as the boat was empty, and nobody to steer it, either that it must overset, or else dash against some rock: and so break to pieces; and that, in either case, she could not escape if she would. Wrapping her head then in a mantle, she laid herself down, weeping, at the bottom of the boat. But it happened differently from what she imagined, for it being a gentle north wind, and no sea, the boat rode it out all night, and till the following evening, when it was brought within a hundred miles of Tunis, to a strand near a town called Susa; whilst the poor lady thought nothing either of her being near the land, or upon the wide sea, having never looked up from the time of her laying herself down, nor meaning ever to do so.

Now it happened, just as the boat struck against the shore, that a poor woman was taking away some nets which had been drying in the sun, who perceiving the boat coming full sail against the shore, and supposing the people to be all asleep in it, stepped into it, and finding only this lady, she called several times to her before she could make her hear, she being fast asleep, and seeing by her dress that she was a Christian, she enquired of her in Latin how it happened that she had arrived there in the boat all alone. The lady hearing her talk in Latin, was apprehensive that a different wind had driven her back to Lipari; and getting up, and looking all around her, without knowing anything of the country, she then enquired of the good woman where she was; who replied, "Daughter, you are near to Susa, in Barbary;" which the lady hearing, was in great concern that she had not met with the death she had coveted, fearing also, with regard to her modesty, and not knowing what to do, she sat down, and began to weep. The good woman, seeing this, had pity on her, and after much persuasion brought her to her little hut, where she told her at length in what manner she had come thither. The good woman then finding that she was fasting, set her coarse bread, with some fish dressed, and water before her, and prevailed upon her to eat a little. Constantia now enquired of the good woman who she was, that she talked Latin so well. Who told her that she was of Trapani, that her name was Carapresa:

and that she was servant to some Christian fishermen. The lady hearing that name, full of grief as she was, began to conceive some hope from it, yet could she give no account why, only that she thought she had heard the name before. Her desire to die was now much abated; and without telling her who she was, or from whence she came, she begged of her to have pity on her youth, and give her such counsel as might enable her to avoid any injury that should be offered to her. The good woman left her in her hut till she had taken care of her nets, when she covered her with her mantle, and conducted her to Susa, saying to her, "Constantia, I will bring you to the house of an old Saracen lady whom I work for sometimes; she is very charitable, and I dare say, on my recommendation, will receive you as though you were her own child; you must study then to oblige her as much as possible, till it shall please Heaven to send you better fortune." Accordingly she did as she had promised. The old lady, upon hearing the poor woman's account of Constantia, looked earnestly at her, and began to weep; she afterwards led her into the house, where she and some other women lived together, without any man amongst them, employing themselves in embroideries and other kinds of needle-work. In a few days she had learned to work in the same way, and behaved herself in such a manner that they were extremely delighted with her company; and at length she made herself mistress of their language. In this manner she continued at Susa, being given over at home for lost. In the meantime it happened that one called Mariabdela being in possession of the kingdom of Tunis, a young lord, of great birth and power in the kingdom of Grenada, laid claim also to it, and assembled a powerful army to drive him out of the country. This coming to the ears of Martuccio Gomito, who was still in prison, and well acquainted with the Barbarian language; understanding also that the king made great preparations for his defence, he said to one of his keepers, "Could I but speak to his majesty, my heart forebodes that I could give him such counsel as should assure him of victory." The person reported this to his master, who immediately informed the king; he then sent for him, and demanded what counsel it was that he had to give him? He replied, "My lord, if I am sufficiently acquainted, since I have been in this country, with your manner of fighting, it should seem to me as if you depended principally upon your archers: now if I can contrive a way whereby your enemies should

want arrows, at the time that you had plenty of them, I suppose you will think then the battle would be yours." "Without doubt," replied the king, "if you can do that, I shall make no question of being conqueror." Martuccio then added, "My lord, it may easily be done, if you please, and I will shew you which way. You must have much finer cords made for your archers' bows than are commonly used; you must also have the notches of your arrows made to suit these small strings; but this must be done so privately that the enemy hear nothing of it, because they would then provide accordingly. Now the reason is this: after your enemies shall have discharged all their arrows, and likewise after your own bow-men shall have made an end of theirs, you know that they then gather up, and shoot back your own darts upon you, at the same time that your archers are obliged to make use of theirs: but your arrows will be useless to them, because those small notches will not suit their great strings; on the contrary, the slender cords of your archers will very well receive the large notches of their arrows: and thus your people will have plenty of darts, when they shall be entirely unprovided." The king, who was a most wise lord, was pleased with the advice, and followed it, by which means he got the victory. Martuccio was consequently in high favour, and soon attained to great power and wealth. These things were soon noised over the country; till at length Constantia heard that her lover, whom she had thought to be dead, was yet alive. The flame of her love, which had been so long extinct, now broke out afresh, and with greater vigour, and with it revived her hopes; insomuch that she related all that had happened to her to the good lady, acquainting her that she desired to go to Tunis, there to satisfy her eyes with beholding what fame had long rung into her ears: the lady commended her design, and, as she had been hitherto a sort of a mother to her, embarked with her; when arriving there, they were entertained together at one of her relation's houses. Here they sent Carapresa, whom they had carried with them, to learn what she could about him, who reported that he was alive, and in great repute. The lady then resolving that she would be the person to acquaint him with his Constantia being there, went one day to his house, and said to him, "Sir, one of your servants from Lipari is now a captive in my house, and has a desire to speak to you in private; for which purpose that nobody might be entrusted with the secret, he desired that I would go myself to tell you." Martuccio

gave her thanks, and followed her thither. As soon as the young lady saw him, she was perfectly overcome with joy, and, being unable to refrain, threw her arms about his neck; whilst calling to mind her long sufferings and present transports, she burst out into a flood of tears. Martuccio stood some time in amaze, till at last he said, with a sigh, "O, my Constantia, are you alive? It is some time since I heard you were lost; nor have there been any tidings of you since." And, having said this, he embraced her with a great deal of tenderness and affection. She then related to him all that had befallen her, as well as the respect with which she had been honoured by the good lady; when, after much discourse together, he went straight to the king, and made him acquainted with the whole story, adding, that, with his consent, he intended to espouse her according to the manner of our laws. The king was greatly surprised at the narration, and, sending for her, received the same account from her own mouth. He then said, "Lady, you have well earned your husband;" then ordering many rich presents to be brought, he gave part to her and part to him, and desired them to do what was most agreeable to themselves. Martuccio was very thankful to the lady who had entertained Constantia, and made her a suitable acknowledgment; and taking their leave of her not without many tears, they embarked (having Carapresa along with them) for Lipari, where they were received with inexpressible joy; and the nuptials being celebrated with the greatest magnificence, they lived long together in the utmost tranquillity and comfort, enjoying the fruits of their mutual loves.

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NOVEL III.

Pietro Boccamazza running away with his mistress, is set upon by thieves, whilst the lady makes her escape into a forest, from whence she is conducted to a castle. He is taken, but escapes by some accident, and arrives at the same castle, where they are married, and return from thence to Rome.

THERE was not one person among them all that did not applaud Emilia's novel; when the queen, knowing it was ended, turned to Eliza, and desired her to go on, who as readily obeyed in this manner:—I have a mind to relate a most melancholy night, as it happened to two lovers; but which, being

succeeded by many happy days, is conformable enough to the subject proposed. There lived at Rome, which was once the head, though now the tail, of the world, a young gentleman of a good family, named Pietro Boccamazza, who was in love with a most beautiful lady, called Angelina, daughter to one Gigliuozzi Saullo, a plebeian, but one well esteemed among his fellow citizens; and she in some time began to have the same regard for him. When, weary of languishing longer for her, he demanded her in marriage, which, as soon as his parents knew, they blamed him very much, and, at the same time, gave the father of the lady to understand, that they would have him take no notice of what the young spark might say upon that head; since, should he marry her, they would never own him more. Pietro, seeing himself disappointed in that manner, was ready to die with grief, and, could he but have prevailed upon her father, he would have married her in spite of them all: at last he thought of a scheme, which, if she would agree to it, would answer his purpose, and, finding by a messenger that she was willing, it was resolved between them to fly together from Rome. Having concerted measures for their departure, they set out one morning on horseback, towards Alagna, where he had some friends in whom he had the greatest confidence; when, not having time to marry, and making the best of their way, for fear of being pursued, it happened after their riding about eight miles, that they missed their road, turning to the left when they should have kept to the right, and, in about two miles farther, came in sight of a little castle, when being perceived from thence, twelve men came rushing out upon them, whom she espying, but not till they were almost upon them, cried out, "Ride, my dear, for we are attacked; and, accordingly, clapping spurs to her horse and holding fast by the pommel of the saddle, she galloped full speed through the forest. Pietro, whose eyes were more upon his mistress than any thing else, followed her as well as he could, till unawares he fell in amongst them, who seized and made him dismount: inquiring then who he was, and being told, they said one to another, "This man is a friend to our enemies; let us strip and hang him up on one of these oaks, out of spite to the Orsini family." Having agreed upon this, they ordered him to undress himself, which he complied with, expecting nothing but death; when, on a sudden, an ambuscade of twenty-five others started up behind them, crying out aloud, "Kill them every man." Upon this they left Pietro,

to prepare for their own defence; but, finding themselves outnumbered, they took to their heels, and the others followed hard after them.

Pietro in the meantime took his clothes, and getting on horseback again, rode as fast as he could the same way that Angelina had taken; but seeing no track or footsteps of any horse, and finding himself out of the reach, as well of those who had first taken him as of the others by whom those persons were attacked, and not being able to make her out, he was almost distracted and went up and down the forest, calling aloud to see if she could hear, but in vain. Being in this disagreeable situation, he durst not return back, and all before him he was ignorant of; besides, he was under perpetual apprehensions for them both, on account of the wild beasts which are in those places; and fancied every moment that he saw some bear or wolf tear her to pieces. In this manner did poor Pietro traverse the forest over and over, hallooing and shouting, and frequently coming back again, when he thought he was going forwards all the time; until, what with his fatigue, added to his fright and long fasting, he was quite spent. Perceiving now the night coming upon him, and not knowing what else to do, he tied his horse to an oak tree, and got up into it to secure himself from the wild beasts; whilst the moon rising soon after, and it being a fine clear night (he not daring to sleep for fear of falling down; or if he had been in a place more commodious, his great grief and care for his mistress would not have suffered him to rest), he sat there sighing and lamenting his hard fortune all the night long. The young lady in the meantime, as we before observed, was carried so far into the wood that she could not find the way out again: therefore she went up and down full of grief for what had happened. At last, seeing nothing of Pietro and getting into a little path, as it was now towards the evening, she followed it so long that in about two miles it brought her in sight of a little hut, to which she rode as fast as she could, and found therein a very old man and his wife; who, on seeing her, said, "Daughter, what do you in this country at this time of day?" She wept, and replied that she had lost her company in the wood, and inquired how near she was to Alagna. The honest man made answer, "Daughter, this is not the way; it is more than twelve miles from us." She then said, "And how far is it to any inn, where I may go to lodge?" He answered, "There is none near

enough for you to go to by night."—"For Heaven's sake," quoth the lady, "as I can go nowhere else, will you please to give me a lodging?"—"Daughter," replied he, "you shall be very welcome; but I must acquaint you that there are companies of people, both friends and enemies, continually passing this way, who do us great injury sometimes; and should any of them find you here, they might offer rudeness, and we not have it in our power to help you. I apprise you of this that you may lay no blame upon us if such a thing should happen." The lady, seeing it was late, though she was terrified with the old man's words, said, "I trust to God for my protection, as to what you mention; but if that should happen, I may expect more mercy from men than from beasts." She then alighted from her steed, and went to supper with them upon such poor diet as they had, and afterwards lay down upon their bed with her clothes on, lamenting her own misfortune and her lover's all the night, not knowing whether she had more cause to hope or fear on his account. About break of day, she heard a great noise of people on horseback, and immediately she arose, and went into a great yard behind the house, in one corner of which was a stack of hay, and there hid herself. This was no sooner done but a knot of thieves was at the door, which was instantly opened to them, and seeing there the lady's horse and saddle, they asked whom it belonged to? The honest man, seeing nothing of her, made answer, "Nobody is here, but this horse came to us last night, having got away I suppose from his owner, and we took him in that he should not be devoured by the wolves." —"Then," quoth the captain, "as he has no master he shall be ours." Being dispersed up and down the house and yard, and laying down their lances and targets, one of them by chance thrust his spear into the hay where she had hid herself, and which was so near killing her that she was on the point of making a discovery, for it pierced her clothes; but, recollecting herself, she resolved to lie still. In the meantime they fell to boiling some kids and other flesh meat that they had brought with them, and after they had eat and drank, they went about their business, carrying off the horse. When they were gotten some distance from the house, the honest man began to inquire of his wife what was become of the lady, as he had never seen her since he rose. She replied that she could not tell, and went all about to seek for her. Now the lady, finding that the men were departed, came forth from whence she

had been concealed, which he was much pleased at, finding that she had not fallen into their hands; and he said to her, "It is now daylight, we will go with you therefore to a castle about five miles from us, where you may be in safety; but you will be obliged to travel on foot, for these sorry fellows have taken your horse quite away." She was under no great concern for that loss, but begged for them to shew her the way, when they set forward, and arrived there betimes in the morning. Now the castle belonged to one of the family of the Orsini, whose name was Liello di Campo di Fiore, and by great fortune his lady was then there, a worthy good woman, who seeing her soon recollected her, and received her with the utmost respect, inquiring by what means she had come hither. She then related the whole story. On which the other, who knew Pietro, he being a friend of her husband's, was under great concern, supposing him to be dead; and she said to her, "As it happens that you know not where he is, I intend you shall abide with me till I have an opportunity of conveying you safe to Rome."

Now as for Pietro, he had but a dismal night of it, for he saw his horse soon surrounded by a number of wolves, which made him break his bridle; and he endeavoured to make his escape, but was so encompassed that he could not, and he defended himself with kicking and biting for some time, till at last he was pulled down, and torn all to pieces, and having devoured him to the very bones, they went away. This was the utmost affliction to Pietro, who expected much from his horse, after all the fatigue that he had undergone; and he began now to despair of ever getting out of the forest. It being at this time almost day, and he nearly dead with cold, as he was looking about him, he chanced to spy a fire at last, about a mile off: when it was quite light, therefore, he descended from the tree, not without a great deal of fear, and directed his course thither, where he found some shepherds making merry together, who received him out of mere compassion: when, after he had eat and warmed himself, he related his whole adventure, inquiring whether there was no town or castle in those parts that he could go to. The shepherds told him that three miles off was a castle belonging to Liello di Campo di Fiore, whose lady was then there. He presently entreated some of them to go with him, and two readily offered their service. Being arrived, he was known, and as he was going to send out to seek his mistress, he was called by the lady of the castle, and on stepping up to her he beheld

Angelina, which made him the happiest man in the world: and if he was thus transported she was no less so. The lady giving them a handsome reception, and hearing what had happened to both, began to reprimand him for attempting to do what was so disagreeable to his parents; but seeing him resolved, and finding that he was agreeable to the lady, she said, "What should I trouble myself for? They like each other and are both my husband's friends; besides, it seems as if Providence would have it so, seeing that one escaped from being hanged, the other from being stabbed by a lance, and both from being devoured by wild beasts. Then let it be done." Turning to them now, she said, "If you are resolved to be man and wife together, I am content and will celebrate the wedding at my husband's expense: afterwards I will undertake to make peace between you and your friends." Thus they were married in the castle, to their great joy, and with all the magnificence that the country would afford; and in a few days the lady carried them both to Rome, when she took care to reconcile Pietro and his parents, who were much enraged at what he had done. He lived afterwards with Angelina, in all peace and happiness, to a good old age.

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NOVEL IV.

Ricciardo Manardi is found by Lizio along with his daughter, whom he marries, and they become reconciled together.

ELIZA was listening to the commendations her novel excited, when the queen laid the next charge on Philostratus, who smiled, and began in this manner:—

I have been so often lashed by you for giving a harsh and melancholy subject, that, by way of recompence, I think myself obliged to say something which will make you laugh: I shall therefore relate a love affair, which, after being attended with nothing worse than a few sighs and a short fright, mingled with some shame, was brought to a happy ending; and this in a very short novel. Not long since there lived in Romagna a worthy and accomplished knight, named Lizio da Valbona, who had, in his old age, by his lady, Madam Giacomina, a daughter, the most beautiful young lady in all the country: being their only child, they were extremely tender and careful of her, thinking through

her to make some grand alliance. Now there was a young gentleman, who used to come much to their house, of a very agreeable person, whilst Lizio and his lady were under no more apprehensions from him, than they would have been from their own son; but he seeing her often, and being charmed with her person and behaviour, fell secretly in love, which she perceiving, soon returned by a reciprocal affection, which delighted him exceedingly, and he was often desirous of speaking to her, yet could never dare to do it: till at length he had the opportunity and courage one day to say, "Pray, Caterina, let me not die for love." She replied, "Would to Heaven you would shew me the like mercy!" This greatly pleased him, and he added, "I shall study your will and pleasure in everything; do you find a way to make us happy together." She then returned, "You see, sir, how I am watched, and therefore am unable to contrive the means for your coming to me: but if you can think of any method to do it, without my being censured, tell me, and I shall be very glad." He, after mature consideration, said, "My dearest Caterina, I see no other way, but for you to get leave to lie in the gallery, which looks towards the garden; and if I knew when that happened, I would endeavour to get to you, however great the height from the ground." She replied, "If you have the courage to come, I think I can manage so as to lie there." He promised to do so, and for the present they parted. The following day, it being about the end of May, she complained grievously to her mother, that the heat was so excessive the foregoing night, that she could not get a wink of sleep. "Daughter," answered she, "you talk of heat, I do not think the weather so sultry."—"Madam," she replied, "there is a good deal of difference between old people and young."—"That may be so," quoth the mother, "but can I change the seasons? You must bear with the time of year as it is: another night it may be more temperate, and then you will sleep better."—"I wish it would," answered Caterina, "but the nights are not used to grow cooler, the more the summer advances."—"Then," said the mother, "what would you have me do for you?" She replied, "If you and my father please, I would gladly lie in the gallery adjoining to your room, and which looks towards the garden; where, by having plenty of fresh air, and hearing the nightingale, it will be much more pleasant than lying in your chamber."—Daughter," quoth she, "be easy, I will speak to your father about it, and we will do as he

thinks best in that case." Accordingly she moved the matter to Lizio, who being old, was apt to be a little testy, and he said, what nightingale is this she talks of? I will make her sleep at the singing of a cricket." Caterina hearing this, kept awake the next night, more through vexation than heat, and was not only restless herself, but kept her mother also from sleeping. The next morning the old lady complained to her husband, saying, "You shew very little regard for your daughter: what does her lying in the gallery signify to you? she did not rest all last night for the heat. And as to her fancy of the nightingale, she is young, let her have her way?" He replied, "Then make her a bed there, if you will; and let her hear the nightingale." A bed, therefore, was ordered to be set up for her, which she gave Ricciardo to understand, by such a sign as had been agreed on between them, when he soon knew what part he had to act. Lizio, upon her going to bed, locked the door that opened out of his chamber into the gallery, and then went to rest himself. As soon as everything was still, Ricciardo got upon the wall, by help of a scaling ladder, from whence laying hold of the joinings of another wall, he climbed at last (not without great difficulty, as well as danger had he fallen) to the gallery, where the lady had long been expecting him.—Now the nights being short, and happening to fall asleep with her, the next morning, as soon as Lizio arose, he began to think of his daughter; when he opened the door, and said, "Let us go see now how the nightingale has made her sleep." Going then into the gallery, and drawing the curtains, he found Ricciardo and her asleep together: upon this he stepped back, and called to his wife, saying, "Come hither directly; you will find your daughter has heard the nightingale to some purpose." Dressing herself as fast as she could, she followed her husband, and seeing them together in that manner, was going to give Ricciardo all the hard language she could devise; but Lizio said, "Take care, I charge you to make no noise about it; as he has now got her, he shall keep her: he is of a good family, as well as rich, so we cannot have a better son-in-law. If he means to go off in a whole skin, he shall marry her before I part with him." The wife on this was a little comforted, and held her peace. Soon after this debate, Ricciardo chanced to wake, and seeing it broad day-light, was frightened out of his wits; calling then upon Caterina, he said; "Alas! my life, what shall we do? the day-light has surprised me here with you."

At these words Lizio stepped from behind the curtain, and said, "Oh I will take care you shall do well enough." Ricciardo was quite confounded at seeing him, and rising up in bed, he said, "For Heaven's sake, sir, I beg you will forgive me ; I confess I do deserve to die; save but my life, therefore, and do what you please." Lizio replied, "Ricciardo, my friendship for you did not deserve such a return as I have met with : but since it is so, you have only one way whereby you may save your life and my honour, that is, to marry her ; either do that, or else make your peace with Heaven, for here you shall die." There was no need of many words : the fear of death, as well as his love for Caterina, soon made him resolve, and he told him that he was ready to comply. Lizio then took his wife's ring, and made him instantly espouse her, which being done, he desired them to take their own time for rising. In the morning they had some farther discourse together, and every thing being settled to all their satisfactions, he married her in the most public manner, and having carried her home with great demonstrations of joy, they lived together from that time, with all the peace and comfort that a married state can afford.

NOVEL V.

Guidotto da Cremona dying, left a daughter to the care of Giacomino da Pavia. Giannole di Severino and Minghino di Mingole are both in love with her, and fight on her account, when she is known to be Giannole's sister, and is married to Minghino.

EVERY one laughed at the story of the nightingale; when the queen turned to Philostratus, and said, "If you gave us concern with your subject of yesterday, you have made ample amends by your last story, therefore you shall hear no more of it." She then turned to Neiphile, who began in this manner:—

As Philostratus lays his scene in Romagna, I intend to have my novel also from thence. In the city then of Fano dwelt two Lombards, one named Guidotto da Cremona, and the other Giacomino da Pavia, both advanced in years, and men who had lived as soldiers all their days. When Guidotto being at the point of death, and having no son, nor friend, in whom he put greater confidence than in Giacomino, after settling all his affairs, he left to his care a daughter of about ten years of age, with the management of his whole substance. In the meantime the city of Faenza

which had been long embroiled in wars and confusion, being now brought into a more flourishing state, and everyone that pleased having leave to return, it chanced that Giacomino, who had formerly lived there, and liked the place, went back with all his effects, carrying this young lady along with him, whom he loved and treated as his own child, and who, as she grew up, became the most celebrated beauty in the whole city, and as accomplished in all respects as she was fair; on which account she began to be admired by divers young gentlemen, but two especially of equal fortunes were so much in love, that an utter hatred commenced between them for her sake; one was called Giannole di Severino, and the other Minghino di Mingole. Either of these gentlemen would gladly have married her, she being now fifteen; but finding themselves rejected by her friends, they resolved to try other means of obtaining her. Giacomino had in his house an old maid-servant, and a man called Crivello, a facetious, as well as an honest person, with whom Giannole was acquainted, to whom he made known his love, offering at the same time a great reward, if, by his assistance, he should in any way obtain his desire. Said Crivello, "Sir, I can do nothing more for you than, when my master is gone out to sup anywhere, to bring you where she is, for were I to put in a word for you, she would never give me the hearing: if you like this, I dare promise you so far, afterwards you may do what you think most proper." Giannole told him he desired no more. On the other part Minghino made his court to the maid, who had delivered several messages to the lady in his favour, and given her a good opinion of him; she had also undertaken to introduce him the first evening that Giacomino happened to be abroad. Soon after this it happened that Giacomino was invited out by Crivello's contrivance, who immediately gave notice to Giannole, and agreed with him to come, upon giving a certain sign when he would find the door open. In like manner the maid, being unacquainted with this, informed Minghino of the same thing, adding, that, upon observing such a token, he should then come into the house. In the evening the two lovers, knowing nothing of one another, but yet each jealous of his rival, came with some friends armed for their greater security. Minghino waited at a friend's in the neighbourhood to watch for the sign, whilst Giannole, with his people, stood a little distance from the house. Now Crivello and the maid were contriving to send each other out of the way. He said then

to her, "Why do you not go to bed? What are you doing about the house?" The maid said again, "Why do not you go to your master, you have had your supper? What do you stay for, then?" But neither of them was able to send the other away. Crivello at last knowing the time to be come that he had appointed, said to himself, "What need I care for this woman? If she will not hold her tongue, I will find a way to make her." Giving the signal then he went to open the door, when Giannole, with two of his companions, immediately rushed in, and finding the lady in the hall, they seized, and were going to carry her off: the lady, however, defended herself as well as she could, crying out very much, as did also the maid. Minghino perceiving this, ran thither with his party, and seeing them bear her away, they drew their swords, and called out aloud, "Traitors, ye are all dead men; it shall never be so. What violence is this?" And with these words fell pell-mell upon them. The neighbourhood also was soon up in arms, and blaming those proceedings, joined with Minghino. Therefore, after a long skirmish, Minghino took the lady from Giannole, and brought her back to Giacomino's house. Nor was the fray at an end till the city officers came and seized many of the persons concerned, and amongst the rest Minghino, Giannole, and Crivello, and carried them to prison. As soon as things were a little quieted, and Giacomino returned, he became very uneasy at what had happened, till hearing that she was not in fault, he was better satisfied, but resolved, for fear of the like accidents hereafter, to marry her as soon as possible. In the morning, the parents of them both, having heard the truth of the story, and being sensible of the evil which might ensue to both the young gentlemen, who were in custody, should Giacomino proceed rigorously against them, they came therefore to him, and entreated him gently not to regard so much the injury which he had received from the little discretion of the young men, as the esteem and friendship which, they hoped, he bore towards themselves, who now requested this favour at his hands; submitting themselves, and the youths also, who had committed the offence, to make any satisfaction he should insist upon Giacomino, who had seen much of the world, and was a person of understanding, answered in few words, "Gentlemen, were I in my own country, as I am now in yours, I hold myself so much your friend, that I should do this or anything else to oblige you; but in this respect I am the more ready to do it, as the offence is now

committed against yourselves. For this lady is not, as many may think, either of Cremona or Pavia, but of Faenza; although neither myself, nor she, nor yet the person who bequeathed her to me, knew whose daughter she was; everything then shall be done according to your desire." The honest men hearing that she was of Faenza, began to wonder; and after thanking him for his gracious reply, they desired he would be so kind as to tell them in what manner she came into his hands, and how he knew that she was of Faenza. He replied, "Guidotto da Cremona was my very good friend and companion, and as he lay upon his death-bed, he told me, that when this city was taken by the Emperor Frederick, and given to be pillaged by the soldiers, he and some others went into a house full of rich booty, which was forsaken by the owners; only this girl, who seemed then but two years old, was left behind; and she seeing him go upstairs, called papa; for which reason he took pity on her, and brought her away, with everything that was of value in the house, to Fano; when dying there, he left her in charge to me, desiring, when she should be of age, that I would marry her, and give what was her own, by way of fortune: since, therefore, she has been grown up, I have met with nobody that I thought a fit match for her, otherwise I would willingly dispose of her, lest the like accident should happen again that befel us last night." At this time there was present one Gulielmino da Medicina, who was with Guidotto in that expedition, and knew very well whose house it was that he had plundered, and seeing that person in the company, he accosted him, and said, "Bernarbuccio, do you hear what Giacomino has been talking of?"—"Yes," he replied, "and I am now thinking about it; for in that confusion I remember to have lost a daughter about the same age that he speaks of."—"Then," said Gulielmino, "It is certainly the same, for I was there at that time, and heard Guidotto relate how he plundered such a house, when I knew it must be yours: see therefore if you can call to mind any mark that she had, whereby you may know her, for she is plainly your daughter." He then remembered that she had a scar like a cross under her left ear, and he desired Giacomino to shew him to his house, that he might convince himself by seeing her. Accordingly, he brought him thither very willingly, when the very first sight of her put him in mind of her mother; but, not regarding that, he told Giacomino that he should take it as a favour if he might turn aside the hair from her left ear; which

being permitted, he found the same mark, and was convinced that she was his daughter: he then said to Giacomino, "Brother, this is my daughter; it was my house that Guidotto pillaged, when this child was forgotten by her mother, in our great hurry, and we supposed that she was burnt along with the house." The lady hearing this, and seeing him to be a person of gravity, moved also perhaps by a secret instinct, easily gave credit to it, and both of them burst into tears. Bernarbuccio then sent for her mother and her other relations, as also her sisters and brethren, when, relating what had happened, he carried her home, to the great joy of them all, as well as satisfaction of Giacomino. Whilst the governor of the city, who was a worthy man, knowing that Giannole, whom he had in custody, was son to Bernarbuccio, and the lady's own brother, resolved to overlook the crime he had committed. Conversing then with Bernarbuccio and Giacomino about it, he undertook to make peace between Giannole and Minghino, to whom, by the consent of all parties, he gave her to wife, and set all the other people at liberty. Minghino then made a most sumptuous wedding, and carried his bride home in great state, where they lived happily together for a long course of years.

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NOVEL VI.

Gianni di Procida is discovered with a young lady, formerly his mistress, but then given to King Frederick, for which he is condemned to be burnt with her at a stake. When, being known by Ruggieri dell' Oria, he escapes, and marries her.

NEIPHILE'S agreeable novel being ended, Pampinea received an order to proceed, and quickly raising her lovely countenance, she thus began:—

Great, most gracious ladies, is the force of love, which often leads people to rash and perilous attempts, as you have heard set forth in divers instances, both now and heretofore, and which I shall further evince in what I am going to relate concerning an enamoured youth, as follows. Ischia is an island near Naples, in which lived a beautiful young lady named Restituta, daughter to a certain gentleman called Marin Bolgaro, with whom was in love a young gentleman of Procida, called Gianni, and she had the same affection for him. Now not a day passed but he would go to Ischia to see her, and frequently in the night; if he could not get a boat, he

would swim over, though it was only to please himself with the sight of her house. Whilst his love continued then so extremely fervent, it chanced that she was walking out one summer's day on the sea-shore, and passing from one rock to another picking up shells, when she came near a grotto, where some young Sicilians, just come from Naples, were assembled together, partly for the sake of the shade, and partly for the fresh water, of which there was a cool and pleasant spring: they seeing her by herself, and she perceiving nothing of them, agreed together to seize and carry her away. They consequently surprised and took her to their ship, though she made a great outcry, and sailed off with her. Being arrived at Calabria, a dispute arose amongst them, whom she should belong to; when coming to no agreement about her, it was at last thought convenient, to remove all cause of dissension, by making a present of her to Frederick, king of Naples, who was young and addicted to his pleasures. Accordingly they found that prince mightily pleased with her; but, being a little indisposed at that time, he had her sent to a pleasant seat built in one of his gardens called La Cuba, to be kept there for his purpose. The lady's being stolen made a great noise all over Ischia, and so much the more as the persons concerned were unknown. But Gianni, who was more particularly interested in the affair, never expecting to hear any tidings of her there, and understanding which way the vessel had steered, got another ready, and went all along the sea-coast, from Minerva to Scalea, in Calabria, to inquire after her; and at this last place he was told, that she was carried by some Sicilian sailors to Palermo. Thither then he went, with all possible speed, when, after much inquiry, he found that she was presented to the king, and kept for his purpose in La Cuba; which gave him infinite concern, and he began to despair, not only of getting her back, but even of ever seeing her more; but yet being detained by his love, he sent his frigate home, and resolved to stay there, as nobody knew him; when passing pretty often in sight of the house, they chanced one day to spy one another through the window, to the great satisfaction of both. And he, seeing the place was private, got near enough to speak to her, and being instructed by her what course to take if he desired to have a nearer interview, he left her for that time, taking particular notice, first, of the situation of the place; and waiting for night, when a good part of that was spent, he returned, and clambering over the walls, which seemed inacces-

sible, he made his way into the garden, where finding a long piece of timber, he set it against the window, and by the help of it got into the chamber. The lady, reflecting that she had lost her honour, of which she had before been very tenacious, supposing, also, that she could bestow her favours on none who deserved them better, was the less scrupulous in this affair, and had left the casement open on purpose for him. She now begged earnestly of him that he would contrive some method to get her from thence, and he promised to order every thing so that the next time he came he would take her away. This being agreed, he went and lay down on the bed by her. In the meantime the king being much smitten with her beauty, and finding himself recovered, had a mind, though it was far in the night, to go and spend some time with her. Coming, therefore, with a few servants, to the house, and going softly to the chamber where he knew she was, to his great surprise he saw Gianni and her asleep together. This provoked him to that degree, that he was on the point of putting both to death: till reflecting that it would be base in any person, and more so in a king, to kill people unarmed and asleep, he held his hand, but resolved to make a public example of them, and to burn them alive. Then turning to one of his company, he said, "What do you think of this base woman, on whom I had fixed all my hopes?" He afterwards inquired if they knew the man, who had the assurance to come there to commit such an outrage. The person replied, that he did not remember ever to have seen him before. The king upon this went away greatly disturbed, commanding that as soon as it was light they should be brought bound to Palermo, when they were to be tied back to back, and kept there till three o'clock, for everybody to see them, and then to be burned as they deserved. Accordingly they were seized and bound without the least remorse or pity; and being brought, as the king had ordered, to Palermo, they were tied to a stake in the great square, and the fire and faggots were ready to burn them at the time appointed: whilst all the people of the city flocked to see the sight, the women greatly pitying and commending the man; the men also shewed the same regard for the poor woman, every one highly admiring her most extraordinary beauty. But the two lovers stood with their eyes fixed on the ground, lamenting their hard fate, and waiting every moment for their sentence to be put in execution. Whilst they were kept in this manner, till the time fixed upon, the news was carried to

Ruggieri dell' Oria, a person of great worth and valour, who was the king's high admiral; and he coming to the place, cast his eyes first upon the lady and praised her beauty very much. He then turned to Gianni, when he soon called him to mind, and asked him if he was not Gianni di Procida. Gianni lifted up his eyes, and remembering the admiral, he said, "I was once that person; but now I am to be so no more." The admiral then inquired what it was had brought him to this. Gianni replied, "Love and the king's displeasure." The admiral made him tell the whole story, and as he was going away, Gianni called him back, and said, "My lord, if it be possible, pray obtain one favour of his majesty for me." Ruggieri asked what that was. Gianni made answer, "I find that I am to die without delay; therefore I only beg that, as I am tied with my back to this lady, whom I have loved dearer than my own life, and am not able to see her, that we may be bound with our faces to each other, and so I may expire with the pleasure of looking upon her. Ruggieri laughed, and said, "I will take care that you shall see her to much better purpose." And he commanded those who had the care of the execution to respite it till further orders, and he went directly to the king. Finding him a good deal out of temper, he spared not to speak his mind to this effect:— "My liege, what have these two young people done to offend you, whom you have now ordered to be burnt?" The king told him. He then added, "Their crime may deserve it, but not from you: and as misdeeds require punishment, so benefits are worthy of rewards, as well as thanks and mercy. Do you know who they are whom you have sentenced to be burnt?" The king answered, "No."— "Then," said he, "I will tell you that you may see how wisely you suffer yourself to be transported with passion. The young man is son to Landolpho, brother to Gianni di Procida, by whose means you are lord of that island. The lady is daughter to Marin Bolgaro, whose influence it was that secured your dominion over Ischia. Besides, they have had a long regard and love for each other; and it was this, and no disrespect to you that put them upon committing the crime, if it may be called such, for which you are going to make them suffer death, but for which you ought rather give them some noble reward." The king hearing this, and being assured that the admiral spoke nothing but the truth, not only put a stop to the proceedings, but was grieved for what he had done: he therefore ordered that they should be set at liberty,

and brought before him Then hearing their whole case, he resolved to make them amends for the injury they had received, and giving them noble apparel and many royal presents, he had them married, as it was their mutual desire, and afterwards sent them home, thoroughly satisfied with their good fortune, which they long happily enjoyed together.

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NOVEL VII.

Theodoro is in love with Violante, his master's daughter; she proves with child, for which he is condemned to be hanged; when being led out to execution, he is known by his father, set at liberty, and afterwards marries her.

THE ladies were some time in suspense, through fear lest the two lovers should be burnt; but were mightily pleased at last to hear of their deliverance: when the queen gave the next command to Lauretta, who cheerfully took up the thread as follows:—

When good King William ruled over Sicily, there lived in that island a gentleman named Amerigo, abbot of Trapani, who, amongst his other temporal goods, was well stored with children; and having occasion for servants, and meeting with some Genoese pirates from the Levant, who had been coasting along Armenia, and taken several children, supposing them to be Turks, he bought some, in appearance chiefly peasants; and, amongst the rest, one of a more generous aspect, called Theodoro; who, as he grew up, though he was treated as a servant, was educated with Amerigo's own children; when his natural disposition was so good and agreeable to his master, that he had him baptized and called him Pietro, making him overseer of all his affairs. Amongst Amerigo's other children was a daughter, named Violante, a most beautiful young lady, who, having been kept from marrying longer than was agreeable to her, cast her eye at last upon Pietro, being charmed with his behaviour, though she was ashamed to make such a discovery. But love spared her this trouble; for he, by often looking cautiously at her, was so far captivated, that he was always uneasy unless he saw her: at the same time he was fearful lest any one should perceive it, as thinking it a sort of crime. This she soon took notice of; and, to give him a little more assurance, let him understand that it was not displeasing to her. Thus

they went on together, neither venturing to speak to the other, though it was what they both desired. But whilst they thus mutually languished, fortune, as if purposely, found means to banish this bashfulness, which had hitherto been in the way. Amerigo had a country house about a mile from Trapani, whither his wife and daughter, together with other ladies, used to go sometimes, by way of pastime; and being there one day, having taken Pietro along with them, it happened that the day was overcast all at once with clouds, on which account the lady and her friends made all possible haste home again, for fear they should be taken in the storm. But Pietro and the young lady being more nimble than the rest, had got considerably the start of them, as much perhaps through love as fear of the weather, and being out of sight, there came such claps of thunder, attended with a violent storm of hail, that the mother and her company were glad to get into a labourer's house, whilst Pietro and the young lady, having no other place of refuge, went into an old uninhabited cottage, which had just cover enough remaining to keep them dry; and here they were obliged to stand pretty close together. This encouraged him to open his heart, and he said, "Would to Heaven the storm would never cease, that I might continue here always in this manner!"—"I should like it," she replied, "well enough." These words brought on some little acts of fondness, which were followed by others so far that at last they grew very familiar together. The shower being over, they went on towards the city, waiting by the way for the mother, who having joined them, they came with her home. They had frequent meetings from that time, conducted always with the greatest secrecy; till at length she proved with child, which terribly alarmed them both. On this Pietro, being in fear of his own life, resolved to fly, and told her so. She replied, "If you do that, I will certainly murder myself." Pietro, then, who loved her most affectionately, said, "Why would you have me stay? There must soon be a discovery, when for your part you will be easily forgiven, and I forced to bear the punishment of both." She made answer, "Pietro, my crime must be known; but as for yours, be assured unless you tell it yourself, it never shall."—"Then," quoth he, "if you promise me that, I will stay; but be sure you observe it." The young lady who had concealed as long as possible her being with child, finding it could be kept a secret no longer, let her mother at last into

the truth, entreating her protection with abundance of tears. The mother was very harsh with her, and insisting upon knowing how it happened: when she, to keep her word with Pietro, feigned a long story about it, to which the other easily gave credit, and, to keep it private, sent her away to one of their farm-houses. When the time of her labour was at hand, the mother, never suspecting any thing of her husband's coming, it chanced that Amerigo, returning from hawking, thought, as he passed under the window, that he heard something of a noise and bustle above stairs, when he came in, and inquired what the matter was. The lady, seeing her husband, told him, with a great deal of concern, what had happened to their daughter. But he, not quite so credulous as herself, said it was impossible that she should be with child and not know by whom, and he insisted upon knowing it: by that means she might regain his favour, otherwise he would put her to death without the least mercy. The lady tried all she could to make him satisfied with that story, but to no purpose. He ran to his daughter with his drawn sword (who, whilst they had been in discourse together, had brought forth a boy), and said, "Either declare the father, or thou shalt die instantly." She, terrified to death, broke her promise to Pietro, and made a full discovery. He was so enraged at this, that he could scarcely forbear murdering her, till having vented something of his passion, he mounted his horse again, and returned to Trapani; when making his complaint to one Signor Currado, who was governor there for the king, of the injury Pietro had done him, he had him apprehended, and he confessed the whole affair. Being condemned to be whipped and afterwards hanged; that the same hour might put an end to the lives of both the lovers and the child, Amerigo, whose anger was not appeased with Pietro's death, sent a cup of poison and a naked sword by one of his servants to his daughter, saying, "Go carry these two things to Violante, and tell her from me that she must take her choice, whether to die by poison or by the sword; and if she refuse, I will have her burnt publicly as she deserves: when you have done this, take her child and dash its brains out, and then throw them to the dogs." The fellow, more disposed to such wickedness than any thing that was good, went readily enough about his errand. Now Pietro was whipped, and as he was led along to the gallows, he chanced to pass by an inn, where lodged three noblemen of Armenia, who were sent as ambassadors by

their king to the pope, to treat of some weighty affairs with regard to an expedition he was going to make. There they stayed to repose themselves after their journey, and had great honour showed them by the nobility of Trapani, and especially by Amerigo. Observing the people pass by who were leading Pietro, they went to the window to see what was the matter. Pietro stood stripped to the waist, with his hands tied behind him; when one of the ambassadors, named Phineo, an ancient person, and one of great authority, looking at him, saw a red spot on his breast, which children sometimes are born with, and immediately was put in mind of a son that had been stolen from him by some pirates fifteen years before, of whom he could never since learn any tidings; and considering by Pietro's looks that he must be about the same age, he began to suspect by the mark, that he was the very person, and if so he supposed he would remember his own name and his father's, as also something of the Armenian language: therefore, being near him, he called out "O Theodoro!" Hearing that, Pietro lifted up his head. Phineo then spoke to him in the Armenian language, saying, "Whence do you come, and whose son are you?" The officers now who led him stopped, out of regard to the worthy person's character, when Pietro replied, "I am of Armenia, the son of one Phineo, and was brought hither by I know not whom."

Phineo was now convinced that he was his son, and he came down with his friends full of tears, and ran to embrace him among all the officers; when throwing a rich mantle over his shoulders, he desired the person who led him to wait till orders should come to take him back; which the other replied he should do very willingly. Phineo had learned the cause of his sentence, as fame had noised it everywhere, when, taking his friends with him and their retinue, he went to Currado, and said, "Sir, the person whom you have condemned is no slave, he is a freeman and my son: he is ready also to marry the woman; then please to defer the execution till it be known whether she be willing to have him, that nothing be done contrary to law." Currado was greatly surprised, hearing that he was Phineo's son, and being ashamed of their mistake, confessed that what he required was reasonable. He then sent for Amerigo, and acquainted him with these things. Amerigo was under great concern lest his daughter and her child should be put to death before that time, knowing if she was alive,

everything might be fairly accommodated: therefore he sent in all haste to her, to prevent his orders being obeyed, if they were not already performed. The messenger found the servant, who had carried the sword and poison standing before her, and as she was in no haste to make her choice, he was abusing her, and would have forced her to have taken one. But hearing his master's command, he returned and told him how it was, at which he was thoroughly satisfied, and went to Phineo to beg his pardon for what he had done, declaring that if Theodoro would marry his daughter he should be perfectly contented.

Phineo accepted his apology, and assured him, that he should either marry her, or else the law should take its course. This being agreed, they went to Theodoro (who, though rejoiced to find his father, was yet under apprehensions of dying), and asked him if he consented. Theodoro, hearing that he had it in his choice to marry his Violante was as much rejoiced as if he had gone directly from hell to heaven, and replied that he should esteem it as the greatest favour in the world. They sent to know her mind in the case, who, hearing of what had happened to Theodoro, began to receive a little comfort after all her affliction, and she said nothing in the world could be more pleasing to her than to be the wife of Theodoro; but yet she should always wait her father's commands. Every thing being thus settled, the wedding was celebrated to the great joy of the whole city. In a little time the bride began to recover her looks, and having taken care of the infant, she went to pay her respects to Phineo, who, being returned from his embassy, received her as his daughter, with the utmost joy and respect. Soon after they embarked altogether for Laiazzo, where the two lovers lived peaceably and happily together all their lives.

NOVEL VIII.

Anastasio being in love with a young lady, spent a good part of his fortune without being able to gain her affections. At the request of his relations he retires to Chiassi, where he sees a lady pursued and slain by a gentleman, and then given to the dogs to be devoured. He invites his friends, along with his mistress, to come and dine with him, when they see the same thing, and she, fearing the like punishment, takes him for her husband.

WHEN Lauretta had made an end, Philomena began, by the queen's command thus :—

Most gracious ladies, as pity is a commendable quality in us, in like manner do we find cruelty most severely punished by Divine Justice ; which, that I may make plain to you all, and afford means to drive it from your hearts, I mean to relate a novel as full of compassion as it is agreeable.

In Ravenna, an ancient city of Romagna, dwelt formerly many persons of quality ; amongst the rest was a young gentleman, named Anastasio de gli Honesti, who, by the deaths of his father and uncle, was left immensely rich ; and, being a bachelor, fell in love with one of the daughters of Signor Paolo Traversaro (of a family much superior to his own), and was in hopes, by his constant application, to gain her affection : but though his endeavours were generous, noble, and praiseworthy, so far were they from succeeding, that, on the contrary, they rather turned out to his disadvantage ; and so cruel, and even savage was the beloved fair one (either her singular beauty or noble descent having made her thus haughty and scornful), that neither he nor anything that he did could ever please her. This so afflicted Anastasio, that he was going to lay violent hands upon himself : but, thinking better of it, he frequently thought to leave her entirely ; or else to hate her, if he could, as much as she had hated him. But this proved a vain design ; for he constantly found that the less his hope, the greater always his love. Persevering then in his love and extravagant way of life, his friends looked upon him as destroying his constitution, as well as wasting his substance ; they therefore advised and entreated that he would leave the place, and go and live somewhere else ; for, by that means, he might lessen both his love and expense. For some time he made light of this advice, till being very much importuned, and not knowing how to refuse them, he promised to do so ; when, making extraordinary prepar-

ations as if he was going some long journey either into France or Spain, he mounted his horse, and left Ravenna, attended by many of his friends, and went to a place about three miles off, called Chiassi, where he ordered tents and pavillions to be brought, telling those who had accompanied him that he meant to stay there, but that they might return to Ravenna. Here he lived in the most splendid manner, inviting sometimes this company, and sometimes that, both to dine and sup, as he had used to do before. Now it happened in the beginning of May, the season being extremely pleasant, that, thinking of his cruel mistress, he ordered all his family to retire, and leave him to his own thoughts, when he walked along, step by step, and lost in reflection, till he came to a forest of pines. It being then the fifth hour of the day, and he advanced more than half a mile into the grove, without thinking either of his dinner or anything else but his love; on a sudden he seemed to hear a most grievous lamentation, with the loud shrieks of a woman; this put an end to his meditation, when looking round him, to know what the matter was, he saw come out of a thicket full of briars and thorns, and run towards the place where he was, a most beautiful lady, naked, with her flesh all scratched and rent by the bushes, crying terribly, and begging for mercy: in close pursuit of her were two fierce mastiffs, biting and tearing wherever they could lay hold, and behind upon a black steed, rode a gloomy knight, with a dagger in his hand, loading her with the bitterest imprecations. The sight struck him at once with wonder and consternation, as well as pity for the lady, whom he was desirous to rescue from such trouble and danger, if possible: but finding himself without arms, he seized the branch of a tree, instead of a truncheon, and went forward with it, to oppose both the dogs and the knight. The knight observing this, called out, afar off, "Anastasio, do not concern thyself; but leave the dogs and me to do by this wicked woman as she has deserved." At these words the dogs laid hold of her, and he coming up to them, dismounted from his horse. Anastasio then stepped up to him and said, "I know not who you are, that are acquainted thus with me; but I must tell you, that it is a most villanous action for a man armed as you are to pursue a naked woman, and to set dogs upon her also, as if she were a wild beast; be assured that I shall defend her to the utmost of my power." The knight replied, "I was once your countryman, when you

were but a child, and was called Guido de gli Anastagi, at which time I was more enamoured with this woman than ever you were with Traversaro's daughter; but she treated me so cruelly, and with so much insolence, that I killed myself with this dagger which you now see in my hand, for which I am doomed to eternal punishment. Soon afterwards she, who was over and above rejoiced at my death, died likewise, and for that cruelty, as also for the joy which she expressed at my misery, she is condemned as well as myself. Our sentences are for her to flee before me; and for me, who loved her so well, to pursue her as a mortal enemy; and when I overtake her, with this dagger, with which I murdered myself, do I murder her; then I open her through the back and take out that hard and cold heart, which neither love nor pity could pierce, with all her entrails, and throw them to the dogs; and in a little time (so wills the justice and power of Heaven) she rises, as though she had never been dead, and renews her miserable flight, whilst we pursue her over again. Every Friday in the year, about this time, do I sacrifice her here, as you see, and on other days in other places, where she has ever thought or done anything against me: and thus being from a lover become her mortal enemy, I am to follow her as many years as she was cruel to me months. Then let the Divine justice take its course, nor offer to oppose what you are no way able to withstand." Anastasio drew back at these words, terrified to death, and waited to see what the other was going to do: who, having made an end of speaking, ran at her with the utmost fury, as she was seized by the dogs, and kneeled down begging for mercy, when with his dagger he pierced through her breast, drawing forth her heart and entrails, which the dogs immediately, as if half famished, devoured. And in a little time she arose again, as if nothing had happened, and fled towards the sea, the dogs biting and tearing her all the way; the knight also being remounted, and taking his dagger pursued her as before, till they soon got out of sight. Upon seeing these things, Anastasio stood divided betwixt fear and pity, and at length it came into his mind that, as it happened always on a Friday, it might be of particular use. Returning then to his servants, he sent for some of his friends and relations, when he said to them, "You have often importuned me to leave off loving this enemy, and to contract my expenses; I am ready to do so, provided you grant me one favour, which is this. that next Friday,

you engage Paolo Traversaro, his wife and daughter, with all their women friends and relations, to come and dine with me: the reason of my requiring this you will see at that time." This seemed to them a small matter, and returning to Ravenna they invited all those whom he had desired, and though they found it difficult to prevail upon the young lady, yet the others carried her at last along with them.

Anastasio had provided a magnificent entertainment in the grove where that spectacle had lately been; and, having seated all his company, he contrived that the lady should sit directly opposite to the scene of action. The last course then was no sooner served up, but the lady's shrieks began to be heard. This surprised them all, and they began to inquire what it was, and, as nobody could inform them, they all arose; when immediately they saw the lady, dogs, and knight, who were soon amongst them. Great was consequently the clamour, both against the dogs and knight, and many of them went to her assistance. But the knight made the same harangue to them that he had done to Anastasio, which terrified and filled them with wonder; whilst he acted the same part over again, the ladies, of whom there were many present, related to both the knight and lady, who remembered his love and unhappy death, all lamenting as much as if it had happened to themselves. This tragical affair being ended, and the lady and knight both gone away, they had various arguments together about it; but none seemed so much affected as Anastasio's mistress, who had heard and seen everything distinctly, and was sensible that it concerned her more than any other person, calling to mind her usage of and cruelty towards him; so that she seemed to flee before him all incensed, with the mastiffs at her heels; and her terror was such, lest this should ever happen to her, that, turning her hatred into love, she sent that very evening a trusty damsel privately to him, who entreated him in her name to come to see her, for that she was ready to fulfil his desires. Anastasio replied, that nothing could be more agreeable to him, but that he desired no favour from her but what was consistent with her honour. The lady, who was sensible that it had been always her fault they were not married answered, that she was willing; and going herself to her father and mother, she acquainted them with her intention. This gave them the utmost satisfaction; and the next Sunday the marriage was solemnized with all possible demonstrations of joy. And that

spectacle was not attended with this good alone; but all the women of Ravenna, for the time to come, were so terrified with it, that they were more ready to listen to, and oblige the men, than ever they had been before.

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NOVEL IX.

Federigo being in love, without meeting with any return, spends all his substance, having nothing left but one poor hawk, which he gives to his lady for her dinner when she comes to his house; she, knowing this, changes her resolution, and marries him, by which means he becomes very rich.

THE queen now observing that only herself and Dioneus were left to speak, said pleasantly to this effect:—

As it is now come to my turn, I shall give you a novel something like the preceding one, that you may not only know what influence the power of your charms has over a generous heart, but that you may learn likewise to bestow your favours of your own accord, and where you think most proper, without suffering Fortune to be your directress, who disposes blindly, and without the least judgment whatsoever.

You must understand, then, that Coppo di Borghese (who was a person of great respect and authority among us, and whose amiable qualities, joined to his noble birth, had rendered him worthy of immortal fame) in the decline of life used to divert himself among his neighbours and acquaintances, by relating things which had happened in his days, and which he knew how to do with more exactness and elegance of expression than any other person: he, I say, amongst other pleasant stories, used to tell us that at Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Federigo, son of Filippo Alberighi, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany: this gentleman was in love with a lady called Madame Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and to gain her affection, used to be continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and everything that was extravagant. But she, as just and reputable as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake, or of himself. Living in this manner, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than

ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out a fowling as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, and without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now, one day it happened, that, as he was reduced to the last extremity, the husband to this lady chanced to fall sick, who, being very rich, left all his substance to an only son, who was almost grown up, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. She now, being left a widow, retired, as our ladies usually do during the summer season, to a house of hers in the country, near to that of Federigo: whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; when he, having often seen Federigo's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree, that he knew not how to ask for it. This being so, the young spark soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child: and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him, often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it were possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said, "Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Federigo's hawk, I should soon be well." She was in some suspense at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Federigo had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself, "How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which I hear is the very best of the kind, and what alone maintains him in the world? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?" Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply, till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved at all events to make him easy, and not send, but go herself, to bring it. She then replied, "Son, set your heart at rest, and think only of your recovery, for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do." This afforded him such joy, that he immediately shewed signs of amendment. The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to his little cottage to inquire for him. At that

time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, therefore, that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy; whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him; and after the usual compliments, she said, "Good morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for what you have formerly done on my account; what I mean is, that I have brought a companion to take a neighbourly dinner with you to-day." He replied, with a great deal of humility, "Madam, I do not remember ever to have received any harm by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was worth anything at any time, it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you: and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again; but you are come to a very poor host." With these words he shewed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and from thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said, "Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a labourer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table." He, although his poverty was extreme, was never so sensible of his having been extravagant as now; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, for whose sake he had treated thousands, he was in the utmost perplexity, cursing his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits; at length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and being willing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own labourer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, which he seized, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without farther thought, then, he pulled his head off, and gave him to a girl to truss and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen yet left; and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden to her, telling her that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready. She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they eat the hawk. After dinner was over, and they had sat chattering a little together, she thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and she spoke to him courteously in this manner:—

"Sir, if you call to mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will

wonder at my presumption, when you know what I am come for: but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is towards them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclinations, and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you, which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or diversion left in your small circumstances; I mean your hawk, which he has taken such a fancy to, that unless I bring him back with me, I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me (for in that respect you are no way obliged to me), but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have him; by which means you will save my child's life, and lay him under perpetual obligations." Federigo, hearing the lady's request, and knowing it was out of his power to serve her, began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she first thought was his great concern to part with his favourite bird, and that he was going to give her a flat denial; but after she had waited a little for his answer, he said, "Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has still been contrary to me in many things; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor mansion, and whither in my prosperity you would never deign to come; you also entreat a small present from me, which it is no way in my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favour you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability, with something more nice and valuable than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me, that I shall never be at peace as long as I live:" and upon saying this, he produced his feathers, feet, and talons. She began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with; secretly praising the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase. Thus, having no farther hopes of obtaining the hawk, she thanked him for the respect and good-will he had shewed towards her, and returned

full of concern to her son; who, either out of grief for the disappointment, or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days. She continued sorrowful for some time; but, being left rich, and young, her brothers were very pressing with her to marry again, which, though against her inclinations, yet finding them still importunate, and remembering Federigo's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity, in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said, "I should rather choose to continue as I am; but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have only Federigo de gli Alberighi." They smiled contemptuously at this, and said, "You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world." She replied, "I believe it, brothers, to be as you say: but know, *that I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.*" They hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and such a vast fortune, lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs for the time to come.

NOVEL X.

Pietro di Vinciolo goes to sup at a friend's house; his wife in the meantime has her gallant: Pietro returns, when she hides him under a chicken coop. Pietro relates, that a young fellow was found in Hercolano's house where he supped, who had been concealed by his wife. Pietro's wife blames very much the wife of Hercolano; whilst an ass happening to tread on the young man's fingers, who lay hidden, he cries out. Pietro runs to see what is the matter, and finds out the trick. At length they make it up.

THE queen had now made an end, and every one was pleased with Federigo's good fortune, when Dioneus thus began:—

I know not whether I should term it a vice accidental, and owing to the depravity of our manners, or whether it be not rather a natural infirmity, to laugh sooner at bad things than those which are good, especially when they no way concern ourselves. Therefore, as the pains which I have before taken, and am also now to undergo, aim at no other end but to drive away melancholy, and to afford matter for mirth and laughter, although some part of the following novel be not altogether so modest, yet, as it may make you merry, I shall venture to relate it; whilst you may do

in this case, as when you walk in a garden, that is, pick the roses, and leave the briars behind you. So you may leave the sorry fellow to his own reflections, and laugh at the amorous wiles of his wife, having that regard for other people's misfortunes which they deserve.

There dwelt not long since in Perugia, a very rich man, named Pietro di Vinciolo, who, perhaps more to lessen people's bad opinion of him than anything else, took unto him a wife. And fortune was conformable to his inclinations in this manner; namely, that he met with a woman of such a disposition, as required two husbands rather than one. Consequently, they had continual jars and animosities together, whilst she would often argue with herself in this way: "I made choice of this man, and brought him a good fortune, expecting to live comfortably with him, and I now find it impossible. Had I not been disposed to be of the world, I would have shut myself up in a monastery at once. I shall have old age overtake me before I know one good day, and then it will be too late to expect it." Full of such reflections as these, she went at last, and made her case known to an old sanctified virgin (who was perpetually saying over her Pater Nosters, and would talk of nothing else but the lives of the holy fathers, and the wounds of St. Francis), and she replied, "Daughter, you think very rightly, there is no grief equal to that of having missed our opportunity, as I can very well bear you witness. It is not long that our bloom lasts, and we have it in our power to do for ourselves; afterwards, pray what are we reckoned good for? If you want any assistance, I will do my best to serve you; but you must consider that I am very poor: I would have you therefore partake of all my pardons and Pater Nosters." It was then agreed, that if the old woman should meet with a certain gentleman in the street, whom the other described to her, she then knew what she had to do; and upon this she gave her some victuals, and sent her away. The old wretch soon contrived to bring them together, and they had several meetings: one evening, in particular, the husband being engaged to sup with a friend of his, called Hercolano, the lady and her gallant were no sooner seated at table, but Pietro was heard knocking at the door. She was frightened out of her wits, and being willing to hide him somewhere or other, and not knowing where to put him better, she covered him with the hen-coop, which stood in the next room, and throwing an

empty sack over it, ran to open the door, saying, "Husband, you have soon made an end of your supper." Pietro replied, "I have not tasted one morsel." "How could that be?" quoth she. "I will tell you," rejoined he, "how it was. Hercolano, his wife, and myself, were all set down, when we heard somebody sneeze; this we did not regard for once or twice, but it happening three or four, or five times, it naturally surprised us; and Hercolano (who was disturbed that his wife made him wait some time at the door, before she let him in) said, in a passion, "What is the meaning of this? Who is it that sneezes in this manner?" And getting up from the table, he went towards the stairs, under which was a cupboard, made to set things out of the way, and supposing that it came from thence, he opened the door, when there immediately issued out the greatest stench of sulphur that could be, though we perceived something of it before, and they had words about it; when she told him, that she had been whitening her veils with brimstone, and had set the pan, over which she had laid them to receive the steam, in that place, and she supposed it continued yet to smoke. After he had opened the door, and the smoke was a little dispersed, he began to look about to see who it was that sneezed, the sulphur provoking to it; and though he continued sneezing, yet his breast was so straitened with it, that, in a very little time more, he would neither have done that, nor any thing else. Hercolano, seeing the person at last, cried out, "So, madam! I now see why you made us wait so long at the door, but let me die if I do not pay you as you deserve." The wife, finding that she was discovered, rose from the table without making any excuse, and went I know not whither. Hercolano, not perceiving that his wife was fled, called upon the man that sneezed, and ordered him to come out; but he, who was indeed not able, never offered to stir, notwithstanding all he could say. Upon which he drew him out by the foot, and was running for a knife to kill him, but I, fearing to be drawn into some difficulty myself about it, would not suffer him to put him to death; but defended him, and called out for the neighbours to assist, who came and carried him away: this spoiled our supper, and I havenot had one bit, as I told you." The lady hearing this account, saw that other women were of the same disposition with herself, although some proved more unlucky than others; and she would gladly have vindicated Hercolano's wife, but that she thought by blaming the faults of other

people, to make the way more open for her own; she then began:—

"Here is a fine affair truly! this is your virtuous and good woman, who seemed so spiritually-minded always that I could have confessed myself to her upon occasion. What is worse, she is also old: she sets a fine example to young people! Cursed be the hour of her birth, and herself also; vile woman as she is! to be a disgrace to her whole sex; who, mindless of her own honour and her plighted faith to her husband, was not ashamed to injure so deserving a person, and who had been always so tender of her! As I hope for mercy I would have none on such prostitutes, they should every soul of them be burnt alive."

Now calling to mind her own spark who was concealed, she began to fondle her husband, and would have had him go to bed; but he, who had more stomach to eat than sleep, asked whether she had anything for supper. "Yes, truly," quoth she, "we are used to have suppers when you are from home. I should fare better were I Hercolano's wife; my dear, now go to bed." That evening it happened that certain labourers of his were come with some things out of the country, and had put their asses, without giving them any water, into a stable adjoining to the little room, when one of them slipped his halter, being very thirsty, and went smelling everywhere to drink, till he came to the coop under which the young man was hidden. Now he was forced to lie flat on his belly, and one of his fingers, by strange ill-fortune, was uncovered, so that the ass trod upon it, which made him cry out most terribly. Pietro wondered to hear that clamour, supposing it was somewhere in the house, and finding the person continue to make a noise, the ass still squeezing close his finger, he called aloud, "Who is there?" And running to the coop, and turning it up, he saw the young man, who, besides the great pain he had suffered, was frightened to death lest Pietro should do him some mischief. He inquired of him then what business he had there: to which he made no reply, but begged he would do him no harm. Pietro then said, "Get up, I shall not hurt you, only tell me how you came hither, and upon what account." The young man confessed everything, whilst Pietro, full as glad that he had found him as his wife was sorry, brought him into the room, where she sat in all the terror imaginable, expecting him. Seating himself now down before her, he said, "Here, you that were so outrageous at Hercolano's

wife, saying that she should be burnt, and that she was a scandal to you all, what do you say now for yourself? Or how could you have the assurance to utter such things with regard to her, when you knew yourself to be equally guilty? You are all alike, and think to cover your own transgressions by other people's mistakes; I wish a fire would come from heaven and consume you all together, for a perverse generation as you are." The lady, now seeing that he went no farther than a few words, put a good face on the matter, and replied, "Yes, I make no doubt but you would have us all destroyed; but I shall stick close to you yet. You do well to compare me to Hercolano's wife, who is a deformed hypocritical old woman and he one of the best of husbands; whereas, you know it is the reverse with regard to us two: I would sooner go in rags were you what you ought to be, than to have everything in plenty and you continue the same person you have always been." Pietro found she had matter enough to serve her the whole night, and having never been over fond of her, he said, "I will take care that you shall have more comfort for the time to come; do but see and get us something for supper, for I suppose this young spark is fasting as well as myself."—"'Tis very true," she replied, "for we were going to sit down when you unluckily came to the door."—"Then go and get something," he said, "and we will have no more disputes." She, finding her husband was satisfied, went instantly about it, and they all three supped cheerfully together.

Dioneus having finished his novel, which was the less laughed at by the ladies, not for any want of mirth but on account of their modesty; and the queen knowing that there was an end of the novels of her day, arose, and taking the crown from her own head, placed it upon Eliza, saying, "Madam, now it is your business to command." Eliza, taking upon herself the honour, gave the same orders to the master of the household as had been done in the former reigns with regard to what was necessary during the administration; she then said, "We have often heard that many people by their ready wit and smart repartees, have not only blunted the keen satire of other persons but have also warded off some imminent danger. Then, as the subject is agreeable enough and may be useful, I will that to-morrow's discourse be to that effect: namely, of such persons as have returned some stroke of wit which was pointed at them, or else by some quick reply or prudent foresight have avoided either danger or derision." This

was agreeable to the whole assembly, and the queen now gave them leave to depart till the hour for supper: at that time they were called together, and sat cheerfully down as usual. When supper was over, Emilia was ordered to begin a dance and Dioneus to sing. But he, attempting to sing what the queen disapproved, she said, with a good deal of warmth, "Dioneus, I will have none of this ribaldry; either sing us a song fit to be heard, or you shall see that I know how to resent it." At these words he put on a more serious countenance, and began the following:

SONG.

I.

Cupid, the charms that crown my fair
Have made me slave to you and her.
  The lightning of her eyes,
  That darting through my bosom flies,
Doth still your sov'reign power declare:
  At your control
Each grace binds fast my vanquish'd soul.

II.

  Devoted to your throne
From henceforth I myself confess,
Nor can I guess
  If my desires to her be known;
Who claims each wish, each thought so far,
That all my peace depends on her.

III.

Then haste, kind godhead, and inspire
A portion of your sacred fire;
  To make her feel
  That self-consuming zeal,
The cause of my decay,
That wastes my very heart away.

When Dioneus had made an end, the queen called for several other songs: his, nevertheless, was highly commended; afterwards great part of the evening being spent, and the heat of the day sufficiently damped by the breezes of the night, she ordered them all to go and repose themselves till the following day.

THE SIXTH DAY.

THE moon had now lost her brightness in the midst of the heavens, and the world become illuminated by the appearance of the new day, when the queen arose with all her company, and they walked forth upon the dewy grass to some distance from that little eminence, holding various arguments by the way concerning their late novels, and making themselves merry with reciting some of the most entertaining over again: till at last, the heat growing excessive, as the sun was mounted to a greater height, they turned back, and came to the palace; where, the tables being set forth against their return, and every part of the house bedecked with sweet-smelling flowers, they sat down to dinner. When that was over, and after singing a few songs, some went asleep and others played at chess; whilst Dioneus and Lauretta sang the song of Tröilus and Cressida. At the usual hour they met by the fountain's side, when the queen laid her first commands upon Philomena, who readily began as follows:

NOVEL I.

A certain knight offers a lady to carry her behind him, and to tell her a pleasant story by the way; but doing it with an ill grace, she chose rather to walk on foot.

LADIES, as stars are the ornaments of heaven, flowers of the spring, and as the hills are most beautiful when planted with trees, so a smart and elegant turn of expression is the embellishment of discourse; and the shorter the better, especially in women. But true it is, whether it be owing to our unhappy dispositions or some particular enmity which the stars bear to our sex, there is hardly any among us that knows when it is proper to speak, or to understand what is said as we ought, which is a great disgrace to us all. But as Pampinea has before spoken to this point more largely, I shall say nothing farther; but only show, by the genteel manner of a lady's silencing a knight, the great beauty of a word or two spoken in due time and place.

Il Decamerone.

(Sixth Day.)

You may all of you have heard that there lived in our city, not a great while ago, a lady of much worth and wit, whose good qualities deserve not that her name should be concealed; she was called then Madam Oretta, and was the wife of Signor Geri Spina; who being by chance in the country, as we are now, and going to take a walk along with some ladies and knights, who had dined at her house the day before, from one place to another; and their journey seeming a little tedious, as they were on foot, one of the knights, who happened to be on horseback, said that if she pleased he would carry her part of the way, and entertain her with one of the best stories in the world. "Sir," she replied, "I should be extremely obliged to you for it." The knight, who told a story with as ill a grace as he wore a sword, began his tale, which was really a good one; but by frequent repetitions, and beginning over again to say it better, by mistaking also one name for another and relating everything in the worst manner, he mangled it to that degree that he made the lady quite sick: and being able to bear it no longer, seeing him set fast, nor likely soon to extricate himself, she said pleasantly to him, "Sir, your horse has a very uneasy trot, I beg you would set me down." The knight who took a hint more readily than he told a story, made a laugh of it, and turned his discourse to something else; leaving what he had sorrily begun and worse conducted without offering to end it.

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NOVEL II.

Cisti the baker, by a smart reply, makes Signor Geri Spina sensible of an unreasonable request.

THE whole company was pleased with what Oretta, had said; when the queen pointed next to Pampinea, who spoke thus:—

It is beyond my capacity to determine whether nature be more in fault, when she joins a generous soul to a homely person: or fortune in dooming a body, graced with a noble spirit, to a mean condition of life; as was the case of a citizen of ours, named Cisti, as well as of many others. For this man, though he had truly a great spirit, yet fortune made him no better than a baker. For my part, I should quarrel both with nature and fortune did I not know nature to be absolutely wise, and that fortune hath a thousand eyes, although fools have described her as blind. I suppose, therefore,

that both, being truly wise and judicious, act as we ourselves often do; who, uncertain of what may happen, for our convenience often bury our most valuable treasure in the meanest places of our houses, as the least liable to suspicion; from whence we can fetch them in time of need, and where they have continued more secure than they would have been in the best chamber of the house. So these two ministers of the world do many times hide their most precious blessings under the cover of some mean employ, to the end that, drawing them from thence when need requires, they may appear with greater lustre; which was plainly shewed, although in a small matter, by our baker Cisti, to the apprehension of Signor Geri Spina, whom the story of Madam Oretta, who was his wife, brings fresh into my mind; as I shall relate in a very short novel. You must know then that Pope Boniface, with whom this same Signor Geri was in great esteem, having an occasion to send ambassadors to Florence about some particular business, who being entertained at this Geri Spina's house, and employed with him in the said pope's negotiation, it happened, whatever was the reason, that they passed on foot every morning by the church of St. Maria Ughi where Cisti the baker dwelt, and followed his trade: who, though fortune had given him but a mean employ, yet in this respect she had been kind to him—that he had grown very rich in it; and, without having any desire to leave it for a better, lived very generously among his neighbours, having everything in plenty, the best wine especially, both red and white, that the country could afford. Now, he seeing them walk daily, by his door, and supposing, as the season was sultry, that it would be esteemed a kindness to let them drink some of his fine white wine, but regarding at the same time the disparity of their different stations, he would not presume to invite them; but thought of a way whereby Signor Geri might be induced of his own accord to taste it: having a white frock on, therefore, with an apron before him, which bespoke him rather a miller than a baker, every morning about the time that he supposed they should come that way, would he order a bucket full of fair water to be brought, and a decanter of wine, with a couple of beakers as bright as crystal, to be set before him; when, seating himself down at his door, and clearing first his mouth and throat, he would take a draught or two just as they were going past, with a gust sufficient to cause an appetite almost in a man that was dead.

Signor Geri observing this once or twice, said, the third time, "What say you? Is your wine good, Master Cisti?" He starting up, replied, "Yes, sir; but how can I convince you unless you taste?" Signor Geri, whom either the heat of the weather or his extraordinary fatigue, or perhaps the relish with which he saw the other drink, had rendered thirsty, turned with a smile upon the embassadors, and said, "Gentlemen, we may as well drink of this honest man's wine, perhaps it is such that we shall not need to repent." Accordingly they went together to Cisti, who, ordering seats to be brought out of his bakehouse, prayed them to sit down, saying to their servants, who offered to wash the glasses, "Friends, go get you gone; leave this to me. I am no worse a skinker than a baker, and stay you ever so long you shall not taste a drop." Washing then four neat glasses, and ordering a fresh decanter to be brought, he filled round to Signor Geri and the ambassadors, who thought it the best wine they had tasted a long time; and having highly commended it, they called to drink with him most mornings during their stay. At length having dispatched their business, and being about to depart, Signor Geri made an entertainment for them, to which he invited a great part of the most eminent citizens, and Cisti amongst the rest, who could by no means be persuaded to go. Signor Geri then ordered one of his servants to fetch a flask of Cisti's wine, and to fill half a glass round to all the company at the first table. The servant (offended, as we may suppose, that he had never been able to get a taste of it) took a very large bottle; which as soon as Cisti saw, he said, "Friend, Signor Geri never sent thee to me." Which the servant affirming over and over, and yet meeting with no other reply, he returned to his master, and told him. Signor Geri then said, "Go back, and tell him that I did send thee, and if he makes the like answer again, ask him whither he thinks I should send thee." The servant went again, and said, "Most assuredly Signor Geri, my master, has sent me to you." Cisti made answer, "I tell thee, friend, it is impossible."—"Then," quoth the servant, "whither do you think he sent me?" He replied, "To the river Arno;" which when the fellow reported to Signor Geri, his eyes were immediately opened, and he said. "Let me see what bottle it was which you carried to him." On seeing it, he added, 'Now, trust me, Cisti spoke truth." Reprimanding him then severely, he ordered him to take a more sizable vessel; which as soon as Cisti saw, he said, "Why now I am certain that he sent

thee to me ;" and filled it very readily for him. That day also he had a cask filled with the same wine, which he sent to Signor Geri's house, and going himself after it, he thus addressed him :— "Sir, I would not have you think that I was any way startled at the sight of the great bottle this morning ; but as I imagined you had forgotten what I had endeavoured to intimate to you for several days past with my little decanters, namely, that mine is no wine for servants, so I only did it to remind you again of the same thing. But meaning to be steward no longer, I have now brought my whole store ; dispose of it as you please." Signor Geri was extremely thankful for his most valuable present, and ever afterwards esteemed him as his most intimate friend.

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NOVEL III.

Madam Nonna de' Pulci silencest he Bishop of Florence, by a smart reply to an unseemly piece of raillery.

PAMPINEA had now made an end, Cisti's answer and generosity being highly commended, when the queen gave her orders to Lauretta, who began as follows :—

Most gracious ladies, Pampinea, the other day, and Philomena now, have both justly touched upon our little merit, as well as the beauty of repartees : therefore, as it is needless to say any thing farther upon that head, I shall only remind you that your words should be such as only to nip or touch the hearer, like the sheep's nibbling on the grass, and not as the dog bites ; for in that case it is no longer wit, but foul scurrility. This was excellently well set forth, both in what was said by Oretta, and in the reply of Cisti. It is true, however, that if it be spoken by way of answer, and bites a little too keenly; yet, if the person who answers in that manner were stung first, he is the less to blame. Therefore, you should be cautious both how, when, and with whom you jest ; which not being enough attended to by a certain prelate of ours, he met with a sharper bite than he had given, as I shall shew you in a very short novel.

When Signor Antonio d'Orso, a most wise and worthy person, was bishop of Florence, a certain gentleman of Catalonia, marshal to King Robert, happened to come thither; who, having a good person, and being a great admirer of the fair sex, took a particular liking to a lady of that city, who was niece to the bishop's brother ; and,

understanding that her husband, though of a good family, was most abominably sordid and covetous, he agreed to give him five hundred florins of gold to let him pass one night with her. Accordingly, he got so many pieces of silver gilt, which he gave to him, and then obtained his desire contrary to her will and knowledge. This being discovered soon afterwards, the wretch became the common jest and scorn of mankind; but the bishop, like a wise man, seemed to know nothing of the matter. And, being often in company with the marshal, it happened on St. John's day, that, as they were riding side by side through the city, viewing the ladies all the way, that the bishop cast his eye upon one, named Nonna de' Pulci, then newly married, and who is since dead of the plague, cousin also to Alesso Rinucci, whom you all knew: this lady, besides her great beauty, was endowed with a generous spirit, and spoke pertinently and well. Shewing her, therefore, to the marshal, as soon as they came nearer to her, he laid his hand upon the marshal's shoulder, and said, "Madam, what do you think of this gentleman? Could he make a conquest over you or not?" This seemed to touch her honour, or at least she thought it might give some persons present a worse opinion of her. Without ever thinking, then, how to clear herself of such a charge, but resolving to return like for like, she replied, "Perhaps he might, my lord; but then I should like to be paid *with good money.*" This touched them both to the quick; the one as doing a very dishonourable thing to the bishop's relation; the other as receiving in his own person the shame belonging to his brother. And they rode away, without so much as looking at one another, or exchanging a word together all the day after. Very justly, therefore, did this lady bite the biter.

NOVEL IV.

Chichibio, cook to Currado Gianfiliazzi, by a sudden reply, which he made to his master, turns his wrath into laughter, and so escapes the punishment with which he had threatened him.

LAURETTA being silent, Neiphile was ordered to follow, which she did in this manner:—

Though ready wit and invention furnish people with words proper to their different occasions, yet sometimes does fortune, an assistant to the timorous, tip the tongue with a sudden, and yet a more pertinent reply than the most mature deliberation

could ever have suggested, as I shall now briefly relate to you Currado Gianfiliazzi, as most of you have both known and seen, was always esteemed a gallant and worthy citizen, delighting much in hounds and hawks, to omit his other excellences, as no way relating to our present purpose. Now, he having taken a crane one day with his hawk, and finding it to be young and fat, sent it home to his cook, who was a Venetian, and called Chichibio, with orders to prepare it for supper. The cook, a poor simple fellow, trussed and spitted it, and when it was nearly roasted, and began to smell pretty well, it chanced that a woman in the neighbourhood called Brunetta, with whom he was much enamoured, came into the kitchen, and being taken with the high savour, earnestly begged of him to give her a leg. He replied very merrily, singing all the time, "Madam Brunetta, you shall have no leg from me." Upon this she was a good deal nettled, and said, "As I hope to live, if you do not give it me, you need never expect any favour more from me." The dispute, at length, was carried to a great height between them; when, to make her easy, he was forced to give her one of the legs. Accordingly the crane was served up at supper with only one leg; Currado having a friend along with him. Currado wondered at this, and sending for the fellow, he demanded what was become of the other leg. He very foolishly replied, and without the least thought, "Sir, cranes have only one leg." Currado, in great wrath, said, "What the devil does the man talk of? Only one leg! Thou rascal, dost thou think I never saw a crane before?" Chichibio still persisted in his denial, saying, "Believe me, sir, it is as I say, and I will convince you of it whenever you please, by such fowls as are living." Currado was willing to have no more words, out of regard to his friend; only he added, "As thou undertakest to shew me a thing which I never saw or heard of before, I am content to make proof thereof to-morrow morning; but I vow and protest, if I find it otherwise, I will make thee remember it the longest day thou hast to live." Thus there was an end for that night, and the next morning Currado, whose passion would scarcely suffer him to get any rest, arose betimes, and ordered his horses to be brought out, taking Chichibio along with him towards a river where he used early in the morning to see plenty of cranes; and he said, "We shall soon see whether you spoke truth or not last night." Chichibio, finding his master's wrath not at all abated, and that he was now to make good what

he had asserted, nor yet knowing how to do it, rode on first with all the fear imaginable: gladly would he have made his escape, but he saw no possible means; whilst he was continually looking about him, expecting everything that appeared to be a crane with two feet. But being come near to the river, he chanced to see, before anybody else, a number of cranes, each standing upon one leg, as they use to do when they are sleeping; whereupon, shewing them quickly to his master, he said, "Now, sir, you yourself may see that I spoke nothing but truth, when I said that cranes have only one leg: look at those there if you please." Currado, beholding the cranes, replied, "Yes, sirrah! but stay a while, and I will shew thee that they have two." Then riding something nearer to them, he cried out, "Shough! shough!" which made them set down the other foot, and after taking a step or two, they all flew away. When Currado, turning to him, said, "Well, thou lying knave, art thou now convinced that they have two legs?" Chichibio, quite at his wits' end, and knowing scarcely what he said himself, suddenly made answer, "Yes, sir; but you did not shout out to that crane last night as you have done to these; had you called to it in the same manner, it would have put down the other leg, as these have now done." This pleased Currado so much that, turning all wrath into mirth and laughter, he said, "Chichibio, thou sayest right, I should have done so indeed." By this sudden and comical answer Chichibio escaped a sound drubbing, and made peace with his master.

NOVEL V.

Forese da Rabatta and Giotto the painter, coming from Mugello, laugh at the meanness of each other's appearance.

THE ladies were much diverted with Chichibio's reply, when Pamphilus, by the queen's order, delivered himself to this effect:—

As it often happens that fortune hides, under the meanest trades in life, the greatest virtues, which has been proved by Pampinea, so are the greatest geniuses found frequently lodged by nature in the most deformed and misshapen bodies, which was verified in two of our own citizens, as I am now going to relate. For the one, who was called Forese da Rabatta, being a little deformed mortal, with a flat Dutch face, worse than any of the family of the Baronci,

yet was he esteemed by most men a repository of the civil law; and the other, whose name was Giotto, had such a prodigious fancy, that there was nothing in nature, the parent of all things, but he could imitate it with his pencil so well, and draw it so like, as to deceive our very senses, imagining that to be the very thing itself which was only his painting: therefore, having brought that art again to light, which had lain buried for many ages, under the errors of such as aimed more to captivate the eyes of the ignorant, than to please the understandings of those who were really judges, he may be deservedly called one of the lights and glories of our city, and the rather as being master of his art, notwithstanding his modesty would never suffer himself to be so esteemed: which honour, though rejected by him, displayed itself in him with the greater lustre, as it was so eagerly usurped by others less knowing than himself, and by many also who had all their knowledge from him. But though his excellence in his profession was so wonderful, yet as to his person and aspect he had no way the advantage of Signor Forese. To come then to my story: These two worthies had each his country seat at Mugello, and Forese being gone thither in the vacation time, and riding upon an unsightly steed, chanced to meet there with Giotto, who was no better equipped than himself, when they returned together to Florence. Travelling slowly along, as they were able to go no faster, they were overtaken by a great shower of rain, and forced to take shelter in a poor man's house, who was well known to them both; and, as there was no appearance of the weather clearing up, and each being desirous of getting home that night, they borrowed two old rusty cloaks and two rusty hats, and they proceeded on their journey. After they had gotten a good part of their way, thoroughly wet, and covered with dirt and mire, which their two shuffling steeds had thrown upon them, and which by no means improved their looks, it began to clear up at last, and they, who had hitherto said but little to each other, now turned to discourse together; whilst Forese, riding along and listening to Giotto, who was excellent at telling a story, began at last to view him attentively from head to foot, and seeing him in that wretched dirty pickle, without having any regard to himself, he fell a laughing, and said, "Do you suppose, Giotto, if a stranger were to meet with you now, who had never seen you before, that he would imagine you to be the best painter in the world, as you really are?" Giotto readily replied, "Yes, sir, I believe he might think so, if,

looking at you at the same time, he would ever conclude that you had learned your A, B, C." At this Forese was sensible of his mistake, finding himself well paid in his own coin

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NOVEL VI.

Michael Scalza proves to certain young gentlemen, that the family of the Baronci is the most honourable of any in the world, and wins a supper by it.

THE ladies continued laughing at Giotto's smart reply, when the queen commanded Flammetta to follow, which she did to this purpose :—

The Baronci being mentioned by Pamphilus, though perhaps you may not know them so well as himself, puts me in mind of a story, in which their great nobility is plainly exhibited, without deviating from our present subject, and therefore I choose to relate it. There lived not long since in our city, a young gentleman called Michael Scalza, who was one of the most agreeable and pleasant companions in the world ; for which reason his company was much courted by all the young people of Florence, whenever they could be favoured with it. Now he was one day with some friends at Mount Ughi, when the question happened to be started, which was the noblest and most ancient family in Florence? Accordingly one named the Uberti, another the Lamberti, some preferring one, and some another, according to their different humours and interests ; upon which Scalza smiled and said, "You are all mistaken ; the most noble, as well as the most ancient family, I do not say in Florence only, but in the whole world, is that of the Baronci ; in this all philosophers are agreed, and every one that knows them as well as myself. And, lest you should think that I speak it of some other family of that name, I tell you that I mean the Baronci, our neighbours, that live by great St. Maria." When the young gentlemen, who expected he would have mentioned some other, heard this family named, they made the greatest jest of it that could be, and said, "You impose any thing in the world upon us, as if nobody knew the Baronci but yourself." "Indeed," quoth he, "I do not, I speak nothing but what is truth, and if there is any one among you that dares lay a wager of a supper for six of his friends, upon that head, I will stand to it ; nay, more than that, I will be set down by the judg-

ment of any person whom you shall nominate." Hereupon a young spark called Neri Vannini, said, "I am your man." It was also agreed that one Piero, a Florentine, in whose house they were, should be judge. Accordingly the case was stated to him, whilst the whole company bore hard upon Scalza, making themselves very merry with his expected treat. Piero, then, who was a good sensible man, having heard Neri's story, turned to Scalza and said, "Well, how do you make good your assertion?" Scalza replied, "I prove it by such arguments, that not yourself only, but even my antagonist shall confess to be just. You know that the more ancient any family is, the more noble it is deemed; this was agreed among us at the beginning. I have then only to shew, in order to gain my question, that the Baronci family is the most ancient of all others. You must understand, therefore, that they were formed when nature was in her infancy, and before she was perfect at her work, and that the rest of mankind were all created afterwards. To convince you of this, do but examine the figures of one and the other, you will find art and proportion in the last, whereas the first are rough drawn and imperfect: among them you will see one with a long narrow face, another with a prodigious broad one; one that is flat-nosed, another with a nose half an ell long; this has a long hooked chin, that one eye bigger and set lower down than the other. In a word, their faces resemble, for all the world, what children make when they first learn to draw. Nature then, you will allow, was in its first and earliest state when they were created, consequently they are the most ancient of all others, and therefore the most noble." Both Piero, who was to determine, and Neri, who had wagered the treat, and the whole company likewise, on hearing this pleasant argument, agreed that Scalza was in the right, and that the Baronci were the noblest and most ancient people in the whole world. Well therefore was it observed by Pamphilus, in describing the ugliness and deformity of Signor Forese, that, if possible, he had a worse person than any of the Baronci.

NOVEL VII.

Madam Philippa being surprised with her gallant by her husband, is accused and tried for it; but saves herself by her quick reply; and has the laws moderated for the future.

SCALZA'S argument to prove the nobility of the Baronci made them all very merry, when the queen turned to Philostratus, who began in this manner :—

It is a good thing, most worthy ladies, to be able to speak well, and to the purpose ; but I hold it best of all to know how to do it when need requires : as was the case of a lady of whom I am going to treat, who escaped an ignominious death by this means, as you shall hear. In the territories of the town of Prato, there was formerly a most severe law, which, without any distinction, condemned all such women as were detected by their husbands of adultery to be burnt. Whilst this law was in force, it chanced that a beautiful young lady, named Philippa, was surprised by her husband with her gallant, a young gentleman of the same city, in her own chamber. Rinaldo de' Pugliesi, for that was the husband's name, was so provoked at this, that he could scarcely refrain from putting them both to death, and forbore it only out of regard to his own life ; but yet he resolved that the law should effect what did not so properly belong to himself—the death of his wife. Therefore, having procured sufficient testimony to prove the fact, he went and had her summoned before the court. The lady, who was of an undaunted spirit, resolved to make her appearance, contrary to the judgment of her friends, choosing to die by a resolute confession of the truth, rather than to live basely in exile by making her escape ; or, by denying it, to shew herself unworthy of that lover with whom she had this intrigue. Being brought then before the lord-provost, attended by a great number of friends, and encouraged all the way to deny it, she demanded of him, with a steady countenance, what he had to say to her. The provost, seeing her genteel deportment and greatness of spirit, began to pity her, fearing lest she should confess something or other which would force him for the sake of his honour to condemn her, whilst he ceased not all the time to inquire the reason of her being brought thither. When he said to her, "Madam, here is Rinaldo, your husband, who affirms that he has taken you in adultery, and insists that I pronounce sentence of death upon you

according to the law in that case ; but this I cannot do unless you yourself confess it, therefore take care what answers you make, and tell me if this accusation of his be true." The lady, without shewing the least concern, replied, "My lord, it is true ; I will never deny it ; but you must know, at the same time, that laws ought to be universal, and made with the consent of those persons whom they concern. Now in this law of yours it was quite otherwise ; for only we poor women are bound by it, and yet not one of us ever consented to, or were even consulted about, the making of it. I call it then a most iniquitous law ; and if you are disposed to take away my life for the breach of it, I have no way to do myself justice, but by protesting in the face of this court, and before the whole world, against the partiality of your proceedings." All the principal people of the city were present to hear this process, who, hearing her plead her own cause in that manner, cried out, "That there was some reason in what she said ;" and before they broke up, the law, by the interposition of the lord-provost, was moderated so far as to include only such women who wronged their husbands for the sake of money. On this Rinaldo departed from the court, confused at his disappointment, whilst she, saved as it were out of the fire, returned victorious to her own house.

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NOVEL VIII.

Fresco advises his niece that if she could not endure to look at any disagreeable people, she should never behold herself.

PHILOSTRATUS'S novel had put the ladies into some confusion, as appeared by their blushes, when the queen turned immediately to Emilia, and desired her to begin ; who, starting up as if she had been raised out of her sleep, spoke to this effect :—

I have been so long lost in thought that I shall now obey the queen by relating a much shorter novel than I should have done, probably, had I more time to recollect myself. This will be concerning the foolish affectation of a certain young lady, which was very wittily reproved by her uncle, if she had but sense enough to have taken it. An honest man, named Fresco da Celatico, had a niece called out of fondness Cesca, *i.e.* for Francesca, who, though her person was not amiss (she was no angel either !) yet she

thought so highly of herself that she was perpetually finding fault both with men, women, and, in short, everything that she saw, without having the least regard to herself all the time: for by that means she became such a disagreeable, fretful, and tiresome creature, that nothing was ever like her, and so proud withal that had she been of the blood royal of France she could not have been more so. And if she walked along the street at any time, she did nothing but toss up her nose all the way, as if everyone that she either saw or met was offensive to her. To omit the rest of her troublesome ill-conditioned ways, it chanced one day that she came home pouting extremely with pride and affectation, and sitting down by him, he said to her, "Cesca, as this is a holiday, what is the reason you come home so soon?" When she, fit to die away with her airs, replied, "I am returned so early because I could not have believed there had been such a number of frightful people, both men and women, in the country, as I have met with to-day; there was not one that I could like, nor can any woman have the aversion to disagreeable people that I have; it is to avoid seeing them, therefore, that I am come so soon. Fresco, then, who could no longer brook her inordinate affectation, replied roughly to her, "Niece, if disagreeable persons displease you so much, and you are willing to be at ease, be sure you never look at yourself." She, however, as empty as a pithless cane, though she thought herself as wise as Solomon, understood her uncle's meaning no more than a goose, but said she would look at herself as well as other people. Thus she remained in her ignorance, and, for what I know, still continues in the same state.

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NOVEL IX.

Guido Cavalcanti genteelly reprimands the folly of some Florentine gentlemen, who came unawares upon him.

THE queen, perceiving that Emilia had done her novel, and that only herself remained, excepting him whose privilege it was to speak last, began as follows:—

Though you have robbed me of two of my novels, one of which I designed should have served me to-day, yet have I one left behind still, which contains something in the conclusion as pertinent. perhaps, as anything that hath yet been spoken.—

Know, then, that formerly many good customs prevailed in our city, none of which are now remaining, thanks be to avarice, the attendant of our growing wealth, which has long discarded them. This, amongst others, was one—that, in divers parts of the town, the best families in the neighbourhood would meet together and compose a society, consisting of a certain number of persons, taking care always to admit only such as were able to bear the expense of it. Every one entertained in his turn, at which time they would shew honour to divers gentlemen and strangers upon their arrival in our city, and to many of the most worthy citizens, by inviting them to those assemblies: once a year also, at least, they would be dressed all alike, and they often rode in procession through the city, when they performed their tilts and other martial exercises, especially on the great festival days or when the news of some great victory had reached the city. Amongst these societies of gentlemen there was one of which Signor Betto Brunelleschi was the principal, who was desirous always of procuring Guido Cavalcanti to be one of their body, and not without reason; for, besides his being one of the best logicians in the world, as well as natural philosopher, for which they had no great regard, he was a most polite good-natured man, as well as an excellent companion, and nobody knew what belonged to a gentleman better than himself: besides this, he was very rich, and ready always to reward merit wherever he found it. But Signor Betto was never able to draw him into their assembly, which they all attributed to his speculative way of life; and because he was said to hold some of the Epicurean doctrines the vulgar used to report that all this study of his was only to learn whether there was a God or not. One day he was passing from St. Michael's church along by the Ademari to St. John's, which was his usual walk, and the large marble tombs, such as are now at St. Reparata's, were then about the church: and he chanced to be amongst them, the church door being shut, when Betto and his company came riding through the square; who, getting sight of him, spurred their horses and came up to him before he perceived them; whilst one of them said, "Guido, thou refusest to be of our society: but when thou hast found out that there is no God, what good will it have done thee?" He, seeing himself surrounded, immediately replied, "Gentlemen, you may use me as you please in your own territories;" and, laying his hand upon one of the arches, he leaped nimbly over it and so

made his escape. They looked like people confounded at each other, saying that what he had spoken was without any meaning; for that they had no more to do there than any other persons, nor Guido less than themselves. Signor Betto then turned to them and said, "It is yourselves, gentlemen, that are void of understanding; for he has very worthily, and in few words, said the severest thing in the world to us, whether you understood it or not: consider, then, these arches are the abodes of the dead, and which he calls our territories, to shew us that we, and all other people as ignorant and unlearned as ourselves, are, compared to him and other men of letters, worse than dead men; and, therefore, so long as we are here we may be said to be upon our own dunghills."—They now all understood what Guido meant to say, and were a good deal ashamed, and from that time said nothing more ever to provoke him; esteeming Signor Betto always as a very subtle and sensible man.

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NOVEL X.

Friar Onion promises some country people to shew them a feather from the wing of the angel Gabriel; instead of which he finds only some coals, which he tells them are the same that roasted St. Laurence.

AFTER they had told all their different stories, and Dioneus perceived that only himself was left to speak, without waiting for any regular command, he enjoined silence to such as were commending Guido's deep reply, and thus began:—

Though I boast it, ladies, as my privilege to relate what pleases me most, yet I intend not to-day to depart from the subject which you have all spoken so well upon; but, following your footsteps, I shall show with what a sudden shift a certain friar, of the order of St. Anthony, most artfully avoided the disgrace and confusion which two arch young fellows had prepared for him: and if, to make my story more complete, I spin it out a little in length, I hope it will not be disagreeable, as the sun is yet in the midst of heaven.

Certaldo, as you have all heard, is a village in the vale of Elsa, dependent on the state of Florence; which, though small, was inhabited by many gentlemen and people of substance. Thither a certain friar, of the order of St. Anthony, used to go once a year, as he found pretty good pickings, to receive the contributions of

many simple people, and met with great encouragement always, perhaps not through any devotion so much as his name; for that country was famous for the best onions in all Tuscany. Now this friar had a little low person, was red-haired, and of a merry countenance, as artful a knave too as any in the world: add to this, that, though he was no scholar, yet was he so prompt and voluble of tongue, that such as knew him not would not only have considered him as some great orator, but have compared him even to Tully or Quinctilian. He was also a common gossip-acquaintance to the whole neighbourhood. Coming thither, therefore, in the month of August, according to custom, one Sunday morning, when all the honest people were met together in the church to hear mass, as soon as he saw a fit opportunity, he stepped forward and said:

"Gentlemen and ladies, you know it has been a commendable custom with you to send every year to the poor brethren of our Lord Baron St. Anthony, both of your corn and other provisions, some more, and some less, according to your several abilities and devotions, to the end that our blessed St. Anthony should be more careful of your oxen, sheep, asses, swine, and other cattle. Moreover, you are accustomed to pay, such especially as have their names registered in our fraternity, a small acknowledgment which we annually receive, and for which purpose I am now sent by my superior, namely, our lord abbot, to collect it. Therefore, with the blessing of God, after nine o'clock, as soon as you shall hear the bells ring, you may all come to the church-door, when I shall preach a sermon as usual, and you shall all kiss the cross: and, besides this, as I know you all to be devoted to our Lord St. Anthony, I intend, as a special favour, to shew you one of the feathers of the angel Gabriel, which he dropped, at the annunciation, in the Virgin's chamber;" and, having made this speech, he returned to mass. Whilst he was haranguing upon this subject, there were two arch fellows in the church, one named Giovanni del Bragoniera, and the other Biagio Pizzini, who, after they had laughed together at the father's relics, although they were his friends and acquaintance, resolved to play him a trick with regard to this feather: and, understanding that he was to dine that day with a friend, as soon as they thought he might be set down at table, they went to the inn where he lodged; when Biagio was to keep his man in talk, whilst Giovanni ransacked his wallet to steal this feather, that they might see what he would then say to the

people. Now the friar had a lad with so many different nick-names and qualities, that the most fertile imagination was hardly able to describe them. Whilst Father Onion used frequently to jest and say, "My rascal has in him nine qualities, if any one of which belonged either to Solomon, Aristotle, or Seneca, it would baffle and confound all their philosophy, and all their virtue. You may suppose then what sort of creature he must be, that has nine such, without either philosophy or virtue to counterbalance." Being asked what those nine qualities were, and having put them into a kind of rhyme, he answered,

> "Forgetfulness, lying, and lewdness;
> Filching, facing, and nastiness;
> Sloth, gracelessness, and extravagance.

"Besides these, he has also many others, and one in particular I cannot help laughing at, which is, that he is for taking a wife wherever he goes: and having a great black greasy beard, he is persuaded that all women must fall in love with him; or, should they take no notice of him, he will be sure to run after them. But yet he is a notable fellow to me in one respect, that if anybody has a secret to communicate, he will come in for his share of it; and should anyone ask me a question, he is so fearful that I should not know how to make an answer, that he will be sure to say, Yes, or No, before me, just as he thinks most proper." But to return to our story. This fellow, Friar Onion left at the inn, with a particular charge to see that nobody meddled with anything belonging to him, especially his wallet, because the holy relics were contained therein, But the man, whose inclinations stood more for the kitchen, as soon as his master was gone, went down thither, where he found a fat, dirty, ill-favoured kitchen wench; when falling into discourse together, he sat down by the fire-side, though it was in August, whilst she was busy in cooking, and began to tell her he was a gentleman, and worth an incredible sum of money; that he could do and say wonders, and (without considering that his own hat was all over grease and dirt; that his jacket was nothing but a thousand different patches; that his breeches were torn throughout, and his shoes all to pieces) he talked as great as if he had been some lord, saying, that he would buy her new clothes, and take her out of service, and that she should partake of his present possessions, as well as future fortunes, with a great deal more of that kind of stuff, more froth and wind. The two young fellows, finding him

thus engaged, were very well satisfied, supposing half their work to be done; and leaving them together, they went upstairs into the friar's chamber, which was unlocked, when the first thing they saw was the wallet: this they opened, and found a cabinet wrapped up in some foldings of fine taffeta, in which was a parroquet's feather, which they supposed to be the same that he had promised to shew the people; and surely at that time it was easy enough to impose upon them in that manner. The eastern luxury had not then reached Tuscany, which has since flowed in upon us, to the ruin of our country; the ancient simplicity still prevailed; nor was there a person, so far from seeing, that had ever heard of such a thing as a parrot. Not a little pleased at meeting with this feather, they took it away, and, that the box should not be empty, put some coals therein, which they saw lying in a corner of the chamber; and wrapping it up again as before, and making all safe, they walked off, waiting to see how he would behave when he found the coals instead of the feather. The people that were at church being told that they were to see the angel's feather, went home and acquainted all their neighbours, and the news ran from one to another, so that the moment dinner was over, they all crowded to the town, in such manner, that every part was full, waiting for the sight.

Accordingly Friar Onion, having eat a good dinner, and taken his nap after it, understanding now that there were great multitudes expecting him, sent to the servant to come away with his wallet, and ring to church. The fellow, though loath to leave his mistress and the fire-side, did as he ordered him, and fell to chiming the bells. As soon then as the people were all assembled, the friar, not perceiving that anything had been meddled with, entered upon his discourse, running over a thousand things proper to his purpose; and being come to the shewing of the feather, he began, with a solemn confession, and lighting up two torches, and gently unwrapping the silken cover, having first pulled off his cap, he took out the box, and making some short ejaculations to the praise and honour of the angel Gabriel, and of that relic, he opened it. When seeing it full of coals, he could not help secretly blaming himself for leaving such a fellow in trust, who, he imagined, had been imposed upon by somebody or other; but yet, without so much as changing colour, or shewing the least concern, he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and said, "O God, blessed for ever be thy

power and might!" And shutting the box, he turned again to the people, and added, "Gentlemen and ladies, you must all understand, that being very young, I was sent by my superior to those parts where the sun first appears, with an express command to inquire into the nature of porcelain, which, though it cost but little in making, affords more profit to others than it does to us. For this purpose I embarked at Venice, and went through Greece; I proceeded thence, on horseback, through the kingdom of Garbo, and through Baldacca; afterwards I came to Parione, and so to Sardinia. But what need I mention to you all these places? I coasted on still, till I passed the straits of St. George, into Truffia, and then into Buffia, which are countries much inhabited, and with great people. From thence into the land of Lying, where I found many of our order, as well as of other religious, who avoid all labour and trouble, for Heaven's sake; taking no care for other people's sufferings, when their own interest is promoted thereby, and where they spend only uncoined money.

"Thence I went to the land of Abruzzi, where the men and women go upon socks over the mountains, and make themselves garments of swines' guts, and where they carried bread in their staves and wine in satchels. Parting from thence I came to the mountains of Bacchus, where the waters all run down hill. Last of all I arrived in India Pastinaca, where, I swear to you by the habit I wear, that I saw serpents fly, a thing incredible to such as have never seen it: but I should be loath to lie, and therefore, as soon as I departed thence, I met Maso del Saggio, a great merchant, whom I found cracking nuts and selling the shells by retail. Nevertheless, not being able to find what I went to look for, and being to pass from thence by water, I returned to the Holy Land; where in summer a loaf of cold bread is worth fourpence and the hot is given away for nothing. There I found the venerable father (blame me not I beseech you) the patriarch of Jerusalem, who, out of reverence to my habit and love to our Lord Baron St. Anthony, would have me see all the holy relics which he had in keeping, and which were so many that were I to recount them I should never come to an end: but yet, not to leave you altogether disconsolate, I shall mention a few. First, then, he shewed me a finger of the Holy Ghost, as whole and perfect as ever; next a lock of hair of that seraph which appeared to St. Francis; with the paring of a nail of a cherub; and a rib of the

Verbum Caro, fastened to one of the windows; some vestments of the holy catholic faith; and a few rays of that star which appeared to the wise men : a viol also of St. Michael's sweat when he fought with the devil; the jaw-bone of St. Lazarus, and many others. And because I gave him two of the plains of Mount Morello, in the vulgar edition, and some chapters del Caprezio, which he had been long searching after, he let me partake of his relics. And, first, he gave me a tooth of the Sancta Crux; and a little bottle filled with some of the sound of those bells which hung in the temple of Solomon; a feather also of the angel Gabriel, as I have told you; with a wooden patten, which the good St. Gherrardo da Villa Magna used to wear in his travels, and which I have lately given to Gherrardo di Bonsi, at Florence, who holds it in great veneration. He farther gave me some of the coals on which our blessed martyr, St. Laurence, was broiled, all which I devoutly received, and do now possess. It is true my superior would not suffer me to make them public till he was assured that they were genuine; but being now convinced of it by sundry miracles, as well as by letters received from the patriarch, he has given me leave to shew them; and which, for fear of trusting anyone with them, I always carry with me. Indeed, I have the angel's feather, for its better preservation, in a wooden box, and I have St. Laurence's coals in another, and which are so like each other that I have often mistaken them; and so it has happened now, for instead of that with the feather I have brought the box which contains the coals. This I would not have you call an error; no, I am well assured it was Heaven's particular will, now I call to mind that two days hence is the feast of St. Laurence. Therefore it was ordered that I should show you the most holy coals on which he was broiled, to kindle in your hearts that true devotion which you ought to have towards him, and not the feather; approach then, my blessed children, with reverence, and uncover your heads with all due devotion whilst you behold them. But first I must acquaint you that whoever is marked with these coals with the sign of the cross may live secure for one whole year, that no fire shall have any power over him." So, singing a hymn to the praise of St. Laurence, he opened the box and shewed the coals, which the simple multitude beheld with the utmost zeal and astonishment, and crowded about him with larger offerings than usual, entreating to be signed by them. Then taking the coals in

his hand, he began to mark all their white mantles, fine jackets, and veils, with the largest crosses that could be made upon them, affirming that what was consumed of the coals in this manner grew again in the box, as he had frequently experienced. Thus having crossed all the people of Certaldo to his own great benefit; by this dexterous device he laughed in his sleeve at those who had designed to have made a jest of him. And they being present at his discourse, and hearing this sudden shift of his and how he had set it off to the multitude, were ready to die with laughter. After the people were all departed, they went and told him, with all the pleasure in the world, what they had done, and returned him his feather, which served him the following year to as good purpose as the coals had done that day.

This novel afforded great mirth to the whole company, and they laughed heartily at the father, his pilgrimage, and holy relics. Whilst the queen, knowing her reign to be at an end, took the crown from her own head, and placed it with a smile upon Dioneus, saying: "It is now time for you to prove what a task it is to govern women. Be king, therefore, and rule in such a manner that in the end we may have reason to praise you." Dioneus, accepting the crown, replied merrily, "I doubt not but you may have often seen a better king among the chess-men than I shall make; but yet, if you will obey me, I will take care you shall have plenty of that, without which no entertainment is ever thoroughly agreeable; I mean that I will direct according to my own taste and fancy." Calling then the master of the household, he ordered what should be done during his own royalty, when he added, "Ladies, we have had so many subjects already, showing the several devices and means of human industry, that I am at a loss what to give you, unless you will accept of the following, namely, concerning such tricks and stratagems as women, either out of love or for their own security, have put upon their husbands, whether they have been detected or not." This seemed not so decent to some of the ladies, and they desired him to change it. But he replied, "Ladies, I know as well as you do what the subject is, and all that you can allege will have no weight with me to make me alter it; considering that the season now is such that, provided we have regard to our actions, any discourse for a little amusement is allowable. Know you not that through the malignity of the times the judges have now left their tribunals, the laws both

Divine and human are silent, and every one has leave to do what he thinks necessary for his own preservation? Therefore, if we take a little more liberty than ordinary in our discourse, with no bad intention, but only to pass away our time in an innocent inoffensive manner, I see no room for reflection. Besides, from the very first day of our meeting we have kept always within the bounds of decency, and so I hope we shall continue to do. Who is there also that is unacquainted with your modesty and virtue? Which, so far from being shaken by any light discourse, would be proof even against the terrors of death. And, to tell you the truth, whoever should see you averse to such little diversions, might suspect that your characters were not so clear as they should be, and that you refused to join in them for that reason. Not to mention the little honour you do me in first choosing me your king, and then refusing to obey my commands. Away then with this suspicion, more befitting base and wicked dispositions than such as yours; and, without farther hesitation, let everyone think of some pleasant story."

Upon this they agreed that it should be as the king desired; and he then gave them leave to depart till supper-time. The sun was yet a good height, as the novels had been but short; therefore, whilst Dioneus, with the other gentlemen, were sat down to play at tables, Eliza called the other ladies apart, and said, "Ever since we have been here have I desired to show you to a place not far off, where I believe none of you ever was, and which is called the Ladies' Valley; nor have I had an opportunity before to-day of doing it. As it is yet some hours till night, if you would choose then to go thither, I daresay you will be pleased with your walk." The ladies answered that they were all willing, and, without saying a word to the gentlemen, they called one of their women to attend them, and after a walk of near a mile they came to the Ladies' Valley, which they entered by a straight path; from whence there issued forth a fine crystal current, and they found it so extremely beautiful and pleasant, especially at that sultry season, that nothing could exceed it; and, as some of them told me afterwards, the plain in the valley was as exact a circle as if it had been described by a pair of compasses, though it seemed rather the work of nature than art, and was about half a mile in circumference, surrounded with six mountains of a moderate height, on each of which was a palace built in form of a little castle. The descents from these

mountains were as regular as we see in a theatre, when the circle of each landing grows gradually less and less till it comes to the bottom. Whilst that part that looks towards the south was planted as thick as they could stand together with vines, olives, almonds, cherries, figs, and most other kinds of fruit trees; and on the northern side were fine plantations of oaks, ashes, &c., so tall and regular that nothing could be more beautiful. The vale, which had only that one entrance, was full of firs, cypress trees, laurels, and pines, all placed in such order as if it had been done by the direction of some exquisite artist, and through which little or no sun could penetrate to the ground, which was covered with a thousand different flowers. But what gave no less delight than any of the rest was a rivulet that came through a valley which divided two of the mountains, and running through the vein of a rock made a most agreeable murmur with its fall, appearing, as it was dashed and sprinkled into drops, like so much quicksilver; which arriving in the plain beneath was there received in a fine canal, and, running swiftly to the middle of the plain, formed a basin not deeper than the breast of a man, which shewed its clear gravelly bottom, with pebbles intermixed, so that anyone might see and count them; the fishes also appeared swimming up and down in great plenty, which made it wonderfully pleasant; whilst the water that overflowed was received in another little canal, which conveyed it out of the valley. Hither the ladies all came together, and, after much praising the place and seeing the basin before them and that it was very private, they agreed to bathe. Ordering, therefore, their maid to keep watch, and to let them know if anybody was coming, they stripped and went into it; and it covered their delicate bodies in like manner as a rose is concealed in a crystal glass. After they had diverted themselves there for some time with bathing, they clothed themselves again and returned at a gentle pace, commending all the way the wonderful beauty of the spot; and coming to the palace they found the gentlemen at play where they left them.—When Pampinea said merrily to them, "We have put a trick upon you to-day."—"What," says Dioneus, "do you begin to act before you speak?"—"No, sir," quoth Pampinea. And she told them where they had been, what sort of a place it was, how far it was off, and what they had been doing. The king, upon her report, being very desirous of seeing it, ordered supper to be served immediately, which was no sooner ended than

the gentlemen and their servants all went to this valley, and having viewed every part, as they were never there before, they agreed that nothing in the world ever equalled it. They bathed, therefore, and made what haste they could back, as it grew late, when they found the ladies dancing to a song of Flammetta's, which being ended they were all loud in their praises of this valley. The king then called to the master of the household, and gave orders that dinner should be served there on the morrow, and beds carried for such as would choose to rest during the heat of the day. When this was over he ordered in candles, wine, and sweetmeats, and, having refreshed themselves, he bid them now prepare for a dance: and Pamphilus, by his appointment, having made a beginning, his majesty turned to Eliza, and said pleasantly to her, "Fair lady, you did me the honour of conferring upon me a crown yesterday; in return, I fix now upon you for a song: let it be such an one as is most agreeable to yourself." She smiled, and saying, with all her heart, began with a sweet voice the following

SONG.

CHORUS.

O love, could I escape from thee
I always would be free.

I.

From early youth I chose
Thy service as a sweet repose,
And all my power to thee consign'd;
But see, at last,
Thou, cruel tyrant, and unkind,
Hast bound me in thy fetters fast.
O love, &c.

II.

'Tis for a faithless swain
I languish and complain;
Nor sighs, nor tears can move
His heart to love.
O love, &c.

III.

The winds, with inauspicious breeze,
Waft my unheeded pray'rs away,
Whilst hourly I decay;
Yet neither life nor death can please.
Then yield, in pity to my woe,
That he thy bondage too may know.
O love, &c.

IV.

Cupid, I humbly ask of thee,
Or grant me this, or set me free;
This favour if thou wilt bestow,
My youthful bloom
I shall resume,
And on my face again the rose and lily blow.

CHORUS.

O love, could I escape from thee
I always would be free.

Eliza concluded her song with a most piteous sigh; and all of them wondered what the words could mean; but the king, being in a good temper, called for Tindarus, and bid him bring out his bagpipe, to which they danced several dances; till a good part of the night being spent in that manner, they gave over and went to bed.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

THERE was not a star to be seen in the east, but that alone which we call bright Lucifer, which yet shone gloriously in the dawning day; when the master of the household arose, and went with the necessary provisions to the Ladies' Valley, to have every thing ready there, according to the king's command; and he, being roused by the noise of the carriages, arose soon afterwards, and had all the company called, when they began their march just as the sun was appearing above the earth; nor did the nightingales and other birds ever seem to sing with such exquisite harmony as on that morning. Being ushered on the way by this music, they came to the Ladies' Valley, where, being saluted by choirs of many others, it appeared to them as if all the birds in the valley joined in concert to rejoice at their arrival. Now, viewing it all over again, it seemed much more delightful than the day before, as the gaiety of the morning was more conformable to the beauty of its appearance. After a repast of wine and sweetmeats, not to be behindhand with the birds, they began to sing, whilst the valley all around echoed back their songs: and the birds, unwilling to be outdone, replied in new and ravishing notes. At the usual hour the table was spread under the shade of the trees, by the side of that beautiful lake, whilst the whole time of dining were they amusing themselves with observing the fishes swimming before them, which afforded various matter for discourse. When the tables were removed, they turned again to sing as merrily as before. Whilst beds being prepared in different parts of the valley, made close like pavilions, the king gave leave for such as desired it to go to sleep, and the rest had liberty to amuse themselves in the meantime as usual. At the appointed time they met by the basin side near where they had dined, and sitting down upon carpets, which were spread there for them, the king desired Emilia to begin, and she, with a smile, complied.

Il Decamerone.

(Seventh Day.)

NOVEL I.

Gianni Lotteringhi hears a knocking at his door, and wakes his wife, who makes him believe it is a spirit, and they both go to conjure it away with a certain prayer, after which the noise ceases.

SIR, I had much rather anyone else had begun such a fine subject, as this is, than myself; but, since it is your pleasure that I should be first, I am ready to comply. I purpose, therefore, to relate what may be of use to you for the time to come; for, if other ladies are as timorous with regard to spirits as I am (although I know nothing certain about them, nor have I met with anybody yet that does), they will here learn a good and effectual prayer to drive them away.

There dwelt formerly at Florence, in the street of St. Brancazio, a certain wool-comber, called Gianni Lotteringhi, one more fortunate in his trade than wise in other respects; for, being an easy sort of a man, he was frequently chosen a director of the singers in new St. Maria's church, when they had their meetings at his house, and other little favours they shewed him, upon which he greatly valued himself. This was because he gave considerable alms to the brethren there, and, in return for shoes, hoods, and cloaks, which they were daily getting from him, they presented him with the Pater Noster in the vulgar tongue, the song of St. Alexis, the lamentation of St. Bernard, the hymn of Lady Matilda, with more such sort of ware, which he set great store by, and kept carefully for his soul's health and welfare. Now he had a gay, handsome wife, called Tessa, the daughter of Mannuccio dalla Cuculia, an artful, sensible woman, who, knowing the simplicity of her husband, and being in love with Federigo di Neri, an agreeable young man, she contrived with her maid that he should come to see her at a country-house, which Gianni had, at a place called Camerata, where she used to pass the summer, when her good man would come sometimes thither to sup, and stay all night, and return in the morning to his prayers and his shop.

Accordingly, Federigo came and spent that night with her, when it was agreed between them not to have always the trouble of sending for him, that, as often as he went backwards and forwards, he should look to a vineyard, which was by the side of the house, where he would see an ass's skull fixed upon one of the poles there, and when the snout of that was turned towards Florence, he might

safely come, and if the door was shut, upon knocking three times, she would let him in: but if it was turned towards Fiesole, he should then depart, for he might be assured her husband was with her at that time. By this contrivance they had frequent meetings. But one night it happened, that, expecting Federigo to sup with her, she had provided a couple of fowls, when her husband chanced to come in late, at which she was greatly concerned, and they sat down together to a little bacon which she had boiled by itself, whilst she ordered the maid to carry, in a clean napkin, the fowls, with some eggs for sauce, and a bottle of wine, into the garden (to which there was a way without going through the house, and where she and her lover used frequently to meet), and to lay them under a certain peach-tree adjoining to the fields. And her hurry was so great, that she forgot to desire the maid to wait till Federigo came, to tell him that her master was then at home, and that he should take those things away with him. Therefore Gianni and she being gone to bed together, and the maid likewise, it was not long before Federigo came, and tapped gently at the door, which was so near to their chamber that Gianni immediately heard it, as did his wife, who, to prevent any suspicion, pretended to be asleep. Presently he knocked a second time, at which Gianni was surprised, and began to jog her, saying, "Do not you hear? Somebody knocks at our door." She, who heard it better than himself, pretended to wake out of her sleep, and said, "What is the matter?" "I tell you," quoth he, "that I thought somebody was at our door." "At our door!" she replied, "Alas! do not you know what that is? It is a spirit, which has terrified me so for several nights past, that I have covered myself in bed, and not dared to look about me again till it was broad daylight." "Go," quoth Gianni, "why should you be afraid, if it is so? For, before I went to bed, I said the *Te lucis*, and the *Intemerata*, with divers other good prayers, and I signed all the bed-posts with the cross, so that it can have no power over us." The lady now, to prevent Federigo's taking any offence at her, thought it best to arise, and let him understand, by some means or other, that Gianni was there: therefore she said to her husband, "What you have done may have secured yourself; but, for my part, I shall not think myself so, unless we conjure it down now you are here." "Conjure it down!" quoth Gianni; "how is that to be done?" "Oh," said she, "I know how to do it; for the other day, when I went to Fiesole for a pardon, one of those re-

cluses, a most religious lady, seeing me afraid, taught me a certain prayer, which, she assured me, she had often tried to good purpose before she was a nun. Alas! I could never have the boldness to make use of it alone; but, as you are now with me, we will go together, and repeat it." Gianni declared that he was willing; and so they went softly to the door, whilst Federigo began to be uneasy at waiting there so long. "Now," she said to Gianni, "you must take care to spit when I desire you. "I will," he replied. She then began her charm, and said, "Spirit, spirit, as you came, the same way you may go; but look in the garden, and you will find two fowls, some eggs, and a bottle of wine, drink of the wine, and go away, and hurt not me nor my Gianni." Having done this, she said to her husband, "Spit, Gianni." Accordingly, Gianni spit. Whilst Federigo, who was without, and heard this, was roused from his jealousy; and, with all his disappointment, had much ado to keep from laughing out, saying to himself, "I wish you had spit out your teeth." She repeated it three times, and then they went to bed. Federigo, who had depended upon supping with her, and was fasting, hearing this charm, went to the peach-tree, and found the capons, wine, and eggs, and carried them home, when he made a good supper; and being with her some time after, they were very merry concerning this enchantment. Now some people tell the story otherwise, and affirm that the ass's head was turned towards Fiesole, but a labourer in the vineyard gave it a turn by chance with his stick, and so set it the wrong way, which occasioned Federigo's coming at that time; whilst she made use of the following words, "Spirit, spirit, go away in God's name; it was not I, but somebody else, that turned the ass's head. Plague on him, whoever it was; but I am here with my husband;" and that he went away without his supper. But a certain old lady, a neighbour of mine, told me that both stories were true, as she had heard when she was a child, and that the latter did not happen to Gianni Lotteringhi, but to one called Gianni di Nello, just such another simpleton as Gianni Lotteringhi. Then pray, ladies, take which charm you like best: both have been of service to others in this sort of cases, as you have heard. Try them, and they may be as useful to yourselves.

NOVEL II.

Peronella puts her gallant into a tub on her husband's coming home, which tub, the husband had sold; she consequently tells him that she had also sold it to a person who was then in it to see if it were sound. Upon this the man jumps out, makes the husband clean it for him, and carries it home.

EMILIA'S novel was heard with a great deal of mirth, and the charm esteemed a very good one, when the king ordered Philostratus to follow, which he did in the following manner :—

My dear ladies, the tricks which are put upon you by us men, and especially by your husbands, are so many, that if ever it happens that a woman does the like, you should not only be pleased to hear of it, but you yourselves should spread it every where, to let the men understand, that if they are wise, you are so too. This must have a good effect, for when it is known that people are forewarned, nobody would go about so soon to deceive them. Who sees not then that this day's discourse being noised among the men, may not be a restraint upon them in that respect when they come to find that you know how to serve them in the same way? I will tell you, therefore, what a woman, though but of mean rank, did to her husband in a moment, as it were for her own safety.

It was not long since that a poor man at Naples married a young handsome wife, named Peronella; and he being a mason, and she spinning every day, they managed to gain a tolerable livelihood. Now it happened that a young man in the neighbourhood took a liking to her, and making a discovery of his inclinations, it was at length agreed between them, that as the husband went out every morning to his work, he should watch that opportunity to come to her, which accordingly he did more than once. But one morning amongst the rest the honest man being gone abroad, and Gianello Strignario, for that was the gallant's name, visiting her as usual, in a little time the husband returned, though he was not used to come home till night, and finding the door bolted on the inside, he knocked, and then said to himself, "Thank Heaven, though I am poor, I have an honest and careful wife; for no sooner am I gone out but she makes all fast, that nobody should come, in my absence, to do us any injury." Peronella, who knew it was her husband by his manner of knocking, said. "Alas, Gianello, I am a

dead woman; my husband is returned; I cannot imagine for what reason, unless it was that he saw you come in; but, for God's sake, be it as it will, go you into that tub, whilst I open the door, and we shall then see what this sudden return of his means." Accordingly he stepped into it, whilst she let her husband into the house; and putting on an angry look, she said, "Pray what new fancy is this, your coming home so early to-day? As far as I can find, you are disposed to do no more work, that you have now got your tools with you. And what are we to live upon in the meantime? Do you think I will suffer you to pawn my gown, and what few clothes I have? I do nothing but spin night and day, till I have worn my fingers to the very stumps, and all will scarcely find us oil to our lamp. Husband, husband, there is not a neighbour we have but wonders and makes a jest of me for all the labour I undergo, and yet you return here, with your hands in your pockets, when you ought to be at work. Wretch that I am, in an ill hour was I born, and worse that I happened to meet with you! I could have had a young man that would have maintained me well, and I refused him for this creature here, who knows not how to value a good wife. Other women have a good time with their gallants; nay, some have two or three, and make their husbands believe the moon is made of green cheese; and because I am virtuous, and have no regard for such practices, for that reason I am used the worse; I see no cause why I should not have my gallants as well as they. I would have you know, that I have had offers of money and other things from a number of young gentlemen, but nothing of that kind could seduce me: no, I was never the daughter of such a mother, and yet you will come home when you ought to be at work." The husband then replied, "My dear, do not make yourself uneasy; I am no stranger to your merit, and have had farther proof of it this morning: I did go out to work indeed; but neither of us then knew that it was the feast of St. Galeone, which is to be kept holy, and for that reason am I returned; nevertheless, I have found means that we shall have bread for a month, for I have sold the tub, which you know has been long in our way, to this man whom I have brought with me, for five shillings." "This is so much the worse," answered she; "you that go up and down, and should know things better, to sell a thing for five shillings which I, a poor ignorant woman, that keep always within doors, considering the room it took up in our house

have now sold to an honest man for six, and who had just got into it as you came to the door, to see whether it was sound." When the husband heard this he was over and above rejoiced, and said to the man he had brought, "Friend, you may go about your business; you hear it is sold for six, whereas you were to have given no more than five." "With all my heart," said the honest man, and away he went. "But," quoth Peronella to her husband, "as you are now here, even make the agreement with the man yourself." Giannello who was listening to what passed between them, hearing these words, came out of the tub; and, as if he knew nothing of the husband all the time, said, "Where is the good woman?" The husband, stepping forward, replied, "Here I am; what do you want?" "Who are you?" answered Giannello, "I want the woman who sold me the tub." "You may make the bargain with me," quoth the honest man, "for I am her husband." "Then," said Giannello, "the tub appears to be sound; but it seems as if you had kept something of dregs in it, for it is so crusted all over in the inside, that I cannot scratch off one bit with my finger-nail; therefore I will not have it till it is made clean." Peronella replied, "This shall never break the bargain; my husband will soon clean it for you." The husband said, with all his heart; and laying down his iron tools, and stripping to his shirt, he got a scraper, and going into it with a candle, he fell to work: and whilst he was thus busied, she often calling out to him to scrape it well, they took care to employ their time in a different manner. At length, when the husband came out of the tub, she said to Giannello, "Here, honest man, take the candle and see whether it is to your liking." He peeped into it, and said it was; gave them the six shillings, and had it carried to his own house.

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NOVEL III.

Friar Rinaldo has an affair with a lady in the neighbourhood, when he makes the husband believe that he is upon a charm to cure their child of the worms.

PHILOSTRATUS did not speak so covertly at last, but the ladies took his meaning, though they seemed to laugh at something else, when Eliza was now ordered to speak, which she did as follows:—Emilia's conjuring down the spirit brings to mind another conjuring story, which, though it may not

be equal to hers, yet as I can think of no other I shall relate it. There lived at Siena a genteel young man, and of a good family, called Rinaldo, who had long paid his court to a beautiful lady in the neighbourhood, wife to a certain rich man, but hitherto without effect. At length, whatever was the reason, he turned friar, and whether that kind of life was to his liking or not, he persevered in it. Though for a time therefore he had laid aside his regard for the lady, and other little vanities, yet ere long he was the same person again, affecting an extraordinary neatness in his dress, and making ballads and love songs, whilst he was constantly at balls and other diversions of that sort. But why am I so particular with this friar? Are not they all of the same stamp? Alas! to the scandal of a dissolute world, they are not ashamed to appear plump and ruddy, with their garments fine and delicate, whilst they walk along the streets, not like doves so much as high-crested cocks; and what is worse (not to mention their chambers being filled with pots of rich conserves, perfumes, and other costly compositions, with bottles of fine distilled waters and oils, with vessels also of malmsey, and the best Greek wines, so that you would take them for a perfumer's or a druggist's shop), they are not ashamed I say, to have it known they are gouty; supposing us to be ignorant that abstinence and a coarse diet make people less corpulent and more healthful; or that constant fasting and prayer should not cause them to be pale and out of order: and as if we had never heard that St. Dominic and St. Francis thought themselves well clothed when they had one suit of coarse russet cloth to keep out the cold, without ever thinking of so many changes of fine apparel for mere show only, and which the simple credulous multitude is obliged to pay for. Our friar then falling into his former way of living, began to renew his application to this lady; who, thinking him perhaps more agreeable than before, did not much withstand it, only she said, "What! do the friars give their minds to such things?" He replied, "Madam, take but my habit off, and I am like other men." Thus the affair was soon agreed, and they had frequent meetings afterwards. One day, among the rest, he went to visit her, and finding nobody with her besides a servant-maid, he sent his companion with her into a pigeon-loft to teach her some prayers there, whilst he and the lady, with a little infant of hers, went into the chamber, when she made the door fast: but the moment almost this was done the husband came,

and called to her to open it. At this she was frightened to death, and said, "What shall I do? my husband is here, and will now find out the cause of our acquaintance." The friar having his cloak and hood off, replied, "Had I but my clothes on we could find an excuse; but if you open the door, and he finds me in this manner, we shall both be ruined." Then said she, "put on your clothes instantly, and when you have done take our child in your arms, and attend to what I shall say, to make your words agree with mine; and leave the rest to me." Now calling to her husband, who continued knocking at the door, she said, "I am coming." Accordingly she went to let him in, and putting on a cheerful countenance, she said, "Husband, it was the greatest blessing in the world that Friar Rinaldo happened to be here to-day, for otherwise we had certainly lost our child." The husband was ready to faint away, and inquired how it happened? "O husband," quoth she, "it had a fit, and I knew not what to do, when the friar luckily came in, and taking the child in his arms, he said, 'Madam, it is owing to worms which lie at his heart, and would soon kill him; but be not afraid, I will charm and destroy them all, so that before I leave him, he shall be as well as ever.' Now as we wanted you to say some prayers, and the maid did not know where to find you, he sent his friend to the top of the house to say them in your stead; whilst we shut ourselves up in this chamber, as nobody could be present at such a mystery besides the mother, and he has the child now in his arms, and only waits till his friend has made an end to conclude the whole process, for the child has come to himself already." The honest man, who, out of his great love for his child, was far from suspecting such a trick, fetched a deep sigh, and said, "I will go and see him."—"By no means," she replied, "for that will spoil the whole thing; but stay, I will see first if you may be admitted, and then call you." The friar, who heard the contrivance, was now dressed, and having the child in his arms, and every thing in readiness, he called out, "Madam, is not that your husband?"—"Yes," answered he, "I am here."—"Then come hither," quoth he, "and behold your son, whom I thought you would never more have seen alive. Take him, and in return make a statue of wax of the same bigness to the honour of St. Ambrose, through whose merits you have received this extraordinary favour." The child at seeing his father shewed several litle acts of fondness, whilst he received him with

as much joy and wonder as if he had been raised from the dead, returning great thanks to the friar for what he had done. The companion also, hearing all that had passed, came down into the chamber, and said, "I have gone through all the prayers which you had enjoined me to repeat." Friar Rinaldo replied, "Brother, you have done well, and you see by our joint endeavours the child is recovered." The honest man on this treated them both with wine and sweatmeats, when they took their leave with great respect. And immediately he set about making the waxen image, and sent it to be set up with several others before the image of St. Ambrose; but not St. Ambrose of Milan.

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NOVEL IV.

Tofano shuts his wife one night out of doors; who, not being able to persuade him to let her come in, pretends to throw herself into a well, by throwing a stone in: he runs thither to see, during which she enters, and, locking him out, abuses him well.

ELIZA had no sooner made an end, than the king turned to Lauretta, who immediately began to this effect:—O Love, how great is thy prevailing influence! how various and subtle are thy devices! What artist, what philosopher, could ever think or contrive such shifts and evasions, as thou teachest in an instant to those that follow thy paths? All other instructions whatever are slow, compared to thine, as appears by what has already been said on the subject: to which I mean to add the stratagem of a certain lady, conducted in such a manner as nothing but love could ever have dictated.

There lived at Arezzo a certain rich man named Tofano, who had a very handsome woman for his wife, whose name was Madam Ghita, of whom all at once, and without knowing why, he became extremely jealous. This greatly vexed the lady, who would frequently demand of him his reasons for such a suspicion; and he being able to assign none, but such as were general, or nothing to the purpose, she resolved to plague him with the real evil, which hitherto had only been imaginary. And having observed that a certain young gentleman had taken particular notice of her, she encouraged him so far, that they only waited for a favourable opportunity to put their design into execution. Amongst the rest of her husband's bad qualities, he had taken a great delight

she saw, in drinking, which she not only seemed pleased with, but would persuade him to drink more. In this manner she used to make him drunk as often as she could, which afforded the first opportunity of being with her lover, and from that time they met continually by the same means. She depended indeed so much upon this drunken disposition of his, that she would not only bring her lover into her house, but even go and spend the greatest part of the night along with him, his residence not being very far off. Continuing this way of life, the husband began to perceive that, whilst she encouraged him to drink in that manner, she scarcely tasted it herself, and from thence to suspect, as was really the case, that she made him drunk with a view only to her own private purposes, during the time of his being asleep. And being willing to have proof of this, he pretended once (without having drunk a drop all that day), both in his words and actions, to be the most disordered creature that could be. Which she perceiving, and thinking that he had then had a dose sufficient, and that he would sleep without any more liquor, straightway put him to bed. This was no sooner done, but she went as usual to her lover's house, where she stayed the best part of the night. Tofano finding his wife did not come to bed, got up, and bolted the door, and then went and sat in the window to wait for her coming home, that she might see he was acquainted with her way of going on; and continued there till her return. She finding the door bolted, was exceedingly uneasy, and tried several times to force it open. Which after Tofano had suffered for some time, he said, "Madam, you give yourself trouble to no purpose, for here you shall not come: go back, if you please, for you shall enter no more within these doors, till I have shewed you that respect, which these ways of yours require, before all your relations and neighbours." She then begged, for Heaven's sake, that he would open the door, saying, that she had not been where he imagined; but (as the evenings were long, and she able neither to sleep all the time, nor to sit up by herself) that she went to see a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood. But all was to no purpose, he seemed resolved that the whole town should be witnesses of their shame, when otherwise they would have known nothing of the matter.

The lady, finding her entreaties of no effect, had recourse to threats, and said "Either open the door, or I will make you the most miserable man that ever was born." Tofano replied, "And

which way will you do it?" She, whose wits were sharpened by love, continued, "Before I will suffer such a disgrace, as you mean wrongfully to fasten upon me, I will throw myself directly into this well, and being found there afterwards, everybody will conclude that you did it in one of your drunken fits; whence it must unavoidably happen, that you be either obliged to fly your country, and lose all your effects; or else that you be put to death, as having murdered your wife." This, however, had no effect upon him; when she said, "I can no longer bear all your scorn, God forgive you for being the cause of my death!" and the night being so dark that they could scarcely see one another, she ran towards the well, and taking up a great stone that lay by the well-side, and crying aloud, "God forgive this act of mine!" she let it fall into the well. The stone made a great noise when it came to the water, which Tofano hearing, firmly believed that she had thrown herself in, and taking the rope and bucket, he ran out to help her. But she, who stood concealed by the side of the door, seeing him go towards the well, got into the house, and made all fast, whilst she went to the window, and began to say to him, "Why, husband, you should use water whilst you are drinking, and not after you have made yourself drunk." Tofano, seeing her laugh at him, returned, and finding the door bolted, begged of her to open it. But she now changed her note, and began to cry out, "You drunken, sorry, troublesome wretch! you shall not come in here to-night; I can no longer bear with your evil practices; I will let all the world know what sort of a person you are, and what hours you keep." Tofano, on the other part, being grievously provoked, used all the bad language he could think of, and made a most terrible mutiny. Upon which the neighbours were all raised out of their beds; and coming to their windows, inquired what was the matter. When she began to lament and say, "It is this wicked man, who is coming home drunk at all hours of the night, which, having endured a long time, and said a great deal to no purpose, I was now willing to try if I could not shame him out of it by locking him out." Tofano, on the contrary, told them how the matter was; and threatened her very much. She then said to the neighbours, "Now you see what sort of a man he is: what would you say if I were in the street, and he within doors, as I am? Then you might think he was in the right. Take notice, I beseech you, how artful he is; he says I have done that which he seems to have

done himself, and talks something about the well; but I wish he was in it, that he might have some water as well as wine." The neighbours all joined in blaming Tofano, deeming him the person in fault, and giving him many hard words for his usage of his wife; and the thing was noised about the city, till her relations heard of it, who came thither in a body; and inquiring of one neighbour and another neighbour how it was, they took Tofano and beat him very severely. Afterwards they went into the house, and carried the lady away with them, with all that was hers, threatening Tofano with farther punishment. Whilst he, finding the ill effects of his jealousy; and still having a regard for his wife, got some friends to intercede with her to come home again, promising never more to be jealous, and giving her leave for the future to do as she would. Thus, like a simple knave, he was glad to purchase peace, after having been to the last degree injured.

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NOVEL V.

A jealous man confesses his wife under a priest's habit, who tells him that she is visited every night by a friar: and, whilst he is watching the door, she lets her lover in at the house-top.

LAURETTA having made an end, the king, without loss of time, pointed to Flammetta, who began in this manner:

The preceding novel brings to my mind the story of another jealous person; being of opinion myself that those husbands are justly served in that manner, who are jealous without reason. And if legislators, when they make their laws, could be supposed to think of everything, I imagine they would decree no other punishment than what is ordered in cases of self-defence, for those jealous people are the death frequently of their wives. All the week long are they kept mewed up in their houses, and when holidays come that they should have some ease and diversion, as all other people, according to the laws both of God and man, have then rest, yet on those are they more confined than any other time; so that none are so wretchedly enslaved as themselves. Therefore I conclude that a trick put upon a husband, who was jealous without any reason, will by you be rather commended than blamed.

There lived in Ariminio a certain rich merchant, who had an agreeable woman for his wife, of whom he was immoderately

jealous, and for no other reason in the world, but that as he was very fond of her himself, and knew that it was her whole study to please him, so he imagined everyone else would like her as well, and that she would be as desirous to oblige them, which showed him to be one of a wicked disposition, as well as of little understanding. He consequently kept so strict an eye over her always, that no felon under sentence of death could be more narrowly watched. Whilst she, so far from going out to feasts at any time, or to church, or out of door, under any pretence whatever, was not suffered to look out of the window; so that she led a most wretched life, and so much the worse, as she knew herself to be innocent. Thus, finding herself so wrongfully treated, she resolved, for the time to come, to give him some reason for such usage. And as she had no opportunity of seeing people in the street, and knowing that there was an agreeable young man lived in the next house, she looked about to see if there was any chink in the wall, whereby she might have an opportunity of speaking to him, to make him an offer of her love, and to have him come to her sometimes, if such a thing could be contrived, in order to spend her life with a little more comfort, till her husband should be cured of his jealousy. At last, in a corner of the room, she espied a crack which looked into a chamber of the next house, and she said to herself, "Now if this should prove Philippo's chamber," for that was the young gentleman's name, "my scheme would be half accomplished;" of this she ordered her maid to inform herself, who soon found out that he lay there all alone. Visiting then that place pretty often, and putting little sticks and straws through into the chamber, he soon perceived it, and came thither to see what it meant. She then called to him, and he answered, knowing her voice, when she soon made her mind known to him, which was entirely to his good liking; and he endeavoured to enlarge the opening on his side, taking care all the time that nobody should perceive it. From that time they frequently conferred together, and could shake hands, but no more, because of the husband's extraordinary care and jealousy. Now Christmas-day drawing near, she said to her husband, that, with his leave, she would go to church that day, to confess and receive the sacrament, like other good Christians. He replied, "And pray what sins can you have committed, that you want to confess?"—"What!" quoth she, "do you take me for a saint? Though you keep me shut up in this manner, yet I must

sin as well as other people; but I have no occasion to tell you, as you are no priest." These words occasioned such a strong suspicion in him, that he was resolved to know what those sins were; and having determined what means to use, he told her he was willing, but that she should go only to their chapel, and that betimes in the morning, and confess to their chaplain, or some person that he should appoint, and to no other, and return from thence directly home. The lady seemed partly to know his design, and, without making any other reply, said she would do so.

On Christmas-day, then, in the morning, she arose betimes, and went to the chapel, as her husband directed her. He also went to the same place, getting there first, and having agreed with the priest what to do, he put on a gown, with a great hood almost to cover his face, as we see priests wear sometimes, and drawing it forwards over his eyes, he placed himself down in the choir. The lady, upon her coming into the chapel, inquired for the priest; who, hearing from her that she wanted to confess, told her that he could not stop to hear her himself, but would send one of his brethren. Accordingly he sent the jealous husband, in an ill hour for him as it happened, who had not so well disguised himself but she immediately knew him, and said to herself, "Thank Heaven, from a jealous fool he is become a priest; but I will take care to give him what he seeks for." Seeming then not to know him, she sat down at his feet. Now he had put some little stones into his mouth, to alter his voice, thinking himself well enough disguised as to everything else. Coming then to the confession, amongst other things, she told him, that, being married, she was yet in love with a priest, who came and lay with her every night. This struck him to the very heart, and were it not that he was desirous of learning something farther, he had gone away, and left her that moment. So he said to her, "Well, but how is it? And does not your husband lie with you?" "Yes, sir," she replied. "Then," continued he, "how can the priest lie with you at the same time?" "I know not how he does it," quoth she, "but there is not a door in the house but opens upon his touching it; he tells me also, that, upon coming to our chamber, before he opens the door, he says some certain words, which throw my husband asleep, and then he comes in, and lies with me, and the other never knows it." "O, Madam," quoth he, "that is a very bad thing; you must leave off such practices entirely." "Ah, father," answered she, "I know not how to do it,

I love him so well." "Then," continued he, "I can give you no absolution." "I am sorry for that," she replied, "but I came here to speak the truth; if I could leave them off, I would tell you so." "I am sorry for you," quoth he, "as I see your soul is in a state of damnation; but I will offer up my particular prayers for you, which may be of service, and I will send a person to you at certain times, when you may inform him if you think you have received any benefit, and in that case we will proceed farther." The lady replied, "Sir, never think of sending anybody to our house, for my husband is so unreasonably jealous, that all the world could never beat it out of his head but that he came with a bad intent, and I should not have one good day for this twelvemonth." "Madam," quoth he, "have you no care for that, for I shall manage in such a manner that you will hear no more from him upon that score." "If you can do that," she replied, "I am content." And having made an end of her confession, and received penance, she got up, and went to mass. The husband, fit to burst with fury, put off the priest's habit, and went home, waiting to find the priest and his wife together, in order to wreak his vengeance upon both; whilst she went out of the church, seeing plainly by his looks that she had given him but a bad Christmas-box, though he endeavoured to conceal both what he had done and meant farther to do.

Resolving then to wait the next night at the door for the priest, he said, "I shall go out to sup, and stay all night; be sure, therefore, you lock the door to the street, and that upon the stairs, as also your chamber-door, and when you are disposed you may go to bed." She wished him a good night, and went immediately to the chink in the chamber, and made the usual sign, when Philippo came to her, and she told him what she had done that morning, and what her husband had said afterwards, adding, "I am confident he will never stir from the door all night long; do you contrive a way, then, to come in at the top of the house." He replied, full of joy, "Depend upon it, madam, I will." When night came, therefore, the jealous husband armed himself privately, and lay concealed in a ground-room, whilst she made the doors fast, especially that upon the stairs: and the young man, when he thought it a proper time, came by a secret way into her chamber.

The husband, in the meantime, continued supperless all night long, uneasy to the last degree, and almost starved to death with cold, waiting by the door for the priest. Day appearing at last,

and nobody coming, he composed himself there to sleep. Rising at the third hour, and the door of the house being now opened, he came in, pretending to come from another place, and called for his breakfast. Soon afterwards he sent a messenger to her, as from the priest who confessed her, to know if that person had come to her since. She, who understood full well the nature of the message, replied, No, he did not come that night, and that if he left off visiting her she might forget him, although she had no desire to do so.

What more need I say to you? The husband continued to watch every night, and they were together all the time. At last, being out of all manner of patience, he demanded of her, with the utmost wrath in his looks, what it was that she had confessed to the priest? But she refused to tell him, saying, "that it was neither just nor reasonable." He added, "Thou vile woman, I know, in spite of thee, what it was, and I will make thee confess who this priest is that lies with thee every night, by virtue of his enchantments, or else I will cut thy throat." She replied, "It is false; I never lay with any priest." "What," said he, "did you not say so and so to the priest who confessed you?" "Not," she replied, "for him to tell you again; but if you were present, it is a different thing: then, to be plain with you, I did say so." "Now tell me," quoth he, "who this priest is, and quickly." She smiled, and said, "I am always glad to see a wise man led (by the horns as it were) by a simple woman; though you deserve not that character, since you have suffered yourself to be transported by that unreasonable fit of jealousy, without knowing why; therefore the more weak you are the less is my glory. Do you think my eyes are as bad as your understanding? No; I knew very well who the priest that confessed me was, and that it was you. But I was resolved to give you what you wanted, and I think I have done so. But if you were as wise as you would be thought, you would never have desired to come at your wife's secrets in that manner, and would have known, without any vain suspicion, that every word was true which I said, and without the least crime or offence. I told you I loved a priest: were not you, my unworthy husband, then a priest? I said, no door could be kept shut when he had a mind to come to me: and is not that literally true? I added that the priest lay with me every night. And pray when did you lie from me? And when you sent to know if he was with me that

night I answered he was not. Who but a person blinded with jealousy like yourself, but must have understood these things? And yet you kept watch all night at the door, and would have made me believe that you were gone elsewhere to sup and spend the night. Consider a little better and behave like a man, nor expose yourself any longer to me, who am acquainted with all your ways; but leave off this extraordinary care upon my account; for, I assure you, were I disposed to be what you suspect, had you a hundred eyes, whereas you have only two, I could do it over and over, and you be never the wiser."

The poor jealous creature, who had thought himself cunning before, now saw how he was despised, and, without more words, divested himself of that foolish and troublesome disposition; esteeming his wife for the time to come as a virtuous and prudent woman. And she had no farther occasion to make her lover come in at the top of the house, as cats do; for the door was open afterwards whenever they had a mind to be together.

NOVEL VI.

Isabella, being in company with her gallant, called Leonetto, and being visited at the same time by one Lambertuccio, her husband returns, when she sends Lambertuccio away with a drawn sword in his hand, whilst the husband guards Leonetto safe to his own house.

THEY were all pleased with Flammetta's story, declaring that the woman had served the brute exactly right. And it being concluded, the king ordered Pampinea to go on, who then said:—

There are many people so foolish as to affirm that love deprives persons of their understanding, and that they who are in love are out of their wits. But how ridiculous this assertion is will appear by what has been said before, and also by what I am going now to tell you.

In our city, abounding with everything that is good, there was formerly a beautiful lady, wife to a certain worthy knight, who desiring, as it will sometimes happen, a little variety, began to grow indifferent towards her husband, casting her eye upon a certain young spark called Leonetto, one of no great family, but agreeable enough; he likewise began to show the same good liking towards her, and it was not long before their wishes were accom-

plished. Now it happened that another gentleman was in love with her also, called Lambertuccio, one by no means agreeable to her; but he ceased not to solicit her by all manner of ways, threatening at the same time, as he was a man of note and power, to lessen and expose her, unless she would comply with his desires. This terrified her so much that she thought herself obliged to listen to him. And being now, as it was summer-time, at one of their country houses, and her husband being gone from home to make some stay, she sent for Leonetto to come and be with her in the meantime. He obeyed her summons with great pleasure. Lambertuccio, knowing also that her husband was abroad, came all alone on horseback, and knocked at the gate. Her maid, seeing him there, ran up stairs to her mistress, who was in her chamber with Leonetto, and said, "Madam, Signor Lambertuccio is here below." The lady was under the greatest concern imaginable, and desired Leonetto not to mind stepping behind the curtain of the bed till the other was gone. Leonetto, who feared him as much as she did, went and hid himself there, whilst she ordered her maid to go and let Lambertuccio in, who being dismounted, and hanging his horse at the door, was immediately shewed up stairs; when she, meeting him at the top, asked, with a smile in her countenance, how she came to be favoured with the visit. "My life!" quoth he, "I understood your husband was abroad, and it was for that reason I came to see you." He had not been long with her before her husband, contrary to her expectation, returned. As soon as the maid saw him, she came suddenly into the chamber, and said to her mistress, "Madam, my master is returned, and now in the court." The lady was quite confounded at hearing this, and, considering that she had two men in the house, and that the knight could not be concealed on account of his horse, gave herself up for lost; yet, resolving at length what to do, she said to Lambertuccio, "Sir, if you have any regard for me, and are willing to save me from destruction, pray do as I shall direct you. Go down stairs with an angry countenance, and your sword in your hand, saying, 'I vow to Heaven if ever I meet with him anywhere else.' And if my husband should offer to stop you, or ask any questions, say nothing more than that; but mount your horse directly and ride away, nor offer to stay with him upon any account whatever." Accordingly he obeyed her directions, whilst the husband was wondering to see the horse there, and coming up stairs he was

further surprised at Lambertuccio's fierce countenance, and hearing him talk in that manner; and he said to him, "Pray, what is the matter, sir?" The other put his foot in the stirrup, and muttered only these words, "If ever I meet the villain again——," and so rode away. The knight, going up-stairs, found his wife at the stair-head, terrified out of her wits, and he said to her, "What is the reason of Lambertuccio's going away in so much heat and fury?" When she, drawing nearer to her chamber that Leonetto might hear, replied, "My dear, I never was so frightened in my whole life. A gentleman whom I never saw before, ran in here, and Lambertuccio after him with a drawn sword, and finding the chamber-door open, he came trembling into it, saying, 'I beg, madam, you will protect me, otherwise I shall be murdered in your very presence.' I arose, and was going to ask him who he was, and what was the reason, when Lambertuccio was at the top of the stairs roaring out, 'Where is the villain?' Upon this I ran to the chamber door, and stopped him as he was just coming in, when he was so civil to me, indeed, after he saw I was unwilling he should come into the chamber, that, after a few words, he went back again just as you met him." The husband then said, "My dear, you did well; it would have been a great discredit to us to have had anybody murdered in our house; and Lambertuccio was highly to blame to pursue a person hither. But," quoth he, "where is the gentleman?" She replied, "He is hid somewhere or other; I know not where."—"Where are you?" quoth the knight, "you may come out without any danger." Leonetto, who heard all that passed, came from where he was concealed much terrified, as indeed he had no reason; when the knight said to him. "Pray what affair is this that you have had with Lambertuccio?"—"Nothing," he replied, "in the world that I know of; so that I am convinced he has either lost his senses, or else mistakes me for some other person; for, upon seeing me in the street, at a distance from your house, he drew his sword, and said, 'Villain, thou art a dead man!' I stayed to ask no questions, but made the best of my way, and came hither, where, thanks be to Heaven and this lady, I have found protection." "Then," said the knight, "be under no fear; I will see you safe home, when you may make inquiry what the ground of his quarrel with you is." After supper, then, he mounted him upon one of his horses, and conducted him to Florence to his own house. And that night, by the lady's direction, he had a

private conference with Lambertuccio, when they so planned it, that though there was much talk afterwards about it, the husband never knew the truth of his wife's stratagem.

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NOVEL VII.

Lodovico being in love with Beatrice, she sends her husband into the garden, disguised like herself, so that her lover may be with her in the meantime; and he afterwards goes into the garden, and beats him.

ISABELLA'S quick and lucky thought was admired by the whole company, when Philomena began, by the king's command, to this effect:—You must understand, that at Paris dwelt a certain gentleman, a Florentine, who, being a little reduced, was forced to go into trade, by which means he acquired a great deal of wealth. He had only one son, named Lodovico, who having regard to the nobility of his father, more than to anything of business, was, instead of being brought up in a warehouse, sent, with some other young noblemen, into the service of the King of France, where he acquired all the accomplishments that belong to a fine gentleman. And being one day in company with certain knights, who were just returned from the Holy Land, and talking of beauties in England, France, and other countries, one of them declared, that, in all parts of the world, of all the women that ever he saw, he never met with any to come up to Beatrice, the wife of Egano de' Galluzzi, of Bologna; to which his companions, who had been with him there, agreed. Lodovico, at hearing this, was possessed with such a desire of seeing her, that he could think of nothing else; and designing to go and make some stay there, if she proved to his liking, he pretended to his father that he had an inclination to go to the Holy Land, who gave his consent with great reluctance. Changing his name then to Anichino, he came to Bologna; and, as fortune would have it, saw her at her window the very next day, when he found her beauty to exceed even his warmest imagination; and, being quite enamoured, he resolved not to depart from Bologna till he had obtained his desire. Thinking, therefore, which was the most likely way to succeed, he supposed, that if he could but get to be a servant to the husband, he might probably carry his point. Accordingly he sold his horses, and, disposing of his servants, with orders never to take notice of him, he told his landlord that he should be glad to get into the

service of some person of distinction, if such a place could be met with. The landlord replied, "You are just such a person as would suit a gentleman here, called Egano, who has a great number of servants, and will always have well-looking, genteel people about him, like yourself: I will speak to him for you." This he did, and Anichino was immediately taken into the family, greatly to his satisfaction. Continuing then with Egano, where he had daily opportunities of seeing the lady, he gained so far upon him, by his good behaviour, that he could do nothing without him; and he made him sole director of all his affairs. When one day it happened, as Egano was gone out a fowling, and left him behind, that Beatrice (who as yet knew nothing of his love, but had always commended his most engaging behaviour) made him sit down with her at chess, and Anichino, as it was his whole desire to please her, contrived to let her win, with which she was vastly delighted.

At length, all the women being gone out of the room, and they left by themselves, he fetched a deep sigh. She looked, and said, "What is the matter with you, Anichino? Are you uneasy because I win?"—"Madam," he replied, "it is a thing of more consequence which occasioned that sigh."—"Then by the regard you have for me," quoth she, "I conjure you to tell me." When Anichino saw himself entreated by his love for her, whom he valued beyond all the world, he gave a greater sigh than before. She desired again to know the reason. Whilst he replied, "Madam, I am extremely afraid lest I should disoblige you by so doing; I doubt also if you would not speak of it to some other person." She made answer, "Be assured I shall not be disobliged; nor shall I ever speak of it again, unless you give me leave."—"Then," quoth he, "as I have your promise, I will reveal it." And he told her, with tears in his eyes, who he was; what he had heard of her, and where; and how he came to be servant to her husband, and entreated her, in the most humble manner, to have pity on him, and accept of the secret offer of his love; or, if that was too great a favour for him to expect, that he might continue in the same condition as before; and that she would be pleased only to let him admire her. O! how singularly sweet are these Bolognian dispositions! In cases of this sort how worthy of praise! They delight not in people's tears and sighs; but to soft and amorous entreaties, are ever easy of access. Were I able to give them their due praise, my voice should never faint on so agreeable a subject. The lady had her eyes fixed upon

him all the time he was speaking, and giving entire credit to his words, she began to conceive the same passion in her heart for him; whilst she replied, "Anichino, have a good heart; you have effected that in a moment (the small time only that you have been speaking), which all the lords and gentlemen, who have been daily soliciting me, could never bring to pass; so that now I am more yours than my own. You have deserved my love, and you shall have it; come, therefore, to my chamber about midnight." Upon this they parted, and he waited with great impatience for night. Egano was now returned from fowling, and, being weary, went, as soon as he had supped, to bed, and the lady with him, leaving the door open, as she had promised. At the time appointed, Anichino went into the bed-chamber, and shutting the door again, he stepped gently to the lady's side of the bed, when, laying his hand upon her breast, he found she was awake. Accordingly she seized it with both hers, and held him strongly, turning herself in bed at the same time, till she made her husband awake, when she said to him, "My dear, I would say nothing to you last night, because you seemed to be weary: but tell me, which of your servants do you believe to be the most faithful, and whom you respect the most?" Egano replied, "What a strange question this is! Do not you know that I never loved, and put such confidence in any servant, as I now do in Anichino? But why want you to be informed?" Anichino, perceiving Egano to be awake, and hearing them talk together, endeavoured several times to have drawn his hand away, with a design of leaving the room, imagining that she had put a trick upon him; but she held him so fast that he could not. She then replied to Egano, saying, "I will tell you: I once thought as you do, and that he was the most trusty person about you, but I was mistaken; for he had the assurance, after you were gone out yesterday, to make an offer of his love to me; whilst I, to give you manifest proof of it, seemed to consent, and appointed to meet him this night under the pine-tree, in the garden. Now my intention was never to go thither; but if you have a mind to be convinced of his villany, you need only slip on one of my petticoats, and put a veil over your head, and I am sure you will find him."—"Then," quoth he, "most certainly will I go." Arising, therefore, and disguising himself in that manner, as well as he could in the dark, he went into the garden to wait for Anichino. As soon as he was gone out she arose also, and made fast the door. Whilst Anichino, who had

been under the greatest fears imaginable, and had endeavoured all he could to get from her, cursing both her and her love a thousand times over; and himself likewise, for giving credit to her; finding out what was her design at last, was the happiest man imaginable. At length, when she thought he had been as long with her as it was safe for him to stay, she said, "I beg of you to take a cudgel, and go into the garden; and, pretending as if this was done only to make trial of my virtue, do you give him some hard language, as though it was myself, and cane him soundly." Accordingly he arose, and took a good stick with him thither; whilst Egano, seeing him come towards the pine-tree, went with a great deal of seeming pleasure to meet him. When Anichino said, "What! you wicked woman, are you come? And could you think I could do such a thing by my master? I will make you repent your baseness." And lifting up his cudgel, he laid on to some purpose.—Egano, at these words, and feeling the blows, took to his heels, without speaking a word, whilst Anichino was close after him, crying out, "Away, you vile creature! and depend upon it that my master shall know to-morrow." Egano having sustained all this drubbing, returned at last to his chamber, when the lady said to him, "Well! did Anichino come into the garden?" Egano replied, "Would to God he had stayed away! for, besides all the foul language that could be used to any woman, he has broken almost all the bones in my skin. I wondered indeed that he should use those rude expressions, if he had such an intention as I supposed him to have, towards you. But, as he saw you of such a free, cheerful temper, he had a mind to make trial of you, I suppose."—"Then thank Heaven," quoth she, "he proved me with words, and you with deeds. But, I believe, he may say that I bore the words better than you did the deeds: as he has shewed himself so faithful, therefore, to you, you will regard him accordingly."—"Most certainly," said Egano: and from that time he concluded that he had the most virtuous wife and honestest servant of any man in the world. On which account (though Anichino and she often laughed together at the thing) they had an opportunity of gratifying their desires with the less suspicion (which could not have been done so well without such a stratagem) all the time Anichino thought fit to stay with Egano at Bologna.

NOVEL VIII.

A woman who had a very jealous husband, tied a thread to her great toe, by which she informed her lover whether he should come or not. The husband found it out, and whilst he was pursuing the lover, she put her maid in her place. He takes her to be his wife, beats her, cuts off her hair, and then fetches his wife's relations, who find nothing of what he had told them, and so load him with reproaches.

BEATRICE seemed to them all to have been strangely spiteful towards her husband ; and everyone agreed that Anichino's fright and confusion must be very great to be held in that manner, whilst she told her husband of his design upon her. The king now seeing that Philomena had done, turned to Neiphile, and said, "Do you speak." Neiphile smiled and replied :—

A great charge at present rests upon me, to relate something equal to what has been said already ; but I shall endeavour to acquit myself as well as I can.

Know, then, that in our city lived a certain rich merchant, named Arriguccio Berlinghieri, who, like many of our trades people now-a-days, foolishly thought to ennoble himself by marriage ; and he took a wife, not at all suitable to himself, whose name was Sismonda. She (her husband, like other persons of business, being often abroad) fell in love with a young gentleman called Ruberto, who had long paid his addresses to her, and being not so discreet in that affair as she ought to have been, it happened, whether her husband had any notion of it, or for what other reason I cannot tell, that he became the most jealous creature in the world, and laying aside all his other concerns, he applied his mind wholly to the care of her : nor would he ever go to sleep without seeing her first in bed. This was the greatest affliction to her, as it deprived her of all opportunity of being with her gallant : therefore, after much thinking about it, and being greatly importuned by him all the time, it came into her head at last to take the following method : namely, as her chamber was towards the street, and she knowing that, though her husband was long sometimes before he went to rest, yet that when he was once fast he was not easily stirred ; she meant to have her lover come to the door in the middle of the night, and to go and let him in whilst the husband was asleep. And that she might know when he was there, and nobody else perceive it, she resolved to put a thread out

of the window, one end of which should go near to the ground, and the other end was to be brought low along the floor, and so under the clothes into the bed ; which when she went to bed she would tie to her great toe. Having acquainted Ruberto with this, she told him, that, as often as he came, he should pull the thread, when, if her husband was asleep, she would let it go : but, if he was not asleep, she would hold it fast, and then he was not to expect her. Ruberto liked this scheme mighty well, and he was frequently coming thither, when sometimes he could have her company, and sometimes not. Till at last, carrying on this device in the same manner, it happened, whilst she was asleep, as the husband was stretching out his feet in the bed, that he met with this thread ; when putting down his hand and finding it tied to her toe, he thought within himself there must be some trick here : perceiving afterwards that the other end went out of the window he held it for granted ; accordingly he took it off her toe and put it upon his own, waiting to see what the event would be. He had not been long expecting, before Ruberto came, and pulled the thread as usual : Arriguccio perceived it, and not having tied the thread fast enough, and the other drawing pretty strong, it came into his hand, which he supposed was for him to stay, and so he did. Arriguccio upon this arose with all haste, and taking arms with him, he went to the door, to see who it was, and to take vengeance on him. Now, though he was a merchant, he was a stout, warlike man ; and being come to the door, and not opening it in the manner the lady used to do, Ruberto began to have a suspicion how it was, and immediately took to his heels, and the other after him. At last Ruberto having run a great way, and the other still pursuing him, he faced about (as he was armed likewise) and drew his sword, whilst the one continued pushing, as the other stood upon his defence. The lady awoke the moment her husband opened the chamber-door, and finding the thread gone from her toe, concluded she was discovered. And perceiving that he had run after her lover, she arose, resolving what to do ; and calling her maid (who was in the secret) she prevailed upon her to go into her bed ; begging of her to receive all the blows patiently which her master should give, without making any discovery ; and she would make her such a recompence, that she should have no cause to repent. Putting out the light then which was in the chamber, she went and hid herself in a corner of the house, waiting for the event.

The fray between Arriguccio and Ruberto had alarmed all the neighbours, who arose and began to reprove them very severely: on which Arriguccio, without knowing who his antagonist was, or being able to do him any harm, left him (for fear of being known himself), and returned full of wrath to his own house. And coming into the chamber, he said, "Where is this vile woman? What! she has put out the candle that I should not find her; but she shall be mistaken. So he went to the bed-side, and began to beat and kick the maid (thinking it was his wife), till he was quite weary, and what with his hands and feet together, had bruised her face to a mummy. When he had done that, he cut off her hair, saying all the reproachful things that could be spoken to a woman. The girl roared out very much (as indeed she had reason); and though she would frequently say, "For God's sake have mercy!" and nothing more, yet her words were so broken with lamentations, and he so blinded too with fury, that he never discovered her not to be his wife. Having beat her then to some purpose, and cut off her hair (as we observed), he said, "Thou vile prostitute, I shall meddle with thee no farther, but will go for thy brothers, to let them know of thy exploits, when they may do as they shall think most for their own credit, and take thee away with them; for here thou shalt no longer abide:" so he locked her in, and went away by himself.

As soon as Sismonda (who had heard the whole transaction) perceived he was gone, she came into the chamber, and struck a light, when she found the girl all bruised, and in tears. And having comforted her in the best manner she was able, she removed her to her own apartment, where she was well taken care of: and rewarding her, at Arriguccio's expense, to her own content, she went immediately and set her room to rights; making the bed over again, as if nobody had lain in it that night; and she lighted up the lamp, and dressed herself as if she had never been in bed. Then taking up her work, she sat herself down at the top of the stairs, and began to sew. Arriguccio in the meantime went with all possible haste to her brother's house, and knocked there till he made them hear and open the door. When the brothers (who were three) and the mother all arose, hearing it was he; and seeing him come alone, at that time of night, they inquired the reason. Whereupon he related the whole affair, beginning with the thread, and going on to what he had done afterwards, and at length, by

way of conviction, shewed them the hair which he had cut off; adding, that, in regard to their own honour, they might take her away, and dispose of her as they pleased, for that he would be no longer troubled with her. The brothers were greatly offended at hearing this story, and in their fury ordered torches to be got ready, preparing to go back with him, that she might not want her due treatment; whilst the mother went heavily after, sometimes entreating one, and sometimes another of them, not to be too hasty in condemning their sister; alleging, that he might have quarrelled with her upon some other account, and now brought this by way of excuse; adding, that she wondered how it could be; seeing that she well knew her daughter, having brought her up herself; with more words to that effect. Being now at the house, and going up stairs, Sismonda called out to them, and said, "Who is there?" When one of her brothers replied, "You shall soon know, you vile creature as you are!" "Lord have mercy on me!" said she, "what is all this for?" And rising up, she went, saying, "Brothers, you are welcome; but what is the meaning of your coming all three at this time of the night?" They, observing that she had been sitting at work, and without any such bruises or blows as the husband had talked of, began to wonder; and, abating a little of their former wrath, they inquired the meaning of this difference with her husband, threatening her severely if she spoke anything but the truth. The lady replied, "I know not what you would have me say, nor of any quarrel that I have had with him." Arriguccio, at beholding her, was like one confounded, remembering that he had scratched and beat her in a most outrageous manner, of which no sign now appeared; and her brothers then told her what they had heard from him. She now turned to him, and said, "Alas! my dear, what is this I hear! and why would you have me thought to be a wicked person, to your great disgrace, when I am not so; and yourself an ill-tempered sorry man, when it is quite otherwise? When were you here to-night before now? Or when did you beat me? For my part, I know nothing of the matter." Arriguccio replied, "You abominable wretch! what, did we not go to bed together? Did I not return hither again, after pursuing your gallant? Did I not give you a thousand blows at the same time that I cut off your hair?"

She made answer, "You never went to bed in this house to-night: but, letting this alone, for which you can have only my

word, and to come to what you talk of, namely, of your beating me, and cutting off my hair, let any one see if I have such bruises upon me ; nor should I advise you to attempt ever to serve me so ; for, as I hope to be saved, I would return the like, if you did. And, as to cutting off my hair, I never knew anything of it if it was so; but let us see whether it be as you say, or not." She then pulled her veil off, and shewed her hair all entire, and in order. The brothers and the mother, seeing this, said to him, "How now, sir! Surely this can never be the thing that you came to acquaint us with ; which way will you prove the rest?" Arriguccio was like one out of his wits. Gladly would he have said something, but seeing the thing appear differently from what he had undertaken to shew them, he could not get out one word. She now said to her brothers, "I see he has a mind I should relate to you his vile proceedings, and my own unhappiness, and I will do it. I believe firmly that what he says may be true, and I'll tell you which way. This sorry fellow, to whom you gave me in an ill hour, who calls himself a merchant truly, and would be thought such, and who therefore should be as temperate as a hermit, and as modest as a maid ; this man, I say, is drunk most nights in one tavern or other; one while with one prostitute, and then again with another, whilst I am forced to sit up for him, in the manner you now found me, till midnight for the most part, and often till morning. And being very drunk, he might find a thread tied to the toe of one of those strumpets, and run after some person or other, and fight him, as he says ; and returning back, he might beat her in that manner, and cut off her hair: and not being thoroughly sober again, he imagines it was done to me ; if you observe, he appears now to be half fuddled : therefore I would have you consider him as a person in liquor, and forgive him even as I mean to do."

The mother, at these words, made a great clamour, and said, "My dear child, it shall never be ; he deserves hanging, for an ill-conditioned brute as he is. He is unworthy of such a woman as you are. What could he have done more, had he catched you in the open street? Things are come to a fine pass truly, if you must be set down by the words of a little paltry merchant. This sort of fellows, you must know, if they have but a little money in their pockets, are all for a gentleman's daughter ; when they pretend to some coat of arms, and say, 'I am of such a family, and my ancestors did so and so.' Would to heaven my sons had followed my

advice! Count Guido would gladly have taken you without a penny of fortune; yet they chose to marry you to this jewel here: and though there is not a better gentlewoman nor one more virtuous in Florence, yet he was not ashamed to call you strumpet, as if we were strangers to your character. But, as I hope to live, were they ruled by me, they would beat him to a mummy." Turning now to her sons, she said, "I told you, as we came along, that it could never be true. You hear how this fine brother of yours uses your sister: a poor sorry fellow as he is! were I in your place, hearing what he has both said and done towards her, I would never leave him with life.—Confound him! for a drunken, quarrelsome villain, to have no shame in him!" Here the brothers said all the severe things they could think of; concluding at last with saying, "We forgive you this once, as you were drunk, but take care we hear no more such stories; if we do, we will pay off all your old scores," and so they left him. Arriguccio stood like one who had lost his senses, scarcely knowing whether all this was real, or only a dream, and from that time quarrelled no more with his wife; whilst she not only escaped from the most imminent danger, but opened a way to obtain her desires, without the least fear of her husband for the time to come.

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NOVEL IX.

Lydia, the wife of Nicostratus, being in love with Pyrrhus, did three things which he had enjoined her, to convince him of her affection. She afterwards used some familiarities with him before her husband's face, making him believe that what he had seen was not real.

NEIPHILE'S novel had pleased them all to that degree, that they could not keep from laughing and talking about it, although the king had several times called out silence, in order that Pamphilus should speak; who at length began in this manner:—There is nothing, I am persuaded, so dangerous and difficult, that a person who is thoroughly in love will not attempt; which, though it has been shewed by various instances already given, yet I think will be still more apparent from a story which I am going to tell you, of a lady much more fortunate than wise. Therefore I would advise no one to run the risk of following her paths; because neither is fortune always disposed, nor are all men to be blinded in the same manner.

In Argos, an ancient city of Achaia, more famous formerly for its kings than great, lived a certain nobleman called Nicostratus, to whom fortune, in the decline of his life, had given a young lady for his wife, of as great a spirit as she was beautiful, named Lydia. Now he, being a lord of a large estate, kept a great number of servants, dogs, and hawks, and was very fond of country diversions. Amongst his other servants was a genteel young man named Pyrrhus, whom he valued and trusted above all the rest. With this person she was so much in love, that she could never be happy but in his company; whilst he (whether he did not, or would not perceive her regard for him), seemed not at all affected by it. This she laid much to heart, and resolving to make him understand her, she called one of her favourite maids, whose name was Lusca, and said to her, "Lusca, the favours you have received from me, should make you both obedient and faithful; take care, therefore, that you reveal what I am going to speak to no one, save to the person concerned. You see what a great disproportion there is between my husband's age and mine, and may suppose I can have but little comfort with such an one; for that reason I have made choice of our Pyrrhus. If you have any regard for me, then, let him know my love for him in the best manner you are able; and entreat him, on my part, that he would please to come hither to me." The girl promised to do so; and, on the very first opportunity, she took Pyrrhus aside, and delivered her message. This surprised him very much, as not having the least notion of such a thing; and being apprehensive that it might be done to try him, he answered roughly, "Lusca, I can never think this comes from my lady; then take care what you say: or, if she did say so, you could never have her orders to disclose it; or, even admitting that, still I have that regard for my lord, that I could never offer to do him such an injury: I charge you, then, let me hear no more about it." Lusca, not at all abashed at his stern way of speaking, replied, "Pyrrhus, I shall speak at all times what I am ordered by my lady to say, whether it offends you or not; but, for your part, you are no better than a brute." And she returned full of wrath to her mistress, who was fit to die on hearing it; and in a few days she said again, "You know, Lusca, that one stroke never fells an oak; then go once more, and tell him that his fidelity is at my expense; represent the passion I have for him in such a manner that he may be affected with it; for, if he continues so indifferent, it will go near

to cost me my life." The girl desired her to take courage; and going again to Pyrrhus, and finding him in good humour, she said, "I told you, a few days ago, of the great regard my lady had for you; and I now assure you, that, if you continue in the same resolution, she will never survive it: then be persuaded, or I shall think you the greatest fool in the world. What an honour will it be to have the love of such a lady! Consider how greatly you are obliged to fortune: she offers you a most beautiful woman, and a refuge from your necessities. Who will be happier than yourself, if you be wise? Do but represent to yourself whatever an ambitious heart can desire; all will be yours. Open then your understanding to my words, and remember that fortune is wont to come once in our lives to us with cheerful looks, and her lap full of favours; if we turn our backs on her at that time, we may thank ourselves should we be poor and miserable all the rest of our days. You talk of honour and fidelity; there is something indeed in that plea among friends: but, with regard to servants, in such a case, they may do just as their masters would behave to them. Can you imagine, had you a wife, daughter, or sister, that our master fancied, that he would stand on such nice terms of duty, and all that, as you now do to his wife? You can never be so foolish, but you must believe, that, if persuasion was ineffectual, he would make use of force. Let us serve them, therefore, as they would serve us; make use of fortune's kind offer in your favour: for, depend upon it, setting aside the consideration of what may happen through your refusal to the lady, if you do not, you will repent the longest day you have to live." Pyrrhus, who had made several reflections on what she had said before to him, and had resolved to make a different reply if ever she came again, being now not averse to the thing, provided he could be assured she was in earnest, made answer, "Lusca, this is all true, I confess; but yet as my lord is a very wise and provident person, and, as I am entrusted with the management of all his affairs, I am afraid that my lady only does this to try me: three things then there are that I require of her for my own conviction, after which I will obey all her commands. The first is, that she kill my lord's favourite hawk before his face; the second, that she send me a lock of his beard; and the third, one of his soundest and best teeth." These seemed very hard conditions to the maid, and more so to the mistress; but love, who is a good comforter as well as counsellor, soon made her resolve.

Accordingly, she sent him word, by the same person, that all three should be done. And farther, that, as he had such an opinion of his lord's wisdom, she would also undertake to make him not believe his own eyes. Pyrrhus then waited to see what course she meant to take. In a few days, therefore, Nicostratus having prepared a great entertainment, as he used frequently to do, just as the cloth was taken away, she came into the hall richly dressed, and there, in the presence of Pyrrhus and the whole company, went to the perch where the hawk was, and unloosed him, as if she had a mind to take him upon her hand, when taking him by the jesses, she dashed his brains out against the wall. And while Nicostratus was crying out "Alas! my dear, what have you done?" she took no notice, but turned to the people, and said, "I should scarcely revenge myself of a king that was to do me an injury, if I wanted courage to wreak myself on a paltry hawk. You must know, that this bird has deprived me of all the pleasure I should have from my husband: for, by break of day he is up, and on horseback, after his favourite diversion, whilst I am left all alone, and neglected: for which reason I have long taken a resolution to do this thing, and only waited for an opportunity to have so many equitable judges present, as I take you to be."

The gentlemen, supposing her affection to Nicostratus to be as fervent as her words seem to declare, laughed heartily; and, turning to Nicostratus, who seemed a good deal disturbed, they said, "She has done very well in taking her revenge upon this hawk;" and, after a little raillery, changed his resentment into a fit of laughter. Pyrrhus upon seeing this said to himself, "She has made a noble beginning, Heaven grant that she may persevere!" —The hawk being thus despatched, it was not long before she happened to be toying with her husband in the chamber, whilst he, pulling her gently by the hair, gave occasion for her to put Pyrrhus's second command in execution: when taking hold of a little lock of his beard, and laughing heartily at the same time, she pulled so hard that it brought the skin and all away together. He grew very peevish at this, and was going to quarrel with her; when she said, "You make an angry face, truly, because I plucked a hair or two off your beard; you were not sensible what I suffered when you pulled me by the hair just now." So, continuing their play from one word to another, she took care of the tuft of his beard, and sent it that very day to her lover. She was more per-

plexed about the last thing; but, having an enterprising genius, which was rendered more so by love, she soon resolved on what means to use to bring that about. And, as Nicostratus had two youths in his house, given him by their fathers, who were gentlemen, in order to learn good breeding, one of whom carved his victuals whilst the other filled out the wine, she made them both believe one day that their breath was very offensive; and she taught them, when they waited upon Nicostratus, to turn their heads on one side always, but never to speak of it to any person. This they believed, and did as they were directed. One day she said to him, "Did you ever take notice of your pages' behaviour when they wait upon you?"—"Yes," said he, "I have, and have been often going to ask them the reason."—"Then," she replied, you may spare yourself that trouble, for I can tell you. I have kept it some time from you, for fear of disobliging you; but, now I see other people take notice of it, I can conceal it no longer. It is then because you have a stinking breath; I know not what the cause may be, for it did not use to be so; but it is a most grievous thing, as you keep a great deal of company: therefore I would have you take some method or other to get rid of it."—"What," said Nicostratus, "can it be owing to? Have I a foul tooth in my head?" She replied, "Perhaps you have;" and, taking him to the window, she made him open his mouth, and after looking carefully in every part, she said, "O, my dear! How could you bear with it so long? Here is a tooth which seems not only rotten, but entirely consumed; and if you keep it any longer in your mouth, will certainly decay all on the same side: I advise you then to have it out before it goes any farther."—"As you think so," quoth he, "and I approve of it too, send instantly for an operator to draw it out."—"Tell me of no operator," said she; "I will never agree to that; it seems to stand in such a manner that I think I could do it myself: besides, those fellows are so barbarous upon those occasions, that my heart could never bear to have you under their hands. Therefore I will try to do it myself; and, if it gives you too much pain, I will let you go again, which those people will never do." Getting now an instrument for that purpose, and sending everyone out of the room, excepting her favourite maid, she seated him upon a stool, and laying hold of a tooth whilst the other kept him fast down, she put him to most intolerable pain, and at length drew it out by main force: then

keeping the tooth, and producing a rotten one which she had ready in her hand, she said to the poor man, who was almost dead, "See here what it was you had in your mouth!" and he, believing it to be so, though he had felt the most exquisite torture, and complained much of her harsh way of doing it, as it was out, thought himself cured; and having taken some good comfortable things the pain abated, and he went out of the chamber. The tooth she immediately sent to her lover, who, being now convinced of her love, held himself in readiness to obey her commands. But she, willing to give him some farther assurance, and thinking every hour an age till she could be with him, feigned herself to be very ill; and her husband coming one day after dinner to see her and nobody with him but Pyrrhus, she desired that, by way of ease to her malady, they would take her into the garden. Accordingly Nicostratus took hold of one arm and Pyrrhus the other, and leading her thither, laid her on a grass plat under a pear-tree: and sitting down by her, she, who had before instructed him what to do, said to Pyrrhus, "I have a great desire to have some of those pears; do you climb up into the tree and get me a few." Pyrrhus immediately went up, and, as he was throwing down some of the pears, he began to call out, "So! what are you doing there below? Do you think I am blind? I find, madam, you are soon recovered after your fit of sickness. You had better take those liberties elsewhere." The lady turned to her husband, and said, "What is Pyrrhus talking of? He is in a dream, surely."—"No, madam," quoth he, "I am in no dream. What? did you think I could not see you?" Nicostratus wondered, and said, "Surely, Pyrrhus, you are raving."—"No, sir," he replied, "I am very confident I saw you so and so together." Quoth the lady, "What can be the meaning of this? Were I well enough, I would actually go into the tree myself to behold the strange things that he talks of seeing from thence." Pyrrhus still continued in the same story, when Nicostratus desired him to come down, and asked him what it was he really saw? Pyrrhus replied, "I thought I saw you billing and cooing, which, though innocent enough between husband and wife, should never be practised in public."—"The man is out of his wits," quoth Nicostratus; "we neither of us so much as stirred from the place where we were sitting."—"Then," said Pyrrhus, "I tell you I saw it." Nicostratus was now more and more surprised, and said, "I will see whether this tree be enchanted or

not:" and as he was mounting up into the tree, Pyrrhus and the lady became very loving. Nicostratus, seeing this, began to call out, "Oh! thou vile woman! what art thou doing there? and that rascal, Pyrrhus, in whom I put all my confidence?" And with these words, he made all possible haste down, when the lady and Pyrrhus both said, "We were sitting here all the time just as you left us."—However, he seemed to be in a violent passion, whilst Pyrrhus said to him, "Now, sir, I am convinced that I saw falsely myself, as yours is the same case; for I can be positive that you were mistaken. Do but reason with yourself: can it be supposed that your lady, who is the most virtuous and prudent of all others, should ever attempt to do such a thing before your very face? And, for my own part, I would be cut limb from limb before I would ever entertain such a thought, much less do so in your presence."—"The fault, then, in this mistaken appearance must proceed from the tree; for all the world could never have convinced me but that I saw you and my lady together in the same manner, if I had not heard from yourself that we appeared so to you." On this she said, with a good deal of warmth, "Do you think, were I so loosely given, that I should be such a fool as to do these things before your eyes? No, there are opportunities enough, without your being ever the wiser." Nicostratus, believing at last what they both said, came into a little better temper, and began to talk of the novelty, and wonder at the thing; whilst the lady, who seemed concerned for the ill opinion he had received concerning her, added, "Most certainly, this tree shall never occasion any more scandal either to me or any other woman, if I can help it: run, therefore, Pyrrhus, for an axe, and cut it down, in regard to us both; though the axe might be as well employed upon my husband's weak noddle for believing his own eyes in a case so repugnant both to common sense and reason." The axe was then brought and the tree cut down, upon which she said to Nicostratus, "My wrath is over now I see my honour's adversary thus demolished." And he having begged her pardon, she freely forgave him, charging him for the future never to presume such a thing of her, who loved him dearer than her own life.——Thus the poor deluded husband returned with his wife and Pyrrhus into the house, where nothing now prevented the latter from accomplishing all their wishes.

NOVEL X.

Two inhabitants of Siena love the same woman, one of whom was godfather to her son. This man dies, and returns, according to his promise, to his friend, and gives him an account of what is done in the other world.

THERE was only the king now left to speak; who, after quieting the ladies, who were under some concern for the cutting down of the pear tree, began as follows:—It is a plain case, that every just prince ought himself to be tied down by the laws of his own making; and that, if he acts otherwise, he should be punished as a private person: now I am forced to fall under this very censure, for yesterday I gave you a subject for this day's discourse, with no design of making use of my privilege, but to conform with the rest, and speak to it myself. Whereas, besides taking the very story from me which I meant to have given, there has been such a variety of incidents related to the same effect, and well told, that I can think of nothing myself worth troubling you with, after them. Therefore, as I am under the necessity of transgressing against my own law, I submit to any punishment you shall please to inflict upon me. So, having recourse to my privilege at last, I shall relate a short novel; which, though it contains some things which we are not to credit, may not be disagreeable for you to hear.

There were, some time since, two young men of Siena, the one named Tingoccio Mini, and the other Meuccio di Tura, who dwelt in the Porta Solaia, and were very intimate. They used, therefore, to go to church together, when hearing much of the pleasures and pains of a future state, and being desirous of knowing something more certain on that head, they promised each other, that whichever died first should return, if it was possible, to inform his friend. In the meantime, they happened both to fall in love with the lady of Ambruogio Anselmini. This, how great soever their friendship was, they kept from each other, though for different reasons. Tingoccio had been godfather to one of her children; and being in a measure ashamed of such gallantry, he concealed it from his friend. On the other part, Meuccio kept his love a secret, because he knew the other liked her as well as himself. At length Tingoccio, as he had more opportunities than his friend, happened to succeed. This was a great mortification to Meuccio, who still lived in hopes of gaining his point some time or other; and seemed,

therefore, to know nothing of the matter, lest Tingoccio should thwart his designs. Some time after this, Tingoccio was taken ill, and died: and the third night afterwards, he came into Meuccio's chamber, who was fast asleep, and called aloud to him.—Meuccio awoke, and said, "What art thou?" He replied, "I am thy friend Tingoccio, who am come, according to our agreement, to bring thee tidings of the other world." Meuccio was considerably terrified at this, but taking courage at last, he said, "Thou art welcome." And then he asked him whether he was a lost person? Tingoccio made answer, "Those things only are lost which cannot be found; and if that was my case, how should I be here?"—"I mean not so," quoth Meuccio; "but what I ask is, whether you be one of the damned?"—"Not so," said he; "but yet I suffer great pains for some sins which I committed." He then inquired what punishment was inflicted for every single sin; and Tingoccio resolved him fully in each particular. And asking farther, if he could do him any service here, Tingoccio answered, "Yes; namely, by saying prayers and masses, and giving alms: for those things are of great benefit to the deceased." This Meuccio promised to do; and as the ghost was offering to depart, he raised himself up, and said, "I remember, my friend, that you had an affair with such a lady: pray what is done to you on that account?"—"O, brother," he replied, "when I first arrived in the other world, I met with a ghost who seemed to have all my sins by heart, and who ordered me to go into a certain place, where I was to do penance for them, and where I found a great many people who were sent thither upon the same score. And being among them, and calling to mind that particular crime you now mention, for which I expected some very great punishment, I was all over in a tremble, although in the midst of a great fire. When one that stood by me said, 'Pray, what hast thou done more than any one else, that thou quakest to this degree in so hot a place?'—'Alas!' I replied, 'I had to do with my godson's mother.'—'Go, thou fool, said he, 'is there any relationship in that, to make the crime worse?' This gave me some comfort." Afterwards, it being near daybreak, he said to his friend, "Farewell, for I can stay no longer with you;" so vanished out of the room. Thus Meuccio was convinced that that sort of kindred was of no consequence, and was less scrupulous than he used to be in such cases for the time to come

The west wind began now to breathe, as the sun grew near his setting; when the king, having concluded his novel, arose, and taking the crown from his own head, placed it upon Lauretta's, saying, "Madam, I crown you with your own crown, as queen of this company; do you, as such, command what you think will be most agreeable to us all." Lauretta, being now queen, sent to the master of the household, and ordered him to have the cloth laid in the pleasant valley sooner than usual, that they might return afterwards with more ease to the palace. Then directing what she would farther have done, she turned to the company, and said, "It was Dioneus's will, yesterday, that our novels should be concerning the devices and tricks which women put upon their husbands; and was it not that you would think I had malice in my heart, my subject for to-morrow should be the manner of men's imposing upon their wives. But setting this aside, let every one think of the stratagems which are in daily practice of the women to the men, or of the men to the women; or, lastly, of one man to another; and this, I think, will afford as agreeable matter for discourse as what we have had to-day." Here she gave them their liberty till supper-time. The company then arose, and whilst some went to wash their feet in the cool stream, others took a walk upon the green turf, under the cover of the spreading trees. and Dioneus and Flammetta sat singing together the song of Palamon and Arcite. Thus all were agreeably employed till supper; when the tables being set forth by the side of the basin, they sat down to the music of a thousand birds, and their faces fanned all the time with cool, refreshing breezes, coming from the little hills around them, they supped with the utmost mirth and satisfaction. Taking a walk afterwards round the valley, before the sun was quite set, they began their march back to the palace, talking all the way of a thousand different things, which had either occurred in this day's discourse, or the preceding, and arrived there as it grew dark. Refreshing themselves after their walk, with wine and sweetmeats, they indulged in a dance by the side of the fountain; sometimes, for variety, to the sound of Tindarus's bagpipe, and sometimes to other more musical instruments. At length the queen called upon Philomena for a song, who thus obeyed:

SONG.

I.

Such my desire to meet my love,
That I with eager transport fly;
But why your long unkind delay?
Tell me, my swain, O tell me why.

II.

The joys I from your converse feel
No pow'r of language can express;
Whilst your commanding smiles and voice
Conspire with mutual aid to bless.

III.

Say then, my life! when shall we meet,
And former vows of love renew?
Soon come the time, be long your stay;
For all my wishes point to you.

IV.

I'll hold you fast, when fortune thus
Auspicious crowns my fond desires;
Then haste, fly quick to my embrace;
That pleasing hope my song inspires.

This song made them all conclude that Philomena was subject to the little god; and, by her manner of expressing herself, her passion seemed to be in a fair and prosperous way: but when it was ended, the queen, remembering that the next day was a fast, said, "Gentlemen and ladies, I must let you know, that to-morrow, being Friday, it is to be observed as holy; for you may remember, that when Neiphile was queen, we waived our diversions on that day, and so we did on Saturday. Therefore I think it proper to follow so laudable an example, and to dedicate those two days to our devotions." This was agreeable to the whole company; and a good part of the night being now spent, she dismissed them, and they retired to their respective chambers.

THE EIGHTH DAY.

THE rays of the rising sun began now to gild the tops of the highest mountains, and the shade of the night was withdrawn from the earth, when the queen and all her company arose on Sunday morning, and, after taking a pleasant walk along the meadows, they went, about the third hour, to a neighbouring chapel, where they heard Divine service. Returning to the house, and dining cheerfully, they afterwards began to sing and dance as usual: when leave was given to such as wished to repose themselves. After the sun had passed the meridian, they all met again by the fountain-side, and being seated, Neiphile, by the queen's command, thus commenced:

NOVEL I.

Gulfardo borrows a sum of money of Guasparruolo, in order to give it his wife for granting him a favour: he afterwards tells Guasparruolo, whilst she was present, that he had paid it to her, which she acknowledges to be true.

SEEING it is my fortune to begin to-day with a novel, I am content to obey: and, as we have heard much of the women overreaching the men, I have a mind to tell you of a man's being too cunning for a woman: not that I mean to blame him for it, or to say that she was not rightly served. No, I rather commend him, and think she met with no more than her due. I do it also to shew that the men know how to deceive us upon occasion, as well as we do to impose upon them: though, to speak more properly, this cannot be called deceiving, so much as making a deserved return; for a woman ought to be virtuous and chaste, and to hold her honour as dear as her life: and though our frailty is such that we cannot always be upon our guard, yet I think that woman ought to be burned who makes a trade of love. But where the little god takes the field, whose force you know is very great, some grains of allowance should be made, as was shewed a few days since by Philostratus, in the story of Madam Philippa di Prato.

Il Decamerone.

(Eighth Day.)

There lived at Milan a soldier, who was a German, and his name was Gulfardo; one of a good person, and very trusty to such as retained him in their service, as the Germans generally are; and, because he was always very punctual in his payments, he found a great many merchants ready at any time to lend him any sum, for a very small profit. Now he had placed his affections on a lady called Ambruogia, wife to a certain rich merchant, named Guasparruolo, who was his old friend and acquaintance. Conducting this affair with such caution that neither the husband nor any one else had the least suspicion about it, he took an opportunity one day of declaring his mind to her, when she promised to comply upon two conditions; first, that it should be kept secret; and, secondly, as she had occasion for two hundred florins of gold, that he should supply her with that sum. Gulfardo was so provoked at this sordidness, that his love was changed into rage and contempt; and he resolved, therefore, to put a trick upon her. Accordingly he let her know that he was ready at all times to do that or anything else which she desired, and that she should send him word when she would have him wait upon her with the money, promising to bring only one friend, in whom he put entire confidence, and who was his companion upon all occasions. She was content, giving him to understand that her husband was to set out in a few days for Genoa, and that, as soon as he was gone, she would take care to send for him. In the meantime, Gulfardo went to Guasparruolo, and said, "Sir, I have an affair of consequence upon my hands, which requires me to raise two hundred florins of gold; if you will advance that sum, I will allow you the most gratuity." Guasparruolo readily agreed to it, and told him out the money. In a few days after he set out for Genoa, as the lady had said, who immediately sent word to Gulfardo to come, and bring the two hundred florins. Obedient to the command, he took his friend along with him, and went to her house, when the first thing he did was to give her the money before this person, saying, "Madam, you will keep this, and give it to your husband when he returns." She received it, never thinking why he spoke to her in that manner, but supposing it was because he would have his friend to know nothing of the matter, and replied, "I will; but first let me see what money there is." So she turned it out upon the table, and found there were just two hundred florins; when, locking it up with a secret satisfaction, she came and shewed him into the

chamber. And he continued his visits to her during her husband's absence at Genoa. On his return, he went again to the house, and finding him with her, he said in her hearing, "Sir, the money you were so kind as to lend me was of no service, because I could not compass the thing on the account of which I borrowed it: therefore I brought it back immediately to your wife. Please then to cancel my account." Guasparruolo turned to her, and inquired whether she had received the money? She, seeing the witness present, and not knowing how to deny it, said, "Yes, I received it, and forgot to tell you."—"Then," he replied, "I am satisfied; farewell—your account is clear." Gulfardo withdrew, well pleased, leaving the lady full of indignation, defeated and despised.

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NOVEL II.

The parson of Varlungo receives favours from a woman of his parish, and leaves his cloak in pawn for them. He afterwards borrows a mortar of her, which he returns, and demands his cloak, which he says he left only as a token. She mutinies, but is forced by her husband to send it.

THEY all thought that Gulfardo had served the sordid Milanese lady very justly, when the queen turned with a smile towards Pamphilus, and desired him to follow:—

I mean, said he, to relate a short story, touching those people who are continually doing us injuries, without our being able to come at them, in the same manner at least as we are affected; I mean the priests, who set up their standard, and publishing a general croisade against our wives, thinking, when once they bring any of them under their subjection, that they have done as meritorious an action as if they led the sultan captive from Alexandria to Avignon. Now we of the laity cannot return the like to them, though we should do well to revenge what is done to our wives, with as good a will, upon their mothers, sisters, and other relations. I will tell you, therefore, of a country amour, more diverting, in the conclusion especially, than long; by which you may reap the benefit of learning that those people are not always to be regarded.

At Varlungo, a village not far from this place, lived a young healthful priest, who, though not very expert at reading, yet was he used to hold forth under an elm tree every Sunday, regaling the people there with many good and holy discourses. And as to the

women, no priest ever gave them better attendance, for he was daily carrying them presents of cake, holy-water, and candle ends, when he would also give them his blessing. Among all his parishioners, none pleased him so well as a good woman, called Belcolore, wife to a certain labourer, whose name was Bentivegna del Mazzo: she, in truth, was a tight, handsome, brown woman, and could sing, and play upon the virginals, or lead up a dance as well as any lass in the country; so that our priest was almost out of his wits about her. All day long would he go sauntering about to get a sight of her, and on Sunday, when she was at prayers, he would quaver out his Kyries and his Sanctuses, like an ass that was braying, to let her see that he was a master of music; but if she happened not to be there, he made no such stir; and yet he managed so, that neither the husband nor any of the neighbours perceived it. The better to gain her favour, he was every now and then sending her presents: one day a bunch of leeks, the finest in the country, out of his own garden, tilled with his own hands; another time a basket of pease, and onions or scallions, as the season served. And, when he saw an opportunity, he would give her a glance or two from the corner of his eye, whilst she seemed all the time not to take his meaning; so that, hitherto, it was all labour lost. Now one day it happened, as he was idling about, that he met the husband, who was driving an ass laden before him, when he accosted him, and asked whither he was going? "Why truly, father," he replied, "I am going about some business to the city, and I carry these things as a present to Signor Bonaccori da Ginestreto, for him to enter an appearance for me, and to stand my friend in a cause that I have before the judge." The priest seemed pleased, and said, "Son, you are in the right: go, you have my blessing, and make haste home; and if you should see Lapuccio or Naldino, do not forget to tell them to bring home my leathern straps." The honest man promises to take care of his errand, and so went on towards Florence, whilst the priest thought this a fit opportunity to go to the wife, to try what he could do with her. Accordingly, he made no stop till he came hither, and entering into the house, he called out, "God bless you all here; who is within?" Belcolore was gone upstairs, and when she heard him, she said, "You are welcome, sir; but what are you doing abroad in the very heat of the day?" The priest replied, "I am come to spend a little time with you, finding that your husband is gone to the city."

She then came and sat down, and began to pick some cole-seed, which her husband had just been threshing, when he said, "Ah, Belcolore! must I always die for you in this manner?" She laughed, and replied, "Pray what harm have I done you?"—"You have done nothing to me," answered he, "but you will not suffer me to press you."—"Go, go," quoth she, "what! do priests then mind such things?"—"Why not," quoth he, "as well as other people?"—"Well, but what will you give me?" said she, "for I know you are all as covetous as the devil."—"Why, ask what you will," he replied, "a pair of shoes, or a top-knot, or a girdle, or anything else that you like."—"Father," answered she, "I want none of those things, but if you love me as you say, do one thing for me, and I will consent."—"Say what it is," quoth the priest, "and be assured I will do it most willingly."—"On Saturday, then," she said, "I must go to Florence to carry some yarn home, which I have spun, and to get my wheel mended, and if you will lend me five pounds, which I know you have, I can redeem from the broker my best gown and petticoat which I have been forced to pawn, and for want of which I am not able to appear upon any saint's day, and you will then find me always ready to oblige you."—"As I hope for a good harvest," quoth the priest, "I have not so much about me, but I will take care you shall have it before that time."—"I know you all," she replied, "to be good promisers, and that you never think of performing what you say. No, I will make no such bargains. If you have not the money in your pocket, go and fetch it."—"Alas!" quoth the priest, "never send me home at this time; you see there is nobody here now, perhaps when I return there may; so that we can never have a better opportunity."—"Very well," said she, "you know my resolution, either bring the money or else go about your business." The priest, perceiving that her intention was not to comply without a *salvum me fac*, whereas he was for having it *sine custodia*, said, "Seeing you will not take my word, behold I leave you this cloak as a pledge."—"The cloak!" quoth she; "pray what is it worth?"—"Worth!" answered the priest; "I would have you to know that it is made of a fine serge; nay, there are some of our people that call it a broad cloth; I bought it fifteen days ago only, of Otto, the fripperer, and it cost me seven pounds; and Bugglietto tells me, whom you will allow to be a judge, that I got five shillings at least by the bargain."—"Ay! did it stand you in so much?"

said she; "I could never have thought it; but give it me first." He obeyed, and was afterwards forced to slink home in his cassock, when he began to repent of what he had done; and, considering with himself that all his vails and offerings for the whole year would not amount to five pounds, he was contriving how to get it back for nothing, when he thought of the following stratagem. The next day, being holiday, he sent a boy to her house, desiring her to lend him a stone mortar, adding that he had two neighbours to dine with him, and he intended to make them some green sauce. This she sent; and about dinner time, when he expected that she and her husband would be set down together, he called his clerk and said, "Do you go and take this mortar to Belcolore, telling her that your master gives her many thanks, and desires she would send the cloak which he left by way of token." The clerk carried the mortar and found them at table, having just dined, when he delivered his message. She, hearing him demand the cloak, was going to make a reply; but the husband put on an angry look and said, "How came you to take any token from our priest? I have a good mind to box your ears for so doing. Return it, I say, directly, and let him want what he will of ours I charge you never to say him nay." Upon this she went grumbling to the press for it, and giving it to the clerk she said: "Tell your master, the priest, that I say he must expect no more favours from me." The clerk delivered it with those very words, upon which the priest laughed, and said, "When you see her you may tell her that I desire none at any such rate." Now the husband imagined that she had spoken in that manner because he had just been quarrelling with her, for which reason he was under no concern about it. But she continued so provoked that she would never speak to the priest from that time till the time of the vintage, when, after she had long threatened to send him to the devil, he found means to pacify her at last with some new wine and chestnuts; and, instead of the five pounds, he tuned her virginals for her and made her a song, which so contented her that they became as good friends as ever.

NOVEL III.

Calandrino, Bruno, and Buffalmacco go to Mugnone to look for the Heliotrope; and Calandrino returns laden with stones, supposing that he had found it. Upon this his wife scolds him and he beats her for it; and then tells his companions what they knew better than himself.

THE ladies laughed immoderately at Pamphilus's novel, when the queen turned to Eliza, who began in this manner:—

I do not know whether I shall be able to divert you as much with my short novel, though it be true as well as comical: but yet I will try.

In our city, abounding always with people of different tempers and nations, there dwelt not long since a painter called Calandrino, a simple sort of man and one that dealt much in novelties; he was often in company with two of the same profession, the one named Bruno and the other Buffalmacco, both facetious merry persons, though otherwise subtle enough; and they liked to be with this man on account of his oddities. There lived also in the same city the most agreeable and artful young man in everything he undertook that could be, called Maso del Saggio, who, hearing much of Calandrino's simplicity, wanted to divert himself at his expense by imposing some monstrous story upon him, as a thing very strange and uncommon. And finding him by chance one day in St. John's church, and observing him very attentive in looking on the carved work and painting of the Tabernacle, which was just put over the high altar, he thought he had now such an opportunity as he wanted: and acquainting one of his friends with it, they came near to the place where he was sitting by himself, and pretending not to see him, began to reason together upon the virtues of different stones, whilst Maso seemed to talk as well upon the subject as though he had been a professional lapidary. Calandrino soon began to listen to this, and finding they had no particular business he got up and joined them. This was what the other wanted; and as he was going on with his discourse, Calandrino asked him where these stones were to be found? Maso replied, "The greatest part are to be met with in Berlinzone, near the city of Baschi, in a country called Bengodi, where they tie the vines with sausages, and you may buy a goose for a penny and have the goslings into the bargain; where there is also a

fountain of grated Parmesan cheese, and the people that are upon it do nothing else but make cheese-cakes and mackaroons, which they boil in capon-broth, and keep constantly throwing down from thence, when those that can catch most have most: and there is a river too of the best Malmsey wine that ever was tasted, without one drop of water." "Surely," says Calandrino, "that must be a fine country indeed! what becomes of the capons after they are boiled?" "O," quoth the other, "the people there eat them." "Then," said Calandrino, "was you ever there?" Maso replied, "Was I ever there, do you say? If I have been there once I have been a thousand times." Quoth Calandrino, "And how many miles is it off?" He replied, "Many thousands." "Then," said Calandrino, "is it farther off than the Abruzzi?" "But a trifle," said the other. Whilst Calandrino, observing that he had told all this whole tale without changing countenance or so much as a smile, held it all for truth; and he added, "Believe me, sir, the journey is too great, or else I should like to go and scramble for those mackaroons. But are none of the precious stones you are speaking of in that country?" Maso replied, "Two there are which are found to be of great virtue: one of these, which comes from Montisci, they make into mill-stones, which will produce flour of themselves. Whence they have a saying, *That grace comes from God and mill-stones from Montisci;* such plenty there is of them, and yet they are as lightly esteemed among us as emeralds are there, of which they have whole mountains, that shine gloriously all night long. Now these mill-stones they set in rings and send to the Sultan; who gives them in return whatever they ask for them. The other stone is what we call the Heliotrope, which renders those that have it invisible." "That," said Calandrino, "is a rare virtue indeed! But where is this stone to be found?" Maso replied, "It is usually met with upon our plains of Mugnone." Quoth the other, "Of what size and colour then is it?" Said Maso, "They are of different sizes, but all of a blackish hue." Calandrino took care to remember all he had heard, and pretending to have other business, he went away with a design of going to seek for this stone; but first he had a mind to consult his two friends, and he spent all that morning in seeking after them. But hearing at last that they were at work in the monastery at Faenza, he ran thither, and calling them aside he said to them: "If you will believe me, we have it now in our power to be the richest

people in all Florence; for I am informed, by a very credible person, that there is a stone in Mugnone which makes those that carry it about them invisible: therefore I wish that we should go and look for it before anyone else finds it. We shall certainly meet with it, for I know it very well; and when we have it, what have we else to do but to put it in our pockets, and so go to the bankers' shops, and carry away what money we please? Nobody will see us, and we shall grow rich all at once, without spending our whole lives in daubing walls."

Bruno and Buffalmacco were fit to burst with laughter, yet they looked at each other with a kind of surprise, and highly commended their friend's wisdom. When Buffalmacco asked, what the name of it was, Calandrino, having no great memory, had forgot that; therefore he said, "What have we to do with names, so long as we know the virtues? I think we should go look for it immediately." "Then," quoth Bruno, "what sort of stone is it?" "They are of all sizes," he replied, "but generally black; therefore I am of opinion that we should pick up all the black stones we see, till we meet with the true one: so let us lose no time."

"Very right," quoth Bruno, "you talk mighty well; but yet I do not think this is a fit time, for the sun is now very hot, and shines forth with such lustre, that those stones may appear whitish at present, which are black in a morning: besides, many people are now abroad, who seeing us employed in that manner, may guess at our business, and perhaps get the stone before us, and we lose all our labour. So that we had better go about it in the morning, when we can more clearly distinguish colours; and on a holiday, because there will be nobody to see us." They agreed to go out then on Sunday morning; and in the meantime he desired they would speak of it to no one, because it had been told him as a secret. He afterwards let them know what he had heard of the country of Bengodi, swearing that every word was truth.

As soon as he was gone, they agreed, between themselves, what to do; whilst he was very impatient till Sunday came, when he arose by daybreak, and called upon them; and going through St. Gallo's gate, they went into the plains of Mugnone, and began to look for this stone. Now Calandrino stole along before the other two, skipping from one place to another, where he saw anything of a black stone, and put them all into his pockets. And whilst his companions were picking up here and there one, he had filled his

pockets, bosom, and coat-skirts, which he had tucked up for that purpose with his belt. On this, they seeing him laden, and it being now dinner-time, one said to the other, "Where is Calandrino?" "I do not know," quoth the other, "but he was here just now." "Then," said the first, "I suppose he is gone home to his dinner, and has left us here upon a fool's errand." "We are rightly served," replied the other, "for being so weak as to believe him. Who but ourselves could ever have thought of finding such sort of stones here?" Calandrino, hearing what passed between them, took it for granted that he had the true stone, and so was invisible: and being over and above rejoiced, he resolved to go home without speaking a word, leaving them to follow if they would. Buffalmacco perceiving his intent, said to Bruno, "What must we do? Why do not we go likewise?" Bruno replied, "What should we stay any longer for? But I vow and protest he shall put no more trick upon me; and was he as near to me now as he has been all this morning, I would give him such a knock on the heel with this pebble, that he should have cause to remember it;" and as he was speaking the words, he hit him a stroke which made him jump again; yet Calandrino held his peace, and got along as fast as he could. Buffalmacco then taking another stone, said, "And I would give him a blow over the back with this;" and so they kept pelting him all the way, even to the gate of St. Gallo, when, throwing the rest of their stones down, they let the guards into the secret, who humoured the thing, and let him pass, as if they had not seen him. So he went on, without stopping, to his own house, which was near to the mills; and fortune was so favourable to this jest of theirs, that nobody said a word to him all through the city; and indeed he saw but few persons, because they were mostly at dinner. Coming thus loaden home, he met his wife at the top of the stairs, who, being provoked at his long stay, fell upon him in a violent manner, saying, "The Devil sure has possessed the man, that he will never come home till everybody has dined." Which when he heard, and being sensible that he was now seen, he began, full of wrath and vexation, to say, "O! thou wicked woman, art thou there? Thou hast undone me; but I will be revenged on thee for it." And throwing down all his stones, he ran violently at her, and beat her most unmercifully. In the meantime his two friends after they had laughed a little with the guards at the gate, followed him at a distance to his house; and being at the

door, heard him beating his wife : and seeming as if they were just come there, they called aloud to him, whilst he, all in a heat, and weary, looked out of the window, and desired them to come up : this they did, seemingly much out of temper, and seeing the stairs covered with stones, and she beaten and bruised in one corner of the room, and he in another, all unbuttoned, and like a man quite spent, they said, "Why, how now, Calandrino ! What are you going to build, that you make all this preparation ? And you, Madam, how comes it to pass that you are so misused ?" But he, quite fatigued, and vexed also for his supposed loss, was able to make them no answer. On which Buffalmacco said again, "Calandrino, if you were angry with any other person, you ought not to have made a jest of us, as you have done, in leaving us yonder like a couple of fools ; where you carried us to seek for a precious stone, and then went away without saying a word : but assure yourself, you shall serve us so no more." He replied, after much ado, "My friends, do not be in a passion ; the case is different from what you imagine. Indeed I found the stone ; and, observe, I pray, whether it was not so. When you inquired after me the first time, I was then close to you ; and as you were coming away without seeing me, I then walked before you ;" and relating everything that they had said and done upon it, he added, "And as I was coming through the gate, loaden with these stones, the guards, though they examine everyone, let me pass unmolested : besides, I met with divers of my friends in the street, who are continually teazing me to go in and drink with them, but not one of them said a word, because they never saw me. At last, when I came home, I met with this devil of a woman here, who straightway saw me, because women, you know, make everything lose its virtue, and so I, who was on the point of being the happiest man in Florence, am now the most unfortunate ; and it was upon that account that I beat her, and I could tear her to pieces for it :" and he was going to beat her over again : whilst they, seeing all this, seemed to wonder very much, and began to affirm the same thing, though they were fit to die with laughing. But when he was going to beat her a second time, they interposed, telling him, that she was not to blame in the case, for that he should have given her notice to keep out of the way all that day ; and that this was owing either to his ill fortune, or else it was a judgment upon him for deceiving his friends ; for after he knew

that he had found the stone, he ought to have told them of it. At last, with great difficulty, they reconciled them, and leaving him yet much out of sorts, and with his house full of stones, departed.

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NOVEL IV.

The provost of the church of Fiesole is in love with a lady who has no liking to him; and he, thinking that he is with her, is all the time with her maid, when her brothers bring the bishop thither to witness it.

ELIZA'S novel was ended, when the queen, without delay, turned to Emilia, who began in this manner :—

It will appear from our preceding novels, that the priests, friars, and the rest of the clergy, have contributed their full share to our diversion: but as so much can hardly be said, but something may be added, I shall, therefore, tell you a story of a certain provost, who had a mind to make a lady love him, whether she would or not, and who accordingly treated him as he deserved.

Fiesole, the summit whereof you may descry from this place, was once a great and ancient city, and, though now in ruins, had always its bishop, and so it has still. Adjoining to the cathedral, in a little house of her own, lived a certain widow lady for the greatest part of the year, and along with her two of her brothers, both very worthy gentlemen. Now, as she went constantly to church, it happened that the provost fell so much in love with her, that he was never easy but in her company; and in length of time he had the assurance to speak to her, entreating the same kind and tender regard for him. This provost, it is true, was something ancient, but yet of a juvenile disposition: he was so proud also and haughty, and did everything with so ill a grace, that he was disagreeable to all the world. This lady in particular had an utter aversion to him; wherefore, she very prudently replied, "Sir, I am much obliged to you for your gracious offer, but we should have regard to both our characters in this case. You are my spiritual father, a priest also, and in years; all which considerations should inspire you with different sentiments: on the other part, I am past a child, being, as you see, in my widowhood, and, therefore, more discretion will be expected from me; for which reason I must beg your pardon, resolving to have nothing to do with you in the affair you mention."

The provost, no way dismayed with one denial, ceased not his solicitations, as well by letters as word of mouth, every time he saw her at church, till she, growing weary of his impertinence, resolved to rid herself of him in such a manner as he deserved, since she saw there was no other way; but yet she would do nothing without first consulting her brothers; when letting them know his design upon her, and what she meant to do, and having free leave from them, she went in a few days to church as usual. When he saw her come, he went familiarly to meet her, and she received him with an open countenance, retired purposely apart with him, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "I have often heard, sir, that there is no fort so strong but what it may be taken, which I now find to be my own case, for you have so beset me with complaisance and love, that I have been forced to break my resolution, and am now disposed to be at your service." He replied, with a great deal of joy, "Madam, I hold myself much obliged to you, and, to tell you the truth I have often wondered how you could hold out so long, especially as I never met with anything like it before. Nay, I have said, that if women were made of silver, they would not be worth one farthing, because there is none of them would be able to stand the test. But tell me, when can we be together?" She replied, "Sweet sir, it may be whenever you please, as I have no husband to inquire after me at nights; but I cannot think of a place."—"How so?" he replied; "why not in your own house?" She made answer, "Sir, you know I have two brothers, who have company most evenings, and our house is very small, so that it is impossible for you to come there, unless you could submit to be like a dumb person, and in the dark also; if you will consent to that, it may be done, because they never come into my chamber; but yet theirs is so near to mine, that the least whisper is heard."—"Madam," quoth he, "never mind it for one or two nights, till I can think of some more convenient place." She replied, "Sir, that is just as you please; but I beg of you that it may be a secret."—"Madam," said he, "make no doubt of that; but, if possible, let it be this evening."—"With all my heart," said she; and directing him how and when he was to come, she left him and went home. Now she had a maid not over young, and the most ugly creature that ever was born; for she had a flat nose, wry mouth, great thick lips, black rotten teeth, sore eyes, with a complexion green and yellow, like a Mulatto; besides all

this, she was both lame and crooked, and her name was Giuta, but, having such a miserable countenance of her own, she was called, by way of derision, Ciutazza (*i.e.*, Trull); nor was her temper one jot more amiable than her person. She called this maid to her, therefore, and said, "Ciutazza, if thou wilt do a little job for me, I will give thee a new gown."—"Madam," quoth she, "give it me, and I will go through fire and water to serve you."—"I mean," said the lady, "to have thee sleep with a man this very night in my bed; but be sure you do not speak a word, for fear my brothers should hear thee in the next room; and in the morning thou shalt have it."—"To oblige you, Madam," she replied, "I would sleep with half a dozen." So in the evening the provost came, according to their agreement, whilst the lady's brothers were in their own room, as she had directed, where they took care that he should hear them; and the provost went silently into her chamber in the dark, as did also Ciutazza, and to bed they went As soon as this was done she told her brothers, and left them to do the rest, as they had before resolved. Accordingly they went secretly to the piazza, when fortune was more favourable to their design than they could have expected, for they met the bishop coming to their house to pay them a visit. And he having told them his intention, they turned back with him, and shewed him into a court, as it was in the summer; and after they had lighted up the candles, and were seated together to a glass of wine, one of the young gentlemen said, "My lord, since you are so kind to do us this favour of your own accord, as we were going to invite you, we desire you would please to see a curiosity which we have ready to shew you." The bishop consented, and one of them, taking a candle, led the way into the chamber where the provost and Ciutazza were in bed, when they found them asleep in each other's arms. The provost awoke upon this, ashamed and frightened to death, and hid his head under the bed-clothes, whilst the bishop rallied him severely, and made him put his head out, that he might see whom he had got in bed with him. When he, finding how the lady had served him, and being sensible of the utter shame he had incurred, was the most miserable man alive. And having put on his clothes again, by the bishop's order, he was sent under a guard to his own house, to undergo a penance equal to his crime. The bishop then desired to know how it happened, and they related every particular, on which he highly commended both the

lady and her brothers, who, rather than imbrue their hands in a clergyman's blood, had dealt with him according to his merits, in a different manner. He ordered him, therefore, a penance for forty days, but love and disdain made him mourn nine days more; and, for a long time after, he could never go along the street, but the boys would point at him, and say, "Yonder is the priest that lay with Ciutazza;" which was such a mortification, that he was almost distracted. Thus the good and prudent lady freed herself from the provost's importunities, and the girl obtained her reward.

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NOVEL V.

Three young sparks play a trick with a judge, whilst he is sitting upon the bench hearing causes.

THE lady in Emilia's novel was highly commended for what she had done, when the queen looked towards Philostratus, and said, "It is now your turn to speak." He consequently thus began:—

A young gentleman, mentioned some time since by Eliza, viz., Maso del Saggio, makes me pass over a story which I meant to have told you, in order to relate one of him, and certain of his friends; which, though a little unseemly, may make you laugh nevertheless, and so I shall venture to report it.

You must all have heard that we have often had magistrates come hither from the marquisate of Ancona, the most paltry people imaginable, and so extremely miserable and covetous, that they have brought fellows along with them by way of judges and notaries, who seem to have been rather taken from the plough-tail, or out of a cobbler's shop, than the schools of the law. Now there was a certain person came once as Podesta, and amongst the judges that attended him was one Nicola da san Lepidio, whose aspect bespoke him rather a tinker than anything else, and who was deputed with the rest of the judges to hear criminal causes. And as it happens that people frequently go to those courts who have no business, so it chanced that Maso del Saggio was there in quest of one of his friends; and being where this Nicola was sitting, he thought him some strange bird that he had never seen before, and began to take a more perfect view of him. He had a greasy fur cap on, with an ink-horn hanging at his girdle, and a gown shorter than his under coat; but what appeared the most

comical of all was, that his breeches came down to his ankles, and yet they were so scantily made, that he could not keep them buttoned, but they were constantly open all before. Such a figure as this soon made Maso forget what he had come about; and meeting with two of his companions, the one named Ribi, and the other Matteuzzo, people of as much humour as himself, he said to them, "You will oblige me very much if you will go into the court along with me, for I can shew you the oddest figure perhaps that ever you saw:" so he carried them to see the judge and his breeches. As soon as they came into the court, they fell a laughing, and observing upon a nearer approach, that the boards on which he set his feet were so broken that a man might easily put his hand and arm up, he added, "I wish you would let us pull his breeches down entirely, for it may be easily done." They saw at once which way he meant, and having agreed about it, they came thither again the next morning. And the court being crowded with people, Matteuzzo crept privately under the bench where the judge was sitting. Whilst Maso went on one side, and took hold of his gown, as Ribi did on the other, and began to cry out, "For Heaven's sake, my lord, before this fellow goes away, will you order him to restore me a pair of shoes which he has stolen from me, and now denies it, though I saw him in the fact, and it is not a month since he had them new soled?" Ribi on the other part bawled aloud, "My lord, pray do not believe him, for he is a most intolerable villain; and because I came to demand a wallet that he had stolen from me, he has trumped up this story of his shoes. If you will not believe me, I can bring Trecca, my neighbour, and Grassa, the woman that sells tripes, and the person that sweeps St. Mary's church, who saw him as he came out of the country." But Maso made such a clamour on the other side, that he would not let Ribi be heard, and Ribi cried out likewise.

The judge standing up to hear what each had to say, Matteuzzo took that opportunity to put his hand up between the boards, and laid hold of his breeches, which came down immediately, as he happened to be lean and thin about the crupper; whilst he, perceiving what had happened, and not knowing the reason, would have pulled his gown before him to have concealed it, and he endeavoured to sit down again, but Maso held him up on one side, and Ribi on the other, crying out, "My lord, you do me great injustice not to attend to what I say, and to turn your back upon

me, without giving me the hearing (for there were no indictments in writing for such trivial cases). And they kept him in that manner, till all the people in the court saw that he had his breeches about his heels. In the meantime Matteuzzo had stolen away undiscovered; and Ribi, thinking that he had now done enough, said, "I will appear elsewhere for justice, I vow to heaven;" and Maso let go on the other part also, saying, "Some time or other I shall find you more at leisure than you have been this morning." Thus they parted different ways, and got out of the court as fast as they could. Whilst the judge, drawing up his breeches before all the people, and being now sensible of the trick that had been put upon him, began to inquire where those two men were gone that had been complaining to him about their shoes and their wallet; and hearing nothing of them, he swore that he would know whether it was a custom at Florence to pull a judge's breeches down as he was administering justice. The Podesta also was in great rage about it, till being told by some of his friends that this was done only to let him see the people all took notice, that, instead of bringing judges, he had brought some paltry scoundrels among them, to make a better trade of it, he thought it best to hold his tongue. Consequently nothing farther was said about it at that time.

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NOVEL VI.

Bruno and Buffalmacco steal a pig from Calandrino, and make a charm to find out the thief with pills made of ginger and some sack; giving him, at the same time, pills made of aloes: whence it appeared that he had it himself, and they make him pay handsomely, for fear they should tell his wife.

PHILOSTRATUS'S novel was no sooner ended, which had made them all very merry, but the queen turned to Philomena, who accordingly began thus:—

As Philostratus was led to the last story by the mentioning the name of Maso, in like manner has the novel concerning Calandrino and his two companions brought to my mind another relating to the same persons, which will, I think, afford you pleasure.—Who those people were it would be needless to say, because you had enough of that before. Therefore I shall begin with telling you that Calandrino had a little farm not far from Florence, which came to him in right of his wife; and, amongst his other goods

there, he used to have a pig fatted every year, and some time in December he and his wife went always to kill and salt it for the use of the family. Now it happened once, she being unwell at the time, that he went thither by himself to kill this pig, which Bruno and Buffalmacco hearing, and knowing she was not to be there, they went to see a priest in the neighbourhood, a great friend of his, and to be with him for a few days. Now he had killed the pig that very day they came thither, and seeing them along with the priest, he called them, and said, "You are kindly welcome, gentlemen; I would gladly have you see what a manager I am." And, taking them into the house, he shewed them this pig. They saw that it was fat, and were told by him that it was to salt for his family. When Bruno said, "Go, you fool you! you had better sell it, for us to spend the money, and then tell your wife that it is stolen."—"No," said Calandrino, "she will never believe it; and besides, she would go near to turn me out of doors. Trouble me then no farther about any such thing, for I will never do it." They said a great deal more to him, but all to no purpose; at length he invited them to supper, but did it in such a manner that they refused to go; and, after he was gone away, said one to the other, "Suppose we steal this pig from him to-night."—"How is it possible?" replied the other. "Oh," quoth the first, "I know well enough how to do it, if he does not remove it in the meantime from the place where we just now saw it."—"Then let us do it," said the second, "and afterwards we and the parson will make merry over it."

The priest assured them that he should like it of all things. "We must use a little art," quoth the first: "you know how covetous he is, and how freely he drinks always when it is at others' cost. Let us get him then to the tavern, where the parson shall make a pretence of treating us all, out of compliment to him; he will soon get drunk, and then the thing will be easy enough, as there is nobody in the house but himself." This they did, whilst he, finding that the parson was to pay, took his glasses off pretty freely, and getting his dose, walked home betimes, and left the door open, thinking that it was shut, and so went to bed. Buffalmacco and Bruno went from thence to sup with the priest, and as soon as supper was over, they took proper materials with them to get into the house; but finding the door open, they carried off the pig, and went to bed likewise. Calandrino, as soon as he had

slept his wine off, arose in the morning, and coming down stairs, and finding the door open, and his pig gone, he began to inquire of people if they knew anything of the matter, and receiving no tidings of it, he made a terrible outcry, saying, "What must I do? somebody has stolen my pig." Bruno and Buffalmacco were no sooner out of bed, but they went to his house to hear what he would say; and the moment he saw them, he roared out, "Oh, my friends, my pig is stolen!" Upon this Bruno whispered him, and said, "Well, I am glad to see you wise once in your life."—"Alas!" quoth he, "it is too true." Bruno said, "Keep still in the same story, and make a noise whilst everyone believes you." He now began to bawl louder, and said, "Indeed! I vow and swear to you that it is stolen."—"Right," quoth the other, "be sure you let everybody hear you, that it may appear so."—"Do you think," said he, "that I would forswear myself about it? May I be hanged this moment if it is not so."—"How is it possible?" quoth Bruno; "I saw it but last night; never imagine that I can believe it."—"It is so, however," answered he, "and I am undone: I know not how to go home again, for my wife will never believe me, and I shall have no peace this twelvemonth."—"It is a most unhappy thing," said Bruno, "if it be true; but you know I taught you to say so last night, and you should not make sport both with your wife and us at the same time." At this he began to roar out afresh, saying, "Good God! you make me mad to hear you talk; I tell you once for all that it was stolen this very night."—"Nay if it be," quoth Buffalmacco, "we must think of some way to get it back again." "And what way must we take," said he, "to find it?"—"Depend upon it," replied the other, "that nobody came from the Indies to steal it; it must be somewhere in your neighbourhood, and if you could get the people together, I could make a charm with some bread and cheese, that would soon discover the person."—"True," said Bruno, "but they would know in that case what you are about: and the person that has it would never come near you."—"How must we manage then?" quoth the other. "Oh," replied Bruno, "you shall see me do it with some pills of ginger, and a little wine, which I will ask them to come and drink. They will have no suspicion what our design is, and we can make a charm of these, as well as of the bread and cheese."—"Very right," quoth the other. "Well, what do you say, Calandrino? Have you a mind we shall try it?"—"For Heaven's sake do," he said: "were I only to know

who the thief is, I should be half comforted."—"Well, then," quoth Bruno, "I am ready to go to Florence for the things, if you will but give me money." He happened to have a few shillings in his pocket, which he gave him.

Accordingly Bruno went to a friend's house at Florence, and bought a pound of ginger made into pills, and he got two pills of aloes, which had a private mark that he should not mistake them, being all candied over with sugar; and buying a flask of good sack also, he returned to Calandrino, and said, "To-morrow you must take care to invite every one that you have the least suspicion of: it is a holiday, and they will be glad to come, and we will complete the charm to-night, and bring the things to your house in the morning, whilst, upon your account, I will take care then to do and say what is necessary upon such an occasion." Calandrino did so, and in the morning he had all the people in the parish almost together under an elm-tree in the churchyard, when his two friends, brought the pills and wine, and making them stand round in a circle, Bruno said to them, "Gentlemen, it is fit that I should tell you the reason of your being summoned here in this manner, to the end, if any thing should happen which you do not like, that I be not blamed for it. You must know, then, that Calandrino had a pig stolen last night; and, as some of the company here must have taken it, he, that he may find out the person, would have every man take and eat one of these pills, and drink a glass of wine after it; and whoever the guilty person is, you will find he will not be able to get a bit of it down, but it will taste so bitter that he will be forced to spit it out: so that, to prevent such open shame, he had better, whoever he is, make a secret confession to the priest, and I will proceed no farther."

All the people present shewed a readiness to taste; so placing them all in order, he gave every man his pill, and coming to Calandrino, he gave one of the aloe pills to him, which he straightway put into his mouth, and no sooner did he begin to chew it, but he was forced to spit it out. Every one was now attentive to see who spit his pill out, and whilst Bruno kept going round, taking no notice, he heard somebody say behind him, "Hey-day! what is the meaning of its disagreeing so with Calandrino?" When, turning suddenly about, and seeing that Calandrino had spit it out, he said, "Stay a little, honest friends, and be not too hasty in judging; it may be something else that has made him spit, and therefore he

shall try another." So he gave him the other aloe pill, and then went on to the rest that were unserved. But if the first was bitter to him, this he thought much more so: however, he endeavoured to get it down as well as he could, but it was impossible; it made the tears run down his cheeks, and he was forced to spit it out at last, as he had done the other. In the meantime Buffalmacco was going about with the wine; but when he and they all saw what Calandrino had done, they began to call out, and say that he had robbed himself; and some of the people were greatly incensed at him for it. And after they were all departed, Buffalmacco said, "I always thought that you yourself were the thief, and that you were willing to make us believe it was stolen, in order to keep your money in your pocket, as we should expect a treat upon the occasion." Whilst he, who had yet the taste of the aloes in his mouth, fell a swearing that he knew nothing of the matter. "Tell me truly, then," said Buffalmacco, "did you not sell it?" This made him quite desperate. When Bruno said, "I was just now told by one of the company that you have a mistress in this neighbourhood, to whom you are very kind, and that he is confident you have given it to her. You know you once took us to the plains of Mugnone, to look for some black stones, when you left us in the lurch, and pretended you had found them; and now you think to swear, and make us believe, that your pig is stolen, when you have either given it away, or sold it. You have put so many tricks upon us, that we intend to be fooled no more by you. Therefore, as we have had a deal of trouble in the affair, you shall make us amends, by giving us two couple of fowls, unless you mean that we should tell your wife." Calandrino now perceiving that he was not to be believed, and being unwilling to have them add to his troubles by bringing his wife upon his back, was forced to give them the fowls, which they took to Florence along with the pork, leaving him there to complain of the loss he had sustained, and the injuries that were done him.

NOVEL VII.

A certain scholar is in love with a widow lady named Helena; who, being enamoured of another person, makes the former wait a whole night for her during the midst of winter in the snow. In return, he afterwards contrives that she shall stand naked on the top of a tower in the middle of July, exposed to the sun and all manner of insects.

THE company could not help laughing at Calandrino's simplicity, though they thought it too hard for him to lose both the fowls and the pig; and, the story being ended, the queen ordered Pampinea to begin, which she did in this manner:—

It often happens that the mockery which a man intends to another falls upon his own head, and therefore it is no mark of a person's good sense to take delight in such practices. In our former novels we have made ourselves very merry with divers tricks that have been put upon people, where no revenge has been taken; but I design to move your compassion for a just return which a certain lady of our city met with, whose jest recoiled upon herself and to the hazard of her life, being mocked in the same manner; the hearing of which may be of great service to you, as it will be a caution not to do the like; and you will be wise if you attend to it.

There lived not long since at Florence, a young handsome lady of a good family as well as plentiful fortune, named Helena; who, being left a widow, had for some time continued so, though she was courted by a young gentleman who was entirely to her good liking; and, by the assistance of her favourite maid, they had frequent interviews together. In the meantime, a young gentleman of our city who had long studied at Paris, not for the sake of retailing his learning out by the inch as we say, as many do, but only to know the reasons of things and the causes of the same, as becomes a gentleman—he, whose name was Rinieri, returning to Florence, was much respected there, both on account of his rank and learning, and lived as became a worthy citizen. But as it often happens that persons of the most sense and scholarship are the soonest caught in the snares of love, so it fell out with our Rinieri. For, being at a feast one day, he met with this lady, clothed in her weeds, when she seemed to him so full of beauty and sweetness that he never saw anyone to compare to her; and

happy he thought the man whom fortune should bless with her as his wife. And casting his eye towards her once and again, and being sensible that great and valuable things are not to be attained without trouble, he resolved to make it his whole care to please her and gain her affection if it were possible. The lady, who did not always look upon the ground, but thought full as well of herself as she deserved, throwing her eyes artfully about her was soon sensible if anyone beheld her with pleasure, when she immediately took notice of Rinieri; and she said, smiling to herself, "I think I am not come out to-day in vain, for I seem to have caught a gudgeon." And she would give him now and then a glance from the corner of her eye to let him see she was pleased with him, thinking that the more admirers she had of the greater value would her charms be to that person for whom she had designed them. Our scholar now began to lay all his philosophy aside, and turned his thoughts entirely to her; and learning where she lived, he was continually passing that way, under one pretence or another, thinking thereby to please her; and the lady, for the reason before given, seemed to value herself the more upon it. Thereupon he found means of talking to the maid, desiring her interest and intercession with her mistress, so that he might obtain her favour; who promised him very fully, and accordingly she let her lady know it, when she made the greatest jest in the world of him, and said, "Observe now, this man is come here to lose the little sense that he went to fetch from Paris, and he shall have what he looks for. Go, then, and tell him that my love is equally great for him, but that I must have regard to my honour, which, if he is as wise as he would be thought, he will like me the better for." Alas! poor woman, she knew not what it was to try her wit against a scholar! The maid delivered her message, upon which the scholar, being overjoyed, began to press the thing more closely, and to write letters and send her presents, which were all received, though he had no answer in return but what was general; and in this manner he was long kept in suspense. At last, having related the whole affair to her lover, and he a little uneasy and jealous about it, to convince him that his suspicion was ill-grounded, and being much solicited by the scholar, she sent her maid to tell him that she had yet no opportunity to oblige him since she had made a discovery to him of her love, but that the next day, being Christmas-day, she hoped to be with him, directing him to come that

evening into her court, and she would meet him there as soon as it was convenient. The scholar, overjoyed at this, failed not of coming at the time appointed, when he was put into the court-yard by the maid, and locked up there to wait for the lady, who had invited her lover to be with her that night; and after supping agreeably together, she let him know what she meant to do, adding, "And you may now see how great my regard is for you, as well as for him of whom you have been so foolishly jealous." The lover listened eagerly to this discourse, being desirous of seeing some proof of that, for which he had only her word. Now a great snow had fallen the day before, and everything was covered with it, which made it seem colder to our scholar than otherwise it would have been; however, he bore it with great patience, expecting soon to have amends made him.—In a little time she said to her lover, "Let us go into the chamber, and see out of the window what this man is doing, of whom you are jealous, and what answers he will make to the maid, whom I have sent to talk with him." So they went upstairs, and looking out, without being seen, they heard the girl saying to him, "Sir, my lady is exceeding uneasy, for one of her brethren is happened to come to see her this evening, and they have had a great deal of talk together, and he would needs sup with her, nor is he yet gone away; but I believe he will not stay long: and for that reason she has not been able to come to you, but will make what haste she can, and she hopes you will not take it ill that you are forced to wait thus." The scholar, supposing it to be really so, replied, "Pray tell your mistress to have no care for me, till she can conveniently be with me, but that I desire she would be as speedy as possible." The girl then left him, and went to bed. "Well!" said the lady to her lover, "what think you now? Can you imagine, if I had that love for him which you seemed to apprehend, that I would let him stay there to be frozen to death?" Thus they talked and laughed together about the poor scholar, whilst he was forced to walk backwards and forwards in the court, to keep himself warm, without having anything to sit down upon, or the least shelter from the weather, cursing the brother's long stay, and expecting that everything he heard was the door opening for him—but expecting in vain. About midnight she said again to her lover, "Well, my dear, what is your opinion now of our scholar? Whether do you think his sense or my love the greater at this time? Sure you will let me hear no more of

that jealousy which you seemed to express yesterday; be convinced that I value you as much as you can love me. But," continued she, "we will take another look out, and see whether that fire be extinct or not, which he used to write me word had well nigh consumed him." When, going again to the window, they saw him dancing a jig in the snow, to the chattering of his teeth, which was occasioned by the excessive cold: and she said, "You see now that I can make people dance without the music either of fiddles or bagpipes; but let us go to the door, and do you stand still and listen whilst I speak to him; perhaps we may have as much diversion in that manner as by seeing him." So she went softly, and called to him through the keyhole, which made the scholar rejoice exceedingly, supposing that he was now to be admitted, and he stepped to the door, and said, "I am here, madam; for Heaven's sake open it, for I am ready to die with cold." She replied, "Surely you can never be so starved with this little snow; it is much colder at Paris: but I can by no means let you in yet; for this unlucky brother of mine, who came to sup with me last night, is yet with me; but he will go soon, and then I will come directly and open the door: it was with great difficulty that I could get away from him now to come to you, to desire you would not be uneasy at waiting so long."—"Let me beg of you, then," said he, "to open the door, that I may stand only under cover, for it snows fast, and afterwards I will wait as long as you please."—"Alas! my dear love," quoth the lady, "the door makes such a noise always in opening, that my brother will hear it; but I will go and bid him depart first, and then open it."—"Make what haste you can," said the scholar, "and pray have a good fire ready against I come in, for I am so benumbed that I have almost lost all sense of feeling."—"That is impossible," replied she, "if it be true what you have so often written to me, that you were all on fire with love; but I see now that you were jesting all the time. Have a good heart, however, for I am going." The scholar now perceiving that it was all an insult and mockery upon him, made several attempts to open the door, looking round also to see if there was any other way to get out; but not finding any, he began to curse the inclemency of the weather, the lady's cruelty, and the long nights together with his great simplicity; and being outrageously exasperated against her, his most violent love was changed into as rank a hatred, whilst he was contriving various methods of revenge.

which he now longed as much for, as he had before desired to be with her. Thus he was kept all night long; and when daylight began to appear, the maid, as she had before been instructed, came down into the court, and said, with a show of pity, "It was very unlucky, sir, that person's coming to our house last night, for he has given us a world of trouble, and you are, in consequence, almost frozen to death. But you know the reason. Have a little patience; for what could not be done then may be brought to pass another time. I know very well that nothing could have given my lady so much uneasiness." The scholar, as wise as he was full of wrath, knowing that threats serve only as weapons to the persons so threatened, kept all his resentment within his own breast, and, without shewing himself the least disturbed, said very submissively, "In truth, I never had a worse night in my life; but I know very well that your lady is not at all to blame, because she came to me several times, with a great deal of humanity, to excuse herself, and comfort me. And, therefore, as you say, what could not be now, may be another time. Farewell, and pray give my service to her." So he made what shift he could to get home, being almost dead, and threw himself upon the bed to rest, when upon his awakening, he found he had lost the use of both his hands and feet. He therefore sent for physicians, and let them into the cause of his illness, and in length of time they found means to supple the nerves, so that he could stir his limbs; but had it not been for his youth, and the warm weather coming on soon after, he would have had a hard task to have recovered. Getting them sound and well again, and keeping his enmity to himself, he yet appeared to love her as much as ever; and fortune at last furnished him with an opportunity of satisfying his revenge: for her lover had taken a fancy to another lady, and turned her adrift, which gave her such concern, that she seemed to pine away upon it. But the maid, who was much grieved, finding no way to comfort her for the loss of her spark, and seeing the scholar pass that way sometimes, had a foolish notion come into her head, that he might be able to bring him back by some magical operation, of which he was said to be a great master; and she acquainted her with it. The foolish lady, little thinking that had he really been a proficient he would scarcely have applied his knowledge to do her such a service, listened to the girl, and then bid her learn from him whether he was willing to oblige her, promising anything in

return he should desire. She delivered the message, when the scholar said, with great joy to himself, "Thank Heaven, the time is now come for me to be revenged of this woman for the injury she did me in return for my great love." And he replied, "Tell your mistress that she need give herself no trouble, for were her lover in the Indies I could bring him back to ask her pardon: but concerning the manner of doing it, that I will impart to her as soon as she pleases; and so pray acquaint her from me with my service."

The girl reported what he said, and they agreed to meet in St. Lucia's meadow. Accordingly they came thither, and had much conversation by themselves; whilst she, forgetting how he had been served by her, acquainted him with the whole affair, and desired his assistance. The scholar then said, "Madam, amongst other things that I studied at Paris was the black art, in which I made a great progress; but, as it is a sinful practice, I have made a resolution never to follow it, either for myself or any other person; though indeed I love you so much, that I am unable to refuse either that or anything else which you shall require from me: but I must put you in mind, that it is a more troublesome operation than you may imagine, either to bring a man back to love a woman, or a woman to love a man; for it is to be done only by the person concerned, who should have a great presence of mind: for all must be in the night, in a solitary place, and nobody present; which conditions I do not know whether you will be able to conform to." She, more enamoured than wise, replied, "My love for him is such, that I would undertake anything to have him again, who has abandoned me so wrongfully; only tell me in what I must shew that presence of mind you speak of." Said the scholar then to her, "Madam, I must make an image of tin in his name whom you wish to have yours, which I shall send to you; and immediately, whilst the moon is in the decline, you must, after your first sleep, bathe seven times with it in the river; after which you must go into some high tree or upon some uninhabited house-top, and, turning to the north, repeat seven times, with the same image in your hand, some certain words which I shall give you in writing; and then two damsels, the most beautiful that ever you saw, will appear to you, graciously demanding what service you have for them to do, which you may safely tell them, taking care not to name one

person for another; when they will leave you and you may go afterwards and dress yourself, and depart to your own house, being assured that before midnight your lover will come with tears in his eyes to beg your pardon, and from that time he will never forsake you more." The lady, hearing this story, began to think she had already recovered her lover; and she replied, "Never fear, I can do all this very well, having the most convenient place for the purpose that can be; for there is a farm of mine close to the river Arno; and, now I remember, there is an uninhabited tower not far off, where the shepherds climb up sometimes by help of a ladder, to look for their strayed cattle; there I can do what you have enjoined me." The scholar, who knew perfectly both the farm and tower, which was the very place that he himself had contrived, answered, "Madam, I never was in that country, and therefore am unacquainted with the farm and tower you mention, but if it be so, it is convenient enough; so, at a proper time, I will send the image, and the words you are to repeat; and I hope when your point is secured, that you will be mindful of me in the promise you have made me." She agreed without fail to remember him, and so took her leave. The scholar now concluding that his scheme had taken effect, had an image made, and wrote out an old tale by way of charm, which he sent as soon as he thought it a proper time, to her, letting her know that he would have it done the following night: and he went privately with one servant to a friend's house which was near, to be ready for what he had designed. She also and her maid went to her farm, when, pretending to go to bed, and having sent her maid to sleep, she went to the river's side, close to the tower, and looking round to see that nobody was near, she stripped, and hid her clothes under a bush, and bathed herself seven times with the image, and then went naked to the tower with the image in her hand. The scholar, about the beginning of the night, had hid himself along with his servant in the sallows near to the place; when, seeing her go past him in that manner, and admiring the extraordinary beauty of her person, he began to relent a little, and to have some thoughts of putting up with the injury. Till calling to mind her unparalleled inhumanity towards him, and what he had suffered, there was an end of pity, and he resolved to put his purpose into execution. So she mounted up into the tower, and having turned to the north, began to say the words which he had given her to repeat, whilst he

went softly after her, and took away the ladder, waiting afterwards to see what she would say and do. She had now said the words over seven times, and was expecting the two damsels to come; and thus she waited until daylight began to appear, when, being weary, as it was a little cool withal, and sorry also that it had not happened as the scholar had told her, she began to say to herself, "Perhaps he has a mind I should pass such a night as I occasioned him to have, but he mistakes the thing, for the nights are not one third part so long now as they were then, and besides the cold was infinitely greater at that time." She then determined to come down before it should be broad daylight; but looking for the ladder, she perceived it was taken away. Upon this her heart failed her, and she fell down in a swoon: and as soon as she came to herself she began to lament; and, well knowing that it was the scholar's doing, to blame herself as well for giving the provocation as for putting herself into his power afterwards. Looking then everywhere to see if there was any other way to come down, and finding there was not, she renewed her complaints, saying to herself, "Unhappy wretch! what will thy brothers, relations, and all the people of Florence say, when it shall be known that thou wast found here naked? Thy character will be quite lost; and say what thou wilt in thy own vindication, the scholar will contradict it. Miserable woman! to lose both thy lover and thy honour at the same time!" Here her grief was such, that she was going to throw herself down headlong; but as the sun was now rising, she got to one corner of the wall to see if she could discover any shepherd's boy to send for her maid, when it happened that the scholar, who had been taking a nap upon the grass, awoke and saw her, and she him; on which he said, "Good morrow, madam, are the damsels come yet?" At this she fell a crying most bitterly, and desired he would come to her, that they might have some talk together. He readily obliged her in that, whilst she lying down, with only her head appearing above the battlements, began to weep and say, "Sir, if I caused you to have a bad night, you are sufficiently revenged: for, though it is in July, yet I have been just starved to death, as I am naked; not to mention my grief for the trick I put upon you, and for my own folly in believing you, that I have almost cried my eyes out of my head. Therefore I entreat you, not out of any regard for me, for none is due from you; but for your own sake, as you are a gentleman, that you would

esteem what you have already made me suffer a sufficient revenge, and that you would order my clothes to be brought, and let me come down; nor offer to take that away from me which it is not in your power to restore; I mean my honour. For if I denied you my company one night, you may have it as many nights as you please in return for that one. Let this therefore suffice, and, like a man of worth, think it enough that you have had me in your power; nor set your wit against a woman. Where is the glory in an eagle's vanquishing a poor yielding dove? Then for Heaven's sake, and your own honour, shew me some pity!" The scholar found himself alternately influenced by two different motives; one while he was moved with compassion to see her in that distress, but revenge and fury at length gained the superiority, and he replied as follows:—Madam, if my prayers (though unattended with tears, and such soothing expressions as yours) could have procured only a little shelter for me the night that I was dying in your court, all covered with snow, I could, in that case, easily hear now what you have to say: but you may remember that you were then with your gallant, entertaining him with my sufferings; let him come and bring your clothes, and the ladder; for he will be the best guardian of honour, who has so often had it in keeping. Why do not you call upon him then? It is his business more than any other person's, and if he do not succour you, whom will he regard? You may now see whether your love for him, or your great understanding, is able to deliver you from my folly; as you were pleased to make a doubt whether that folly or your love for him was greater. And concerning the offer of your person, I desire it not, neither could you withhold it from me if I did. No, keep it all for your lover; for my own part I have had enough of one night. You think to cajole me, by speaking of my great worth and gentility, and would have me believe that I shall lessen myself by this usage of you. But your flattery shall never blind my understanding, as your fair promises once did: I now know myself, and can say that I never learnt so much all the time I was at Paris, as you taught me in one night. But, allowing that I am of a generous disposition, you are no proper object. Amongst savage beasts as you are, the end of vengeance is death, but with men, indeed, what you say should be sufficient. Therefore, although I am no eagle, yet, knowing you to be no dove, but rather a venomous serpent, I shall persecute you with all my might as an

old enemy; though what I do cannot be called revenge, so properly as chastisement; for revenge ought to exceed the offence given, whereas, considering how I was served by you, were I to take away your life, this would not be equal to it, nor even the lives of a hundred more such women as yourself. For what the devil are you better (setting aside a little beauty, which a few years will take away from you) than the paltriest chambermaid? And yet no thanks to you, that the life of a worthy gentleman was not lost, as you were pleased just now to call me, which may be of greater service to the world than a hundred thousand such lives as yours could ever be, whilst the world endures. Learn then what it is to mock and abuse people of understanding, and scholars, and be wiser for the time to come, if you happen to escape. But if you have such a desire to come, why do not you throw youself to the ground. By breaking your neck, if it please Heaven, you may at once escape the punishment which you seem to undergo, and make me the happiest man in the world. So I have nothing more to say to you, but that as I have shewed you the way up to the tower, do you find a way, if you can, to come down as readily as you could insult me."

All the while the scholar was speaking was she weeping, whilst the time kept going on, and the sun rose higher and higher. And when he had made an end, she said, "Ah! cruel man; if that unhappy night still galls you, and my crime appears so heinous, that neither my youth, my tears, nor my humblest entreaties can move you, yet let this last act of mine alone have some weight to lessen the force of your severity; consider how I put entire confidence in you, and entrusted you with my most secret designs, for without that you would never have had it in your power to revenge yourself of me, as you desired so much. Away, then, with all this fury, and pardon me this time; I am ready, if you will forgive me and set me at liberty, to abandon that unworthy young man, and to have you only for my lover and my lord. And though you make light of my beauty, esteeming it trifling and transitory, yet it is what other young gentlemen would love and value, and you may think otherwise. And, notwithstanding this cruel treatment, I can never think you could wish to see me dash my brains out before your face, when I was once so agreeable to you. For Heaven's sake, therefore, shew me some pity; the sun now waxes warm, and is as troublesome as the coldness of the night." The scholar then,

who held her in talk only for his diversion, replied, "Madam, the confidence you reposed in me was out of no regard you had for me, but only to regain your lover; and you are mistaken if you think I had no other convenient way to come at my revenge: I had a thousand others, and had laid a thousand different snares to entrap you; so that, if this had not happened, I must necessarily have taken you in some other; nor was there any one but would have been attended with as much shame and punishment to you as this. I have made choice of it, therefore, not because you gave me the opportunity, but that I might gain my end the sooner. And though they had all failed, yet had I my pen left, with which I would have so mauled you, that you should have wished a thousand times a day that you had never been born. The force of satire is much greater than they are sensible of on whom it was never tried. I swear solemnly, then, that I would have written such things of you, that you should have pulled your very eyes out for vexation. As to the offer of your love, that is needless: let him take you, if he will, to whom you more properly belong, and whom I now love for what he has done to you, as much as before I hated him. You women are all for young flighty fellows, without considering that those people are never content with one mistress, but are roving always from one to another, as you have found by experience. Their greatest happiness is in gaining favours from you, and it is their utmost glory to publish them. Truly, you think your love is all a secret, and that nobody but your maid and I were ever acquainted with it, whilst his neighbourhood and yours both talk of nothing else; but it generally happens that the persons concerned are the last that hear of such things. Therefore, if you have made a bad choice, keep to it, and leave me, whom you have despised, to another lady whom I have made choice of, one of more account than your self, and who knows better how to distinguish people. As to my being concerned for your death, if you please, you may make the experiment. But, as I suppose, you will scarcely humour me so far, so I now tell you, that if the sun begin to scorch, you may call to mind the cold you made me endure, and together they will make a proper temperature." The disconsolate lady, seeing that all these words tended to some cruel purpose, began to weep again, and say, "Behold, if nothing that concerns myself can move you to pity, yet let your love for that lady whom you say you have met with, who is wiser than I, and by whom you say you are beloved; let your

regard, I say, for her prevail upon you to forgive me, and to bring me my clothes, that I may dress myself and go down." The scholar fell a laughing at this, and seeing it was about noon, he replied, "Lo, I know not how to say to you nay, as you entreat me by that lady; then tell me where they are, and I will go for them that you may come down." She was a little comforted at this, and directed him to the place where she had laid them: so he went away, and ordered his servant to keep strict watch that nobody came to her relief till his return; and in the meantime, he went to a friend's house, where he dined, and laid himself down to sleep. The lady, conceiving some vain hopes of being released, had seated herself down in the utmost agonies, getting to that corner of the wall in which there was the most shade, where she continued, sometimes thinking, and then again lamenting; this moment in hopes, and the next altogether in despair of his return with the clothes; at last, musing of one thing after another, being quite spent with grief, and having had no rest the night before, she dropped asleep. The sun was now in the meridian, darting all its force directly upon her naked and most delicate body, as also upon her head; so that it not only scorched all the skin that lay exposed, but cleft it by little and little into chinks, and blistered it to that degree that it made her awake; when, finding herself perfectly roasted, and offering to turn about, it all seemed to rend asunder like a piece of burnt parchment that had been kept upon the stretch. Besides all this, her head ached to that degree as if it would rive in pieces, which was no wonder. Moreover, the reflection of the heat against her feet was so strong, that she could not rest anywhere, but kept crying, and moving from place to place. And as there was no wind, the flies and hornets were constantly buzzing about her, striking their stings into the chinks of her flesh, and covering her over with wounds, whilst it was her whole employment to beat them off, still cursing herself, her lover, and the scholar. Being thus harassed by the heat, by insects, by hunger, but much more by thirst, and pierced to the heart by a thousand bitter reflections, she got up to see if anybody was near, resolving, whoever was within call, to beg their assistance; but even this comfort her ill fortune had denied her. The labourers were all gone out of the fields, on account of the heat, though it happened that nobody had been at work thereabouts all that day, being employed in threshing their corn at home, so that she heard nothing but the grasshoppers, and saw the river Arno, which, by

making her long for some of its water, instead of quenching, only added to her thirst. She saw also pleasant groves, cool shades, and country-houses, which made her trouble so much the greater. What can be said more of this unhappy lady? She who, the night before, could, by the whiteness of her skin, dispel even the shade of night, was now all brown and spotted, so that she seemed the most unsightly creature that could be. Being thus void of all hope, and expecting nothing but death, towards the middle of the afternoon, the scholar happened to awake, when he called her to mind, and returned to the tower, sending the servant back, who was yet fasting, to get his dinner. As soon as she saw him, all weak and miserable as she was, she came and placed herself down by the battlements, and said, "O sir, you are most unreasonably revenged; for if I made you freeze almost with cold, one night in my court, you have roasted and burnt me for a whole day upon this tower, where I have been at death's door with hunger and thirst; I conjure you, therefore, that you would come up, and bestow that death upon me, which my heart will not let me inflict upon myself, and which I entirely covet, to put an end to that pain which I can no longer endure; or, if you deny me this favour, that you would send me up a little water to wash my mouth, my tears not being sufficient, such is the drought and scorching I feel." The scholar was sensible, by her manner of speaking, how weak she was; he perceived, also, by what he saw of her body, how it was scorched and blistered; for that reason, therefore, as well as her entreaties, he began to have a little compassion, but said, "Vile woman! thou shalt never meet with thy death from my hands; from thine own thou mayest if thou wilt; and just so much water will I give thee, as thou gavest me fire in my extremity. This only grieves me, that, whilst I was forced to lie in dung for my recovery, thou, nevertheless, wilt be cured with the coldness of perfumed rose water; and though I was near losing both limbs and life, yet thou, when stripped of thy skin, wilt appear with fresh beauty, like a serpent just uncased."—"Alas!" quoth the lady, "may only my enemies gain charms in that manner! But you, more cruel than any savage beast, how could you bear to torture me as you have done? What could I have expected worse from you, had I put all your relations to death in the cruellest manner imaginable? What greater punishment could be thought of for a traitor, who had been the destruction of a whole city, than to be

roasted in the sun, and then devoured by flies? and not to give me a taste of a little water, whilst the vilest malefactors, when they are about to suffer, are not denied even wine.—Now I see you fixed in your barbarous resolution, nor any way moved with what I have suffered, I shall wait patiently for my death. The Lord have mercy on me, and look with a just eye on what you have done!"

With these words she withdrew to the middle of the place, despairing of her life, and ready to faint away a thousand times with thirst, where she sat lamenting her condition. But it being now towards the evening, and he thinking she had suffered enough, made his servant take her clothes, wrapped up in his cloak, and he went with them to her house, where he found her maid sitting at the door, all sad and disconsolate for her long absence; and he said to her, "Pray, good woman, what is become of your mistress?"—"Sir," she replied, "I do not know: I thought to have found her in bed this morning, where I saw her last night, but she is neither to be found there nor anywhere else, nor do I know what is become of her. But can you give me any tidings of her?"—"I wish only," quoth he, "that thou hadst been along with her, that I might have taken the same revenge of thee that I have had of her. But depend upon it thou shalt never escape; I will so pay thee for what thou hast done, that thou shalt remember me every time thou shalt offer to put a trick upon anyone." And then he said to the servant, "Go, carry her clothes, and tell her she may go for her mistress if she has a mind." The servant accordingly delivered them, with that message, and the girl knowing them again, and hearing what he said, was afraid she was murdered, and could scarcely help making an uproar about it; so she ran thither, full of grief. Now it happened that a labourer of hers had lost two of his hogs that day, and coming near to the tower to look for them, just as the scholar was departed, he heard the complaints that the poor creature was making, so he cried out, "Who makes that noise?" She immediately knew his voice, and called him by his name, saying, "Go, I pray now, and desire my maid to come to me." The man then knew her, and said, "Alas, madam, who has brought you hither? Your maid has been looking for you all day long. But who could have thought of finding you in this place?" And he took the sides of the ladder, and placed them as they should be, binding them about with osiers: and as he was doing this, the maid came, and being able to hold her

tongue no longer, she wrung her hands, and fell a roaring out, "Dear madam, oh, where are you?" She, hearing her, replied, as well as she could, "Good girl, never stand crying, but make haste and bring me my clothes." She was pretty easy when she heard her speak, and jumping upon the ladder before it was quite made fit, by the man's help got upon the tower, when, seeing her lie naked there, burnt like a log of wood, and quite spent, she cried over her as if she had been dead. But the lady desired her to be quiet, and dress her; and understanding by her that nobody knew where she was but the persons who brought the clothes to her and the servant that was there, she was a little comforted, begging earnestly of them to keep it secret. The labourer now took her upon his back, as she had no strength to go, and brought her down safely in that manner; whilst the girl, following after with less caution than was necessary, slipped her foot, and falling down the ladder, broke her thigh, which occasioned her to make a most grievous outcry. The man, after he had set his lady on the grass, went to see what was the matter with the maid, and finding that she had her thigh broke, he laid her down by the lady, who, seeing this addition to her misfortunes, and that she was disabled from whom she expected most succour, began to lament afresh, and the man, unable to pacify her, fell a weeping likewise. But it being now about sunset, he took her to his own house, and brought two of his brethren and his wife back with him for the maid, whom they carried thither upon a table. Having given the lady some water to refresh her, and used all the kind comfortable words they could think of, she was brought to her own chamber; and the man's wife gave her a little bread soaked in water, and undressed and put her to bed. It was then contrived that they should both be taken to Florence that night, and so they were. There the lady, who was never at a loss for invention, cooked up an artful story, which was believed by her brothers and sisters, and every other almost, viz., that it was all done by enchantment. Physicians were sent for, who, with a great deal of pain and trouble to her, and not without the loss of her whole skin several times over, cured her of a violent fever, and other accidents attending it; and they also set the girl's broken thigh. From that time she forgot her lover, and was more careful for the future, both in choosing a spark and in making her sport. The scholar, also, hearing what had happened to the girl, thought he had full

revenge, and so no more was said about it. Thus the foolish lady was served for her wit and mockery, thinking to make a jest of a scholar, as if he had been a common person, never considering that the greatest part of them have the devil, as they say, in a string. Then take care, ladies, how you make your jest, but especially with scholars.

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NOVEL VIII.

Two neighbours are very intimate together; when one making very free with the other's wife, the other finds it out, and returns the compliment, whilst the friend is locked up in a chest all the time.

THE lady's sufferings seemed grievous to all that heard them; though their pity for her was the less, as they judged that she had in some measure deserved them; whilst the scholar was deemed most rigidly obstinate, and even cruel. But Pampinea having made an end, the queen ordered Flammetta to go on, who spoke as follows :—

As I suppose you have been under some concern for the scholar's severity, it may be proper, I believe, to revive your drooping spirits with some more cheerful subject. Therefore I shall tell you a story of a certain young man, who received an injury with more mildness than he, and returned it with more moderation. Whence you may learn, that a person ought to be content if he gives people as good as they bring, without desiring an unreasonable vengeance, and far beyond what the provocation which he may have received requires.

Know then, that at Siena lived, as I have been told, two young wealthy citizens, the one named Spinelloccio Tanena, and the other Zeppa di Mino, near neighbours to each other, and as intimate together as if they had been brothers : and each had a very handsome wife. Now it happened that Spinelloccio, going often to the other's house, whether he was at home or not, became too familiar at last with his wife, which continued some time before anybody perceived it. But Zeppa being at home one day, without her knowing it, Spinelloccio came to inquire for him, and being told by her that he was gone abroad, he began to make free with her as usual. This Zeppa was a witness to, and greatly troubled at; yet knowing that making a clamour would no way lessen the injury, but rather add to his shame, he began to think of some

revenge, which should make no noise abroad, and with which he should yet be content. Resolving at length what to do, he went into the room after the friend was gone away, when he found her setting her head-dress a little to rights, and he said, "What are you doing, madam?" She replied, "Do not you see?"—"Yes, truly," quoth he, "and I have seen a great deal more than I could have wished." So he charged her with the thing, and she came to an open confession, as it was in vain to deny it, and began to weep and beg his pardon. He then said to her, "You see you have been guilty of a very great crime; if you expect forgiveness from me, you must resolve to do what I shall enjoin you, which is to tell Spinelloccio that about the third hour to-morrow he must find some pretence of leaving me to go to you, when I will return home; and as soon as you hear me, do you make him go into that chest, and lock him up, and after you have done this I will tell you the rest. Have no doubt, however, about it, for I promise you I will do him no harm." She agreed to do so; and the next day, the two friends being together at that time, Spinelloccio, who had promised the lady to be with her then, said to Zeppa, "I am engaged to go and dine with a friend, whom I would not have wait for me; so fare you well." Quoth Zeppa, "It is a long while till dinner yet."—"Yes," replied the other, "but we have business to confer about, which requires me to be there in good time." So he left him, and took a little circuit, and went to the lady, and they had no sooner shut themselves in the chamber, but Zeppa returned; when she, seeming to be very much frightened, made him go into the chest, as the husband had directed, and locked him up, and then came out to her husband, who asked her whether dinner was ready. She replied, "It will be soon."—"Then," quoth he, "as Spinelloccio is gone to dine with a friend, and left his wife at home by herself, do you call to her out of the window, to come and dine with us." She readily obeyed out of fear for herself, and Spinelloccio's wife came, after much entreaty, hearing that her husband was not to dine at home: when Zeppa shewed the greatest fondness towards her imaginable, and making a sign for his wife to go into the kitchen, he took her by the hand and led her into the chamber, when he made fast the door. Upon this she began to say, "Alas, sir, what mean you to do? Is this what you invite me for? This the regard you have for your friend?" Zeppa then drawing near to the chest where her husband was shut

up, and holding her fast, he said, "Madam, before you utter any complaints, hear what I am going to tell you: I have loved your husband as if he had been my brother; and yesterday, though he knows nothing of it, I found out that he has as great an intimacy with my wife as he has with you. Now I respect him so much, that I intend to take no other revenge but what is agreeable to the quality of the offence. If you will not consent to this, be assured I shall revenge myself in such a manner that both he and you shall have cause to repent it."—"Well," quoth she, "since your revenge then is to fall upon me, I must be content. Do you only make my peace with your wife for what I do, in like manner as I am ready to forgive her." He promised to do that, and to make her a present also of a jewel; Spinelloccio, hearing what passed, was fit to burst with vexation; and had it not been that he was prevented by the fear of Zeppa, he would have clamoured against and have abused her, even shut up as he was. But considering again that he had given the provocation, and that Zeppa had reason for what he had done, and had behaved courteously and like a friend, he resolved to respect him more than ever. Coming out of the chamber then together, and she demanding the jewel which he had promised, he called his wife up, who said only this to her, "Now, madam, we may quit scores," and she spoke it with a smile. Quoth Zeppa then, "Here, open this chest," which she did, and he shewed Spinelloccio to his wife. Now it would be difficult to say which of the two was most confounded, whether the man at seeing his friend, and knowing that he was privy to what he had done, or the woman at seeing her husband, and being conscious that he must have heard what had passed over his head. "Behold," added Zeppa, "this is the jewel; I now give it you." Spinelloccio hereupon came out of the chest, and said, "Well, now we are even; and, as you said before to my wife, it is best for us to continue friends;" the other was content. So they dined very amicably together; and the same good understanding remained amongst them for the time to come.

NOVEL IX.

Master Simon, the doctor, is imposed upon by Bruno and Buffalmacco, and made to believe that he is to be one of the company of rovers, and afterwards they leave him in a ditch.

THE communication of wives mentioned in the last novel occasioned a good deal of discourse, when the queen, knowing it was her turn, began in this manner:

Well did Spinelloccio deserve what he met with from his friend Zeppa; and I think they are not to blame who put jests upon people of their own seeking, and such as they have really merited, though Pampinea was of a different opinion. Now as to Spinelloccio, it was no more than his due; but I purpose to speak of another, who would needs seek after it, and I commend those merry fellows for what they did.

This then was a certain doctor of physic who returned from Bologna to Florence, strutting in the robes belonging to his profession, though an ass would have become them as well as he. We frequently see your citizens, after they have been to study at Bologna, come back, one a lawyer, another a physician, a third a notary, with their long scarlet gowns and furs, with other things to make a figure; and to what purpose, every day's experience shews us. Amongst the rest was one Master Simon da Villa, more rich in estate than learning, who appeared in his scarlet robes and ermine, calling himself a doctor of physic, and took a house in the Via del Cocomero. Now, this Master Simon, being newly come thither, amongst his other notable qualities, had one, which was to enquire who every person was that he saw in the street; and, as though he was to have compounded his medicines according to the different gestures and manners of people, he observed and noted all. But he had cast his eye more particularly upon two painters, whom we have mentioned before, Bruno and Buffalmacco, who were always together, and lived in his neighbourhood. And perceiving that they had less regard for the world than other people, and were always more cheerful, he asked a great number of persons about them. Being told then by everyone that they were both poor men, and painters, he could not conceive how they could possibly live so merrily in their poverty, but supposed, as they were cunning fellows, that they must have some secret way of getting money; he had a mind therefore to become acquainted with one

or both of them, and so he happened to fall in with Bruno, who, soon seeing to the bottom of him, made the merest game of him that could be, and the doctor was wonderfully delighted always in hearing him talk. And having invited him several times to dinner, and thinking upon that account that he might discourse the more freely with him, he expressed, at length, his great wonder how he and Buffalmacco, who were both poor, could yet be so cheerful, and desired to know how they managed in that case. Bruno could not help laughing to himself, to hear the doctor put such a simple question, and resolving to give him a suitable answer, he said, "There are many people, master, that I would never tell that to; but as you are a friend, and I know will keep it secret, I shall be less scrupulous with you. It is true we live as merrily as you imagine, or perhaps more so, and yet all we earn or possess will hardly find us salt to our broth, and I hope you do not think we steal: no, we go a roving, and bring home with us everything we can desire; and thus it comes to pass that we live so merrily, as you observe." The doctor wondered what this going a roving could mean, and desired he would inform him, assuring him that he would never reveal the secret. "Alas, Master Doctor, what a request is this! It is too great a secret, and I shall be ruined if I disclose it."—"You may depend upon what I say," quoth the doctor, "it shall never go farther for me." He then, after making abundance of excuses, said, "Behold, master, the regard I have for your superexcellent understanding, and the confidence I repose in you is such that I can deny you nothing; therefore I will tell you, if you will swear to me, as you have just now promised, never to reveal it." The doctor swore and swore again. "You must know then, my dear master," quoth he, "that there was lately a necromancer in this city, called Michael Scotus, because he was a Scotchman, who had great honour shewed him by many of the gentry, few of whom are now living; and who, being about to leave this place, at their request, left it in charge with two of his disciples, that they should always be ready to serve those people who had honoured him. Some therefore they obliged in their love affairs, and some in other matters. At last being taken with the city, and the manners of the people, they resolved to make it their place of residence, when they contracted a friendship with divers persons, such as were agreeable to their own tempers, without considering whether those people were rich or poor at that time; and to please

those friends they established a society of five-and-twenty persons, who were to meet in some place that was fixed upon by them, twice at least in a month, when everyone was to say what he wanted, and they supplied him with it that very night. Now my friend and I, as a particular mark of favour to us, were admitted into this society. And it is wonderful to behold the costly furniture in the room where we sit, the tables spread in a most royal manner, with the great number of goodly servants, both men and women, at everyone's command; the basins, flagons, and cups also both of gold and silver, in which we eat and drink, and the great variety and plenty of victuals which are set before us. It is impossible for me to tell you what different musical instruments there are, and the delightful melody that we hear; or what numbers of wax candles are burnt at one of these feasts, any more than the immense quantities of sweetmeats consumed, and the very rich wines which are then drunk. Now I would not have you suppose, my dear friend, that we appear in the same dress that you behold. No, there is not one of us seems less than an emperor, so richly are we attired. But of all our pleasures, that of having the ladies' company is the greatest, and who are brought to us, according to everyone's desire, from all quarters of the world. There you may see the great lady of Barbanicchia, the Queen of Baschia, the wife to the great Sultan, the Empress of Osbech, the Ciancianfera of Norveca, the Semistante of Berlinzone, and the Scalpedra of Narsia. But what need have I to recount so many? There are all the queens in the world, even to Prester John's lady. Then observe, now: after we have eaten and drunk, and taken a dance or two, everyone selects that particular lady whom he had desired should be sent for: and you must know that the chambers we retire to are a perfect paradise, and no less odoriferous than a perfumer's shop; the beds also that we lie in are as beautiful as the very best that belongs to the Duke of Venice. Do you then judge of our happiness. But none seem to fare better at these times than my friend and I; for he generally has the Queen of France, and I have the Queen of England, who are the two most beautiful ladies in the whole world, and they like no other person so well as us. Imagine, therefore, if we have not reason to be merry more than any other people; for, besides having the affection of two such queens, if we want a thousand or two thousand florins at any time, they immediately supply us. And this we call going a roving; for,

as the corsairs rob and plunder everyone they meet, so do we, with this difference only, that they make no restitution, which we do as soon as it has served our purpose. Thus I have told you, master, what we mean by going a roving : you may easily see how great a secret it is, and so I need say no more to you upon that head."

The doctor, whose knowledge reached no farther, perhaps, than to cure children of the itch, gave the same credit to this story as he would have done to the most established truth, and became as desirous of being admitted into this society as he would have been of anything in the world : so he told the other that he did not wonder to see him so cheerful ; and could scarcely refrain from asking the favour of being accepted among them, deferring it only till he could do it with a better grace. From that time therefore he was continually inviting him to dine and sup ; and their intimacy was such, that the doctor scarcely knew how to live without him. And in return for these favours, Bruno, that he might not appear ungrateful, painted in his hall the whole story of Lent, an Agnus Dei over his chamber-door, and an urinal over the door to the street, that people who wanted his advice might know where to have it. He painted also in a little gallery the battle of the cats and the rats ; which the doctor thought a pretty fancy. And some nights, when he happened to sup elsewhere, he would say at his return, "I was last night at our meeting, when, being displeased with the Queen of England, I ordered the gumedra of the great Cham of Tartary to be brought me."—"Pray what does that word mean?" quoth the doctor ; "I do not understand such names."—"I do not wonder at that," said Bruno ; for Porcograsso and Vannacena take no notice of them."—"You mean," quoth the doctor, "Ipocrasso and Avicenna."—"Very likely," said Bruno ; "but I know as little of those names as you know of mine. But gumedra is no more than empress. O! you would think her a fine woman ; she would soon make you forget all your recipes and your plaisters." Talking frequently in this manner to excite him the more, and the doctor thinking, one night as he held the candle for him whilst he was painting, that he was now under sufficient obligations to grant any favours he should desire, he resolved to open his mind, as they were alone, and he said, "Bruno, there is nobody that I value so much as yourself ; nor is there anything you could ask, but what I should be ready to oblige you in ; then be not surprised at my making one request of you. You

know, not long since, you were telling me of your meetings; now there is nothing I desire so much as to make one amongst you, and for a very good reason; for I will bring the prettiest girl into your company that you have seen a long time, to whom I have devoted my entire love; and you must know I once offered her ten pieces, and she refused them. Tell me then, I pray you, what I must do to be admitted, and do you take care that I be so, and I promise that you shall always find me your true and trusty friend. You may observe that my person is proper and good, and I am a doctor of physic too, and perhaps you have none of that profession among you; moreover I know a great many pretty things, and can sing divers pretty songs, as you shall hear." Here he began one, whilst Bruno had much ado to keep his countenance, and after he had done he asked him what he thought of it. "Most certainly," replied he, "the best violin is no way comparable." —"Then," quoth the doctor, "to this and many other qualifications too tedious to relate at present, I may add, that my father was a gentleman, though he lived in a country village, and my mother of the Vallecchio family. Besides, there is no physician in Florence has better clothes, or a more complete library than myself; and I give you my word, that if you be sick at any time I will cure you for nothing." Bruno, to make him believe that he was more intent upon his painting, replied, "Pray, sir, snuff the candle, and let me finish these rats' tails, and then I will talk with you." When, seeming much displeased with the request, he said, "Oh, sir, I have received great favours from you, I must confess, and there is nobody I would serve sooner; but you ask too much. Now though I cannot directly oblige you in what you desire, yet I can put you into a method whereby I am very sure you will succeed."—"Then tell me," quoth the doctor; "you don't know how well I can keep a secret. Signor Guasparruolo da Saliceto, when he was a judge, entrusted me with many things."—"Well," quoth Bruno, "if he trusted you, I may do it more securely. The means you are to use are as follow: we have a captain and two counsellors, who are chosen every six months, and next Christmas Buffalmacco will certainly be the captain, and I one of the counsellors. Now it is in the captain's power to admit you if he pleases, therefore you should immediately get acquainted with him. I know he will be very fond of you, as he is of all men of understanding; and after you have been often in his company, and

ingratiated yourself with him, you may then ask the favour, and he will not know how to refuse you. I have given him a character of you already, and he has conceived a great regard for you, and when this is done you may leave the rest to me."—"You say well," quoth the doctor, "if he delights in people of sense and learning he will not miss of his aim: I have enough of both to furnish a whole city, and yet leave sufficient for myself." When the matter was thus agreed, Bruno went and related the whole to Buffalmacco, who was very impatient to let the doctor have what he sought for. Now the doctor, who was eager to be concerned, found it no hard matter to get acquainted with him; and he began to treat them, both noon and night, with everything that was nice and elegant, so that they lived entirely upon him; telling him at the same time that it was a favour they would shew to nobody else. At length, when he thought it a fit time, he made the same request to Buffalmacco, that he had done before to Bruno, who seemed much concerned, and made a great clamour at his friend, threatening to break his head for betraying those secrets to the doctor. But the doctor excused him very much, protesting that he had it from another person.

On this he seemed a little more pacified, and said, "Dear doctor, I plainly see you have been at the university, and know how to keep your mouth shut upon occasion; and I farther tell you, that you have not learned your A, B, C, in the manner most blockheads do: moreover, if I am not mistaken, you were born on a Sunday; and though Bruno tells me that your study has been physic, yet to me it seems as if you had learned to captivate men, which you do by your great sense and manner of speaking, far beyond any that ever I saw." Here the doctor interrupted him, and said, turning to Bruno, "This it is to have to do with people of understanding; there are few that could have penetrated into the depth of my designs so easily as this worthy man has done. You did not take my meaning half so soon; but let him know what I said upon your telling me that he delighted in people of sense.—Do not you think I spoke truth at that time?"—"No doubt," replied the other. Then said he to Buffalmacco, "What would you have said, had you seen me at Bologna, where were none, either great or small, doctor or scholar, but doated on me, so much did they profit by my wise discourses? Nay, more than that, I never spoke but they all laughed so highly were they

pleased to hear me. And when I came away, they expressed the greatest concern imaginable at parting with me, and to encourage me to continue with them, offered me the sole privilege of reading lectures on medicine to all the students. But I refused it, being resolved to come and live here upon my estate, which is very considerable."—"Well," said Bruno to his friend, "what think you now? You would not believe me when I told you there was not a physician in all this country could cast an ass's water better than himself; nor is there his fellow, I will maintain it, from this place to Paris. Go, then, and use all your endeavours to gratify him in his request."—"Bruno is in the right," quoth the doctor, "but here nobody knows me; they are all a parcel of ignorant stupid people; but I wish you had seen how I appeared among the doctors."—"Indeed, Master Doctor," quoth Buffalmacco, "you know a great deal more than I could have thought; in which respect, speaking unto you as becomes me to a person of your understanding and parts, I dare assure you that you shall be one of our society." This promise made him increase his favours towards them, and they were extremely diverted with his great simplicity, promising that he should have the Countess di* Civillari for his mistress, who was the goodliest and sweetest creature in the whole world. The doctor asked what countess she was? "Oh," quoth Buffalmacco, "she is a very great lady, and there are few houses but where she has some jurisdiction. Her officers are all about, and store of her great barons are to be seen everywhere, namely, Tamagnin† della Porta, Don Meta, Manico di Scopa, and the rest, whose names have escaped me. You shall leave your old mistress then for this lady, of whom we will give you the full possession."

Now the doctor, who had been brought up at Bologna, understood not the meaning of these Florentine terms, and so was pleased with the hopes of enjoying what they had promised him. In a little time they brought him the news of his being admitted. The day therefore, that they were to have their meeting, he had them both to dine with him, and after dinner he asked them in what manner he had best go to this assembly. When Buffalmacco replied, "It

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* This means no more than a common jakes, or the Temple of Cloacina.

† These are all different words for the same thing.

behoves you, master, to proceed resolutely, otherwise you may receive an impediment, and do us great injury. Now you shall hear in what manner I would have you do so. You must contrive to be upon one of those raised tombs in New St. Maria's churchyard, at the time of people's going to sleep, with your best gown on, in order to make a figure amongst us at your first appearance, and to verify our character of you to the countess, who intends to make you a knight of the bath, at her own expense. There you must wait till we send for you. And, that you may be apprised of everything, I must acquaint you that there will be a black-horned beast, of no great stature, come for you, capering and dancing about to terrify you; but, after he finds you are not to be daunted, he will gently come near you, when you may descend from the tomb: and, without thinking of heaven, or any of the saints, mount boldly upon his back; and, as soon as you shall be seated, lay your hands upon your breast, without touching him: he will then move easily along, and bring you to us: but if you mention anything of a prayer, or express the least fear, he will throw you down into some noisome place or other; so that you had better not attempt it, unless you can depend upon your own courage, for you may do us a great deal of mischief, and yourself no good." Said the doctor, "You do not know me yet; because I wear a gown, you think me faint-hearted. If you did but know what I have done some nights at Bologna, when I went with some of my companions to visit the girls there, you would be surprised. One night, I assure you, I met with a little, young baggage, who refused to go along with us, when I dragged her by force a considerable way, and afterwards she went willingly enough. Another time, I remember, having nobody with me but my boy, that I went through the friar's churchyard, after evening prayers, when a woman had been buried there that night, and I was not at all afraid. Never fear, therefore, but I will be courageous and resolute as you can desire. To do you the greater honour, too, I intend to go in the scarlet robes in which I commenced doctor, and you will see what joy there will be in your assembly at my coming, and if I shall not go near to be immediately declared your captain. You shall see also how the case will go after I have made my appearance, in regard that the countess, having as yet never seen me, is so enamoured with me, that she will make me a knight of the bath; and as to supporting the honour, that you may leave to me."

"Very well spoken," said Buffalmacco; but take care you do not impose upon us, and so not come at all, or be not found there when we send for you; and I give you this caution because the weather is cold, and you doctors love to take care of yourselves." "No," quoth the doctor, "I am one of those hardy ones that have no regard for the weather, and if I have occasion to rise in the night, I only put a fur gown over my doublet; so you need make no doubt about it." As soon as they were departed, and it was night, he made some excuse or other to his wife, and got away his best gown, which he put on when he thought it was the time, and went and stood upon one of the grave-stones, it being a very cold night, expecting the beast. Whilst Buffalmacco, who was pretty lusty, had procured a vizard mask, such as they used formerly in farces, and he covered himself with a black fur gown, which was turned inside out, that he seemed like a bear, only that his mask had two horns, and so he had more the appearance of the devil. Being thus equipped, he went to the square by New St. Maria's, Bruno following at a distance, to see how they went on. And as soon as he found that his doctor was there, he fell a skipping and roaring about as if he were mad, which put our physician into a most terrible fright, and he began to wish heartily that he was at home again. But as he was come out upon this affair, he resolved to accomplish it, so urgent was his desire to behold the wonders which they had been relating. At last, after Buffalmacco had played his tricks for some time, he grew a little more quiet, and drew near to the stone where the doctor was, and where he stood out of harm's way; whilst he, who shook all over for fear, was in doubt whether he should mount or not. Till apprehending that some mischief might befal him if he did not, this latter fear expelled the former, and coming down from the tomb, he mounted upon the beast, praying God to help him, and laid his hands upon his breast, as he had been directed. Buffalmacco then began to shape his course towards St. Maria della Scala, and from thence conducted him, groping all the way in the dark, as far as the ladies of Ripole. Hereabouts were divers ditches, made by the husbandmen to empty the Countess di Civillari into, for the sake of manuring their lands afterwards. Buffalmacco then being come to the brink of one of them, and putting his hand under one of the doctor's feet, pitched him headlong in, when he began to make a terrible noise, stamping and roaring about, and so went back by St. Maria della Scala,

towards Prato d'Ogni Santi, where he met with Bruno, who had been forced to leave him, because he could not hold from laughing, and both turned back once more, to see how the poor doctor would behave in that condition; who, finding himself in such a place, laboured with all his might to get released, but falling sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other, he was all over imbrued; till at length, with the utmost difficulty, he made shift to scramble out with the loss of his hood. When he cleaned himself as well as he could, and not knowing what other course to take, he went home, and knocked at the door till they let him in. The door was no sooner shut again, but Bruno and Buffalmacco were there listening to hear what a reception the doctor would meet with from his wife, who met him with all the bad language she could devise, saying, "You are in a fine condition, truly—what, you have been with some other woman, and so had a mind to make a figure in your scarlet robes!—Am not I enough for you? I wish you had been choked when you fell into all that nastiness. Here is a fine physician indeed! who is not content with his own wife, but must be running out at night after other women." With these and such like words she rallied him till midnight, when she had him washed and made clean. The next morning Bruno and Buffalmacco came with their bodies all painted over with blue spots, as if they had been beaten, to his house, when they found him just risen out of bed, and everything in a sad condition. He seeing them coming, went and wished them a good morning; but they seeming much out of temper, replied, "We wished you had been hanged for a sorry man as you are; we have been near losing our lives, meaning to do you honour, being beaten like two asses, and in danger of being excluded our assembly, where we would have had you introduced. If you will not believe us, pray behold our bodies:" so taking him into a corner, where there was not much light, they just opened their bosoms for him to see, and immediately buttoned them up again. The doctor endeavoured to have excused himself, and was telling them of his misfortunes, and where he had been thrown. When Buffalmacco said, "I wish you had been thrown from the bridge into the river; what had you to do with prayers? Were not you told of that beforehand?"—"Indeed," quoth he, "I used no prayers."—"How do you say! no prayers!" answered the others; "I am sure our messenger told us that you prayed and trembled like an aspen leaf. We will never be served so again, either by you

or anyone else; nor must you expect ever any more to have such favours shewed you." The doctor here began to ask pardon, entreating them not to resent it; and, lest they should expose him, by making it public, he entertained them at his house more than ever. And thus our doctor was taught something more than he had learned at Bologna.

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NOVEL X.

A certain Sicilian damsel cheats a merchant of all the money he had taken for his goods at Palermo. Afterwards he pretends to return with a greater stock of goods than before; when he contrives to borrow a large sum of money of her, leaving sham pledges for her security.

NOW much they were all diverted with the queen's novel it is needless to say; and it being now ended, Dioneus began in this manner:—

It is certain that those stratagems are the more entertaining, the more cunning and artful the person is who is imposed upon by them. Therefore, though the other novels have been agreeable enough, yet I think to relate one that will please you better; inasmuch as the lady outwitted was a greater mistress of those devices than any of the persons before-mentioned.

It was formerly a custom, and may be still, in seaport towns, for all the merchants that come thither to bring their goods into a common warehouse, under the keeping of the community, or else the lord of the town; when they give a particular account, in writing, of the nature and value of them: the goods are kept under lock and key, and the account entered in a register, for the merchants to pay the accustomed dues, as all or part are sold, and delivered out of the warehouse. From this register the brokers are informed both of the quantity and quality of the goods, and also who are the owners, to treat with for them, either by exchange, truck, or sale. This was the way at Palermo, as well as in many other places, where was likewise great plenty of handsome women, not overstored with modesty. And yet, to all appearance, many of them were grand ladies, and pretended to a character: who, making it their whole employ to shave, and even skin, such men as fell into their clutches, no sooner did they see a strange merchant, but they would inform themselves from that register, both of the nature and value of his goods; when, by their amorous wiles,

they would endeavour to bring him to their lure, which they often did; and some have been choused out of part of their goods; others have lost ship, goods, and body, to boot; so finely have they been touched over by these cunning shavers. Now it happened not long since, that a certain young Florentine, called Niccolo da Cigniano, though more usually Salabaetto, arrived there by way of factor, with as much woollen cloth, which had been left unsold at the fair of Salerno, as might be worth five hundred florins; and having given in his account to the officers, and laid his goods safely up in the warehouse, he was in no great haste to dispatch his business, but took a turn up and down the town to amuse himself. Being a personable young man, one of these female barterers that we have been speaking of, called Madam Jiancofiore, having heard something of his affairs, soon took notice of him, which he perceiving, and supposing she was some great lady who had taken a fancy to him, resolved to conduct the affair with the utmost caution; so without saying a word to anyone, he used to take his walks frequently by her house. She was soon sensible of this, and when she thought his affection towards her fully secured, under pretence of languishing for him, she sent one of her women to him, an adept in that sort of business, who told him, with tears in her eyes, that her lady was so in love with him, that she could get no rest night or day; therefore she desired very much, whenever he would do her that favour, to meet her at a bagnio; and with these words she took a ring out of her purse, and gave it him as a token. Salabaetto was overjoyed at the message; so taking the ring, and looking carefully at it, and kissing it, he put it upon his finger, and said, "If your lady loves me as you say, be assured she has not misplaced her affection, for I love her more than I do my own life, and shall be ready to meet her at any time and place she shall appoint." She had no sooner reported this answer, but she was posted back to tell him that her mistress would meet him at such a bagnio that evening. Accordingly he went thither at the time fixed, and found it engaged for that lady's use. He had not waited long before two women slaves came, the one loaded with a fine cotton mattress and the other a hamper full of things. This mattress they laid upon a bed in one of the chambers, covering it with a pair of sheets, curiously edged with silk, and over the whole was spread a rich Grecian counterpane, with two pillows, worked in a most delicate manner; after which they went into the

bath, and cleaned it very carefully. The lady now came attended by two slaves, and after some sighs and embraces, she said, "My dear Tuscan, there is nobody could have obtained this favour from me but yourself;" so they went into the bath together, and with them two of their slaves, who washed them with soap, scented with musk and gilliflowers. The other slaves then brought two fine sheets, smelling of nothing but roses, in one of which they wrapped Salabaetto, and in the other the lady, and carried them to bed, where, after they had lain some time to perspire, those sheets were taken away, and they were left between the others. After this, they took out of the hamper silver canisters of rose, orange, and jessamine water, which they sprinkled upon the bed, and presented them with sweetmeats and rich wines, by way of collation: he all the time thought himself in paradise, wishing heartily that they would go away, and leave him in possession of his mistress. At length they left a taper light in his chamber, and departed. After they had lain a convenient time, the servants returned, and put on their clothes; and when they had taken some more refreshment of wine and sweetmeats, and washed their hands and faces with orange water, as they were going to depart, she said, "If it be agreeable to you, I should be vastly pleased if you would come and sup with me, and stay all night." When he, supposing himself as dear to her as her own heart, replied, "Madam, whatever is pleasing to you, is entirely so to me; now, therefore, and at all times, I shall be ready to obey your commands." So she went home, and had her apartment richly set out, and provided a costly supper for him; who accordingly went thither as soon as it was dark, and was very elegantly received; and after supper they went into a chamber scented with costly odours, where was a most noble bed, and everything besides that was grand and sumptuous. All which made him conclude that she was some very great and rich lady. And though he had heard various reports about her, yet he would not believe them for the world; nay, had he been convinced of her tricking other people, he could never have been made to believe that she would serve him so. He stayed with her then all that night, and the next morning she made him a present of a fine wrought belt and purse, saying to him, "My dear Salabaetto, fare you well; and from henceforth be persuaded, as you are entirely to my good liking, that my person and all I possess are at your service." He then took his leave with great

satisfaction, and went to the place where the merchants usually resort. And continuing his visits to her without any expense, and becoming every day more enamoured, it happened that he sold his cloth and gained considerable profit; which she being immediately apprised of, not from himself, but other hands, as he was with her one night, she seemed to express a more than ordinary fondness for him, and would needs make him a present of two beautiful silver cups, worth about thirty florins, which he refused to accept; having had divers things of her before, to the value of thirty more, without giving her the worth of a single farthing. At last, after she had set him all on fire, as it were, with this extraordinary love and liberality, she was called out by one of her slaves, as she had contrived beforehand, when she returned in a little time full of tears, and throwing herself down upon the bed, she seemed to grieve most immoderately. Salabaetto was under the greatest astonishment, and taking her in his arms, he began to say, "Alas! my dear heart, what is it that has happened to you thus suddenly? Tell me, my life, I entreat you, do." She at last replied, "My dear lord, I know neither what to do, nor what to say. I have just received letters from Messina, wherein my brother informs me, that, though I pawn all I have, I must, without fail, remit a thousand florins of gold in eight days; otherwise he must inevitably lose his head. Now I find it impossible to raise the money upon so short a notice: had I but fifteen days, I could procure it from a place whence I could command even a greater sum; or I could sell some of my lands: but as it cannot now be done, I wish I had been in my grave rather than live to know this trouble;" and she continued weeping; whilst Salabaetto whose love had taken away his understanding, thinking that her tears were real, and what she said was true, made answer: "Madam, I am unable to furnish you with a thousand, but with five hundred I can, as you think you will be able to pay me in fifteen days: and it is your good fortune that I happened to sell my cloth yesterday, otherwise I could not have spared you one farthing."— "Alas," quoth the lady, "then have you been in want of money? Why did not you speak to me? For though I have not a thousand, I have always a hundred or two to spare for you. You deprive me of the assurance to accept your profferred favour." He, quite captivated with these fine speeches, made answer, "Madam, you shall have it nevertheless; had I been in the like circumstance I

should have applied to you."—"Dear me!" she replied, "I am convinced of your most constant and entire love towards me, to supply me with such a sum of your own accord: I was yours before, and now am much more so; nor shall I ever forget that it is to you I am indebted for my brother's life. But Heaven knows I accept it very unwillingly, considering that you are a merchant, and must have occasion for a great deal of ready money; but being constrained by necessity, and assured also that I shall be able to return it at your time, I will make use of it; and I will pawn all my houses rather than fail in my engagement to you." With these words she fell down, weeping, in his arms. He did all he could to comfort her, and stayed with her all that night; and the next morning, to shew what a liberal lover he was, and without waiting for any farther request, brought her the five hundred florins, which she received with laughter at her heart, though with tears in her eyes, he looking only to her simple promise. But after she had got the money, the times were soon changed; and whereas before he had free admittance to her as often as he pleased, now reasons were given that he could not get a sight of her once in seven times that he went; nor did he meet with those smiles and caresses, nor with the same generous reception, as before. Moreover, the time limited was past, and one or two months over, and when he demanded his money he could get nothing but words by way of payment. Whilst he, now sensible of the arts of this wicked woman, as well as of his own want of sense, and knowing that he had no proof against her, but what she herself would please to acknowledge, there being nothing of any writing between them, was ashamed to make his complaint to anyone, both because he had notice of it before, and also on account of the disgrace he must undergo for his monstrous credulity; so he continued uneasy and disconsolate to the last degree. And receiving frequent letters from his masters, in which he was required to get bills of exchange for the money, and remit to them, he resolved, to prevent a discovery, to leave the place; and he embarked on board a little vessel, not for Pisa, as he should have done, but for Naples.

At that time lived there Signor Pietro dello Canigiano, treasurer to the Empress of Constantinople, a very subtle, sensible man, and a great friend to Salabaetto and his masters: to whom he made his case known, requesting his assistance in getting himself a livelihood, and declaring that he would never more return to

Florence. Canigiano, who was much concerned for him, replied, "You have done very ill; very ill indeed have you behaved yourself: small is the regard which you have shewed to your principles, too much have you expended upon your pleasures. It is done, however, and we must remedy it as well as we can." Then, like a prudent man, he considered what course it was best to take, and acquainted him with it. Salabaetto was pleased with the scheme, and resolved to follow it; and having some money of his own, and Canigiano lending him some, he made divers bales of goods well packed together, and procured about twenty casks for oil, which he filled, and returned with them to Palermo, where he entered them as on his own account in the register, with what value he pleased to put upon them; and he laid them up in the warehouse, declaring that they were not to be meddled with till more goods of his should arrive, which he was daily expecting. The lady hearing of this, and understanding that the goods he had already there were worth two thousand florins, and that what remained to come were rated at three thousand more, began to think that she had as yet got too little from him; therefore she thought of returning the five hundred to come in for a better part of the five thousand, and accordingly she sent for him. He went with malice in his heart, whilst she, seeming to know nothing of what he had brought, appeared wonderfully pleased at seeing him, and said; "Now, were you really vexed because I failed giving you your money at your time?" He smiled, and replied, "In truth, madam, I was a little uneasy, since I would pluck my very heart out if I thought it would please you; but you shall see how much I was offended. Such is my regard for you, that I have sold the greatest part of my estate, and have brought as much merchandise as is worth two thousand florins, and I expect from the Levant what will amount to three thousand more; resolving to have a warehouse, and to abide here, for the sake of being near you, as I think nobody can be happier in their love than I am in yours." She then replied, "Now trust me, Salabaetto, whatever redounds to your benefit is extremely pleasing to me, as I hold you dearer than my own life; and I am glad you are returned with an intention of staying, because I hope to have a great deal of your company; but it is fit that I excuse myself to you, in that sometimes you came to see me, and were not admitted, and at other times not so cheerfully received as before; and besides this, for my not paying you the

money according to promise. Now you must know that I was then in very great trouble, and upon such occasions, be one's love what it will, one cannot look so pleasantly as at another time: I must tell you likewise that it is a very difficult thing for a lady to raise a thousand florins, people impose upon us in that manner, without ever minding what they promise; so that we are forced to deceive others. Hence it is, therefore, and for no other reason, that I did not return you your money; but I had got it ready just as you went away, and would have sent it after you, had I known where to have found you; but as I did not, I kept it carefully for you." So sending for a purse, which had the very same florins in it, that he had delivered to her, she put it into his hand saying, "See, and count if there are five hundred." Never was Salabaetto so overjoyed as at that present time; so telling them over, and finding there were just five hundred, he replied, "Madam, I am convinced that what you say is true; but let us talk no more about it, you have done your part, and I assure you, upon that account, as well as the love I have for you, that whatever sum of money you shall want at any time, if it be in my power to supply you, you may command it; as you may soon see upon trial." Thus their love being renewed, in word at least, he continued artfully his visits as before; whilst she shewed him all the respect and honour that could be, expressing the same fondness as ever. But he, willing to return measure for measure, being invited one night to sup with her, went thither all sad and melancholy, like a person in despair. When she kissing and embracing him, would needs know the cause of all that sorrow. He, having suffered her to entreat him for some time, at last said, "I am undone, for the ship which had the goods on board, that I have been expecting, is taken by the corsairs of Monaco, and put up at the ransom of ten thousand florins, one thousand of which falls to my share, and I have not one farthing to pay it with; for the five hundred which you paid me, I sent instantly to Naples, to lay out in cloth to be sent hither, and were I to offer to sell the goods I have here, as it is an improper time, I must do it to very great loss, and being a stranger, I have nobody to apply to; so that I know neither what to say nor what to do, and if the money be not sent immediately, they will be carried into Monaco, and then they will be past redemption."

She was under great concern at hearing this, reckoning a good part of it as lost to herself; and considering how to prevent the

goods being sent to Monaco, at last she said, "Heaven knows how much my love for you makes me grieve for your misfortune. But to what purpose is that? Had I the money, I would instantly give it you, but I have not. Indeed there is a person that lent me five hundred florins the other day, when I was in distress, but he expects an exorbitant interest, viz., no less than thirty in the hundred. If you will have the money of this man, you must give him good security. Now I am ready to pledge my goods here, and pass my word as far as that will go to serve you; but how will you secure the remainder?" Salabaetto knew the reason of her proposing this piece of service, and that she herself was to lend the money; so being well pleased, he returned her thanks, and said, that let the interest be what it would, his necessity was such that he must agree to it; then he added, that he would make a security by his goods which he had in the warehouse, and that they should be assigned over in the register to the person who advanced the money, but that he would keep the key, as well for the sake of shewing them, if any body should want to see them, as to prevent their being exchanged or meddled with. The lady replied, "You speak extremely well, the security is sufficient;" and at the time appointed she sent for a broker, in whom she put great confidence, when she told him what he was to do, and gave him the money, which he carried straightway to Salabaetto, who assigned over his goods to him at the custom-house, and they were entered in his name; thus they parted, giving each other counter-security. Salabaetto now immediately embarked with the fifteen hundred florins and went to Pietro dello Canigiano at Naples, from whence he remitted to his masters at Florence the entire account of what he had made of their cloth; and having paid Pietro and every one else what he owed them, they laughed very heartily together at the trick put upon his Sicilian mistress. From thence, resolving to trade no longer, he went to Florence. In the mean time, the lady, finding Salabaetto was not at Palermo, began to wonder, and grow half suspicious; and, after waiting two months, and hearing nothing of his return, she made the broker force open the warehouse, when first she tried the casks, which she supposed had been full of oil, and found them full of salt water, with a small quantity of oil at the top, just at the bung-hole. She then looked into the bales of goods, only two of which had cloth in them; and the rest were stuffed with coarse hurds of hemp; that,

in short, the whole was not worth two hundred florins. So she, finding herself thus imposed upon, was under great affliction for a long time with regard to the five hundred florins that she had restored, and much more for the thousand she had lent, often saying, that whoever had to do with a Tuscan had need of all their eyes about them. Thus she became a common jest afterwards, having found to her cost that some people have as much cunning as others.

After Dioneus had made an end, Lauretta, knowing that her reign was concluded, and having commended the good advice of Pietro Canigiano, as appeared by its effect, and the sagacity of Salabaetto, no less to be admired in putting it in execution, took the crown from her own head, and placed it upon Emilia, saying, "Madam, I do not know whether you will make a pleasant queen or not, but a pretty one I am sure you will. See then that your works correspond with your beauty."

Emilia, not so much for the honour conferred upon her, as for hearing herself commended on account of that which ladies most of all covet, blushed a little, seeming like the opening of a rose in the morning; but after she had turned her eyes down to the ground, till the redness was something gone off, and having given her orders to the master of the household, concerning what she would have done, she began in this manner: "We often see, ladies, that after oxen have laboured at the yoke all the day, they are then turned loose, and permitted to graze through the forests at their pleasure. It is also certain that gardens, which have a variety of trees in them, are more delightful than groves, where nothing is seen but oaks: for which reasons, considering how many days we have been confined to certain laws, it may be convenient for us all to take a little liberty, to refresh and gain strength against our returning to the yoke. I shall, therefore, give you no particular subject for to-morrow, but leave you all to please yourselves, being of opinion that a variety of things will be no less entertaining than keeping strictly to one. My successor, if he pleases, may keep to the old laws." She then gave them leave to depart till supper-time. The queen's order was generally approved, and they went to their different amusements. The ladies made nosegays and chaplets of flowers, and the gentlemen sat down to play, or else to sing; and thus they were employed till supper, when they placed themselves by the fountain-side, and supped very merrily together. After-

wards they began to dance and sing, when the queen, to pursue the method of her predecessors, besides what many of them had voluntarily given, ordered Pamphilus to sing a song, which he did as follows:

SONG.

I.

Such the abundant am'rous joy
With which my heart elate hath been,
As no restraint, no bounds to know,
And flushing in my face is seen!

II.

In vain my feeble song essays
To paint what cannot be expressed;
And which more fully to have known,
Would bring but jealousy at best.

III.

Could I have formed a wish like this,
My utmost hope have reached so far,
To clasp her yielding taper waist,
And press my eager lips to her?

Everyone joined in Pamphilus's song; nor was there any among them but made more conjectures than were necessary, to find out what he meant to conceal; and though they imagined different things, yet none of them was in the right. But the queen, seeing the song was ended, and that the company were disposed to rest, gave orders for them all to retire to bed.

Il Decamerone.

(Ninth Day.)

THE NINTH DAY.

AURORA had now changed the heavens from blue to purple, and the flowers along the meadows began to open to the rising sun, when the queen arose with all her company; and they took a walk together to a grove, not far from the palace, where they saw a variety of creatures, such as deer, goats, &c., so secure from the hunter, by reason of the then raging pestilence, that they stood gazing upon them as if they had been tame. Upon a nearer approach, first to one, and then to another, as if they meant to play with them, they were greatly delighted to see them run and skip about them. But the sun being now risen to a good height, it was thought convenient to return. They had all oak garlands on, with their hands full of flowers, or sweet-smelling herbs; so that whoever had seen them must needs have concluded, either that death would not be able to vanquish them, or at least that he would find them no otherwise than merry. In this manner they came step by step to the palace, laughing, joking, and singing, all the way, where they found everything in order; and, after reposing themselves awhile, they sung half a dozen songs before they would sit down to table. They then washed their hands, and dinner was served up; when, being sufficiently regaled, and after indulging in a dance or two, the queen gave leave for such as were so disposed to go to rest. At the usual hour they met at the usual place, when the queen, looking on Philomena, desired her to begin for that day, which she did in this manner:

NOVEL I.

Madam Francesca having two lovers, and liking neither of them, rids herself of both by making one go and lie down in a person's grave, and sending the other to fetch him out.

I AM well pleased, madam, as it is your will, to run the first ring, in this free and open field of relating novels, in which your courtesy has placed us, not doubting, if I perform well, but that they who come after will do as well or better. It has

often been made appear in our discourses, how great the force of love is; nor do I think the subject would be exhausted were we to talk of nothing else from year's end to year's end: because it hath led its votaries not only into various dangers of death, but even into the very mansions of the dead. I purpose to add a story to what has been already given, wherein, besides the power of love, will be shewed the contrivance of a certain lady to rid herself of two lovers, who were neither of them to her liking.

In the city of Pistoia there was a handsome widow lady, whom two of our townsmen, who were banished thither from hence, were desperately in love with, and who used their utmost endeavours to gain her affection; the one named Rinuccio Palermino, and the other Alessandro Chiarmontesi. Now this lady, who was called Francesca de' Lazari, had been often solicited by them, when she listened too hastily to their importunities; and being afterwards desirous to quit herself of those engagements, without being able to do it, it came into her head at last to ask a piece of service of them, which, though possible to be done, she supposed neither would undertake, and that, from their not complying, she might have a just pretence for turning them adrift. The thing was this:

The very day that she first thought of it, a man was buried at Pistoia, who, though of a good family, was reputed to have been one of the vilest wretches that ever was born: moreover, he was so deformed, that they who did not know him would have been frightened at the first sight of him. This circumstance, she thought, fell in very aptly with her design; therefore, she said to her maid:

"Thou knowest what plague and trouble I have had with these two Florentines; now I have a mind to have neither the one nor the other. In order, then, to shake them off, I intend to make a trial of them in a certain affair which I am confident they will refuse to do, and thou shalt hear what it is. Last night, thou knowest, was interred in the churchyard belonging to the lesser friars, Scannadio (for so was the man called whom we have been speaking of), who, even when alive, was frightful to most people. Do thou go, then, privately, to Alessandro, and say that thy mistress orders thee to acquaint him that the time is now come when he may be secure of her love, in the following manner:—That one of her relations, for a reason which he will know afterwards, is to bring

that man's corpse to her house, which she is much averse to; therefore she begs it as a favour of him, that he would go, about the beginning of the night, into the grave, and put the man's shroud on, waiting there till the person comes to take him away, which he is to suffer him to do, without speaking a word, and to let him carry him to her house, where she will be ready to receive him; and the rest he may leave to her. If he agrees to it, it is well; but if he refuse, charge him at his peril not to come any more in her sight, or to trouble her with his messages. After this, thou must go to Rinuccio, and tell him that thy mistress is ready to gratify him upon condition that he will do her one piece of service, which is to fetch Scannadio out of his grave about midnight, and bring him to her house, the meaning of which he will see at that time; and if he should refuse, that he offer to come no more near her." The maid obeyed, and going to both, delivered her messages. They replied, that they would not only go into a grave, but even to hell, if it was her desire. She accordingly reported their answers to the lady, who was waiting to see if they would be such fools as to do so. At night, therefore, Alessandro stripped into his waistcoat and went to supply Scannadio's place in the vault, when he was seized with sudden terror by the way, and began to say to himself, "What a fool am I! Whither am I going? How do I know but this is a trap laid by some of her relations, who have made a discovery of my love, to murder me in the vault, which may be effected, and nobody know anything of the matter; or how can I be assured but it is a stratagem of some rival, whom she may love better than me? But suppose again, on the other hand, that none of these things are intended, and that her relations carry me to her house, I must conclude that they cannot want Scannadio's body, either to keep themselves or to present to her, but rather that they mean to mangle it, it having deserved such treatment from them. She also enjoins me not to speak a word, whatever shall be done to me. But suppose they pluck out my eyes, or lop off my hands, how can I bear that? and should I cry out, and they know me, they might then use me ill; or, otherwise, they may not leave me with the lady, and so she may pretend that I have disobeyed her orders, and my labour will be all lost." Full of these reflections, he was on the point of returning home, till his love spurred him on with more prevailing arguments to the contrary, and he hurried along to the vault, which

he opened, and having entered, he stripped the dead body, and put on the shroud; and, after he had closed the grave again, he laid himself down in Scannadio's place, when calling to mind the man's character, and the reports which he had heard of his ransacking people's graves, and committing all kinds of villany, he was so terrified that his hair stood on end, and he was expecting every moment that the man should rise up and strangle him there. Yet still his love got the better of his fear, and he lay as if he was dead, waiting for the event. As soon as it was midnight, Rinuccio went out also to obey his mistress's commands; and as he passed along, he began to think of many things which might happen to him; particularly his being met by the sheriff's officers with Scannadio's body on his back, and so punished for sacrilege, or else his falling under the resentment of the man's relations, if they should chance to know it; with more such apprehensions, enough to have deterred him from the enterprise. Till considering with himself, he said, "What, and shall I say no to the lady's first request, whom I have loved, and do still love so much; especially as it is to gain her favour? Undoubtedly, were I sure to die in the attempt, I would fulfil my promise." Full of that resolution, he went to the grave, and opened it. Alessandro, though he was very much frightened, lay still nevertheless. Whilst Rinuccio, thinking that it was Scannadio's body, took Alessandro by the feet, and drew him out, and hoisting him upon his shoulders, he went on towards Francesco's house. But carrying him along without any great care, he would frequently hit him a great thump against the wall, first on one side, and then on the other: the night also was so dark, that he scarcely knew where he went; and being now got to the door, and she sitting with her maid at the window, expecting their coming, and prepared to send them about their business, it happened that the officers were waiting there, to take a certain outlaw, when, hearing the noise of Rinuccio's steps, they drew out their lanterns to see who it was, whilst they raised up their halberds, and cried out, "Who is there?" Rinuccio, upon this, without any great deliberation, threw his burden down, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. Alessandro too got up as speedily as he could, though the dead man's clothes were a good deal too long for him, and made off as well as the other. — Now the lady saw plainly, by the officers' light, how Rinuccio had the other upon his back, with the dead man's shroud on, and was

astonished at the resolution of both; laughing heartily, however, as soon as she saw Alessandro thrown down, and that each of them took to his heels. And being thankful for her deliverance, she returned into her chamber, declaring to her maid, that surely their love must be very great to fulfil such conditions. Rinuccio stayed at a distance, cursing his hard fortune, till the officers were gone, when he came groping about to find where he had thrown Alessandro down, desiring to complete his commands; but not meeting with him, and supposing that the officers had taken him away, he departed, vexed at his disappointment. Alessandro, also, not knowing what to do, and being ignorant who the person was that had carried him thither, went home with the like concern. And in the morning, Scannadio's vault being found open, and the body not seen therein, because Alessandro had rolled it to the bottom, the town was all in an uproar about it, many people believing that the devil had certainly carried him off. Nevertheless, both the lovers signified to the lady what they had done, and how they had been disappointed, excusing themselves thereby for not having fully executed her commands, and still entreating her favour and love: whilst she, seeming to credit neither, cut them both short with an absolute denial, inasmuch as both had failed in the performance of the conditions required.

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NOVEL II.

An abbess, going in haste, and in the dark, to surprise one of her nuns, instead of her veil, puts on the priest's breeches. The lady accused makes a just remark upon this, and so escapes.

PHILOMENA was now silent, and the lady's contrivance to free herself from two troublesome people, whom she could not love, generally approved; their daring presumption being judged the effect not of love, but folly. When the queen pleasantly said, "Eliza, do you follow;" who immediately began: —The lady you have just mentioned saved herself very dexterously from trouble; but a certain nun escaped the most imminent danger by a word or two aptly spoken, more through her good fortune. There are many simple people who prove the rigid masters and correctors of others, whom fortune takes occasion sometimes very justly to expose and humble, as was the case of the abbess, under whose government the nun was, of whom I am going to speak.

In Lombardy was a monastery, famous for its sanctity; and amongst the other nuns belonging to it was a lady, named Isabella, of exquisite beauty, as well as of a noble family, who had fallen in love with a young gentleman that came with a relation of hers to see her at the grate. He also had conceived the same affection for her, and this love continued some time without effect, to the great concern of both. At last he thought of a way to get to her, and continued visiting her in that manner till he was discovered by one of the ladies. She communicated the affair to some others; and first, they were resolved to accuse her to the abbess, a worthy good lady in the opinion of the nuns and other people that knew her: but afterwards, for fear she should deny it, it was agreed that the abbess should surprise them together; and so they kept watch by turns, in order to find them out. One night, therefore, Isabella having her lover in her chamber, without the least suspicion of their designs, the scouts immediately perceived it, and dividing themselves into parties, one guarded the entrance into her room, whilst the other ran to the lady abbess's chamber, when, knocking at the door, they cried, "Pray, madam, get up as quick as you can, for our sister Isabella has a man in her apartments." Now that night it happened that the abbess had a priest with her, who had been frequently brought to her in a chest; and fearing lest, out of their great hurry and eagerness, they might force the door open, she immediately arose, and dressed herself as well as she could in the dark; and thinking that she had taken a certain plaited veil, which she usually wore, she chanced to lay hold of the priest's breeches, and threw them over her head in its stead. She now went forth, and locking the door after her, she said, "Where is this wicked woman?" Away then she posted along with the nuns, who were so zealous and intent upon finding out poor Isabella, that they never took notice of what she had upon her head: and coming to her chamber, they found her and her lover together, who were so confounded that they could not speak a word. She was then taken and carried to the chapter-house, the young gentleman being left in the chamber, waiting to see what the end would be, and resolving to revenge himself, if any harm was offered to his mistress, and afterwards to take her away.

The abbess having taken her place in the chapter, with her nuns about her, who had all their eyes only on the guilty person, she began to give her a most severe reprimand for having defiled, as

she told her, by her most disorderly and wicked actions, the sanctity, honesty, and good name of the monastery, adding thereto most bitter threats. The lady, quite confounded between fear and shame, was able to make no defence, moving many of them to compassion with her silence; but the abbess still continuing her abuses, she happened to raise up her head, when she saw the breeches hanging on each side of the abbess's neck, and being a little comforted with that, as she conjectured the fact, she said, "Please, madam, to button your coif, and then tell me what you would have."—"What coif is that you mean?" replied she, "you wicked woman, you! Have you the assurance to laugh at me? Do you think jests will serve your turn in such an affair as this?" The lady said once more, "I beg, madam, that you would first button your coif, and then speak." Upon which they all perceived Isabella's meaning. And the abbess, finding that she was detected of the very same crime, soon changed her note, and began to excuse and palliate the matter. So she returned to her priest, as Isabella did to her lover. And they continued their interviews together, in spite of all such as envied their happiness, whilst the rest procured themselves lovers as soon as they could.

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NOVEL III

Master Simon, the doctor, with Bruno, and the rest, make Calandrino believe that he is with child; who gives them fowls and money, to compose a medicine for him; and he recovers without being delivered.

AFTER Eliza had concluded her novel, and the company all expressed their joy for the lady's happy escape from the invidious censures of her sister-nuns, the queen ordered Philostratus to proceed, which he immediately did in this manner:—

The odd figure of a judge, that was spoken of yesterday, prevented my giving you a story of Calandrino, which I had ready to tell you; therefore, as whatever is related of him must be entertaining, though we have had a great deal already about him and his companions, I shall now say what I had then in my mind.

You have heard who Calandrino was, as well as the rest of the people concerned in this novel, so I shall tell you, without farther preface, that he had an aunt died who left him about twenty pounds, on which he began to talk of purchasing an estate, and was running to treat with every broker in Florence, as if he had been

worth the Indies, but there was an end always when they came to talk of a price. Now Bruno and Buffalmacco, who knew all this, had often told him that he had better spend it with them than lay it out on a little paltry land, but in vain; he would never part with a farthing. One day being in company with another painter, whose name was Nello, and having agreed to feast themselves well at his expense, and being resolved too in what manner, the next morning, as he was going out of his house, he was met by Nello, who said, "Good morning to you, and a good year also." After which the other began to look wistfully in his face, when he said, "What do you look at?" quoth Nello, "Has anything been the matter with you last night? You are quite a different person." Calandrino grew thoughtful at this, and said, "Alas! now, what do you think I ail?" Nello replied, "Oh! I do not speak it upon that account, it may be something else;" and away he went. Calandrino went on a little diffident, though feeling nothing all the time, when Buffalmacco came up to him, seeing him part from Nello, and asked him whether he was well. Calandrino replied, "Indeed I do not know: is it possible to be otherwise, and I not perceive it?" Said Buffalmacco, "It may be so, or it may not; but I assure you you look as though you were half dead." He now thought himself in a high fever, when Bruno came up, and the first word he said was, "Monstrous! how you look! why, you are dead. Have you any sense of feeling?" He now concluded it was really so, and he asked them, in a great fright, what he had best do. "I advise," quoth Bruno, "that you go home and get to bed, covering yourself up close, whilst you send your water to Master Simon, the doctor: he is our friend, you know, and will put you into a method; in the meantime we will go with you, and do what we can for you." So they took him to his own house, and he went upstairs ready to die away every moment, when he said to his wife, "Come and cover me up well in bed, for I find myself extremely ill." And being laid down, he sent his water by a little girl to the doctor, whose shop was in the old market, at the sign of the Melon. Bruno now said to his friends, "Do you stay here, and I will go and hear what the doctor says, and bring him with me if there be occasion." Said Calandrino, "Pray do, my good friend, and let me know how it stands with me, for I feel myself strangely within." Bruno getting to the doctor's before the girl, let him into the secret. When the child came therefore, and he had examined the water, he said to

her, "Go and bid him keep warm, and I will come instantly, and direct what to do." She returned, and told Calandrino, and in a little time the doctor and Bruno came together, when the doctor sat down by him, and began to feel his pulse; at last he said, the wife being present, "I must tell you, as a friend, that your illness is nothing else but your being with child." As soon as he heard this, he began to roar out, and say to his wife, "Alas, this is all your doing!" Whilst the poor woman was so surprised, and out of countenance, that she left the room. He then continued his complaints, saying, "What must I do? Or how shall I be delivered?" His companions had much ado to keep from laughing, seeing him in all this fright; and as for the doctor, he shewed all his teeth in such a manner that you might have drawn every one out; till, at length, Calandrino requesting the doctor's best advice and assistance, the doctor replied, "Calandrino, I would not have you make yourself too uneasy, for since I know your ailment, I doubt not but I shall soon give you relief, and with a very little trouble; but it will be with some expense." "O doctor," quoth he, "I have twenty pounds, which should have bought me an estate; take it all, rather than let it come to a labour; for I hear the women make such a noise at those times, that I shall never get through it." "Never fear," said the doctor, "I shall prepare you a distilled liquor, very pleasant to the taste, which will resolve and bring it away, so that in three days you shall be as well as ever, nor subject any more to the like mishap. Now I must have six fat fowls, and for the other things, which will cost about ten shillings, you must give one of your friends here the money to buy, and bring them to my shop; and to-morrow morning I will send you the distilled water, which you must drink by a large glass-full at a time." He replied, "Doctor, I rely upon you." So he gave Bruno ten shillings, and money also for the fowls, and desired he would take that trouble upon him. The doctor then made a little hippocrass, and sent it him. Whilst Bruno, with his companions and the doctor, were very merry over the fowls, and other good cheer purchased with the rest of the money. After Calandrino had drunk the hippocrass for the three mornings, the doctor came with his companions to see him, and on feeling his pulse, he said, "You are now quite well, and need confine yourself within doors no longer." He was overjoyed at this, and gave the doctor great thanks, telling everybody he met what a cure Doctor Simon had

wrought him in three days' time, and without the least pain. Nor were his friends less pleased in overreaching his extreme avarice; but as to the wife, she saw into the trick, and made a great clamour about it.

NOVEL IV.

Fortarrigo played away all that he had at Buonconvento, as also the money of Angiolieri, who was his master; then running away in his shirt, and pretending that the other had robbed him, he caused him to be seized by the country people, when he put on his clothes, and rode away upon his horse, leaving him there in his shirt.

ALANDRINO'S simplicity had occasioned a good deal of diversion; when Neiphile, as it was the queen's pleasure, began in this manner:—

If it were not more difficult for people to shew their worth and good sense, rather than their bad dispositions and folly, they would not need to lay their tongues under the severe restraint that many are forced to do; now I mean to tell a story quite contrary to the last, namely, how the vileness of one man came beyond the understanding of another, to the great detriment and derision of the person so outwitted.

There dwelt, not long since, at Siena, two young men of equal years, the one named Angiolieri, and the other Fortarrigo, who, as they resembled each other in many things, so, more particularly in their disobedience to their fathers, by which means they became inseparable friends. But Angiolieri, who was an accomplished gentleman, finding that he could not subsist very well there upon his father's allowance, and hearing that a certain cardinal was come to Ancona, as the pope's legate, who had shewed a particular regard for him, he resolved to go thither, in hopes of bettering his condition. So making his mind known to his father, he got half a year's stipend beforehand, in order to furnish himself with clothes and horses for his more creditable appearance. And being in want of a servant, Fortarrigo, who had notice of it, came and requested the favour that he would take him along with him in that capacity, offering to be his valet, footman, and everything else, without a farthing of wages more than his expenses, which the other refused, not that he thought him unfit for his service, but because he knew him to be a gamester, and one that would frequently get drunk. Fortarrigo assured him that he would be

constantly on his guard with respect to both, confirming it with many protestations, and begging so hard besides, that at last he gave his consent.

Accordingly they set out upon their journey, and rode as far as Buonconvento, where they stopped to dine; and after dinner, as it was very hot weather, Angiolieri ordered a bed to be prepared, when he made his man undress him, and went to sleep, ordering him to call him up exactly as the clock struck nine. Whilst he was asleep, therefore, Fortarrigo went to the tavern, and, after drinking pretty heartily, began to play with some people there, who soon won what little money he had, as also the clothes off his back. When, being desirous of retrieving what he had lost, he went, stripped as he was, to Angiolieri's bed-side, and finding him fast asleep, he took all the money out of his pocket, and returning to play, lost it, as he had done the rest. As soon as Angiolieri awoke, he arose and dressed himself, inquiring for Fortarrigo, who, not being to be found, he supposed he was gone somewhere or other to sleep, as he was used to do; therefore he determined to leave him there, ordering the saddle and portmanteau to be put upon his horse, with a design of providing himself with another servant at Corsignano. And putting his hand into his pocket to pay his landlord, he found he had no money, upon which he made a great uproar, declaring he had been robbed, and threatening to have them all sent prisoners to Siena; when, behold, Fortarrigo came running in his shirt, with a design of stealing his clothes, as he had before his money, and seeing him about to ride away, he said, "What is the meaning of this, sir? Why should we go so soon? Do stay a little. A man has got my coat in pawn for eight-and-thirty shillings, and I daresay he will let us have it for five-and-thirty to be paid down." But as he was saying this, a person came and told Angiolieri that Fortarrigo was a thief, as appeared from the quantity of money he had lost; upon which Angiolieri was in a most violent passion, threatening to have him hanged up and gibbetted; saying this, he mounted his horse. "But," said Fortarrigo, as if he had been no way concerned, "pray, sir, leave off this idle talk, and let us have regard to the main point; we may have this coat now for five-and-thirty shillings, which, if we stay till to-morrow, the person who lent me the money may expect eight-and-thirty for. Then why should we lose these three shillings?" Angiolieri was out of all patience, hearing this from

him, and seeing the surprise of the people all around him, who seemed to him to think not that Fortarrigo had gamed away his money, but rather that he had some of Fortarrigo's money in keeping; so he said, "Plague take thee and thy coat! Is it not enough to have robbed me, but thou must insult me into the bargain, and stop my going away?" Still Fortarrigo continued, as if he had not been the person spoken to, adding, "Consider these three shillings. Do you think I shall never pay you again? If you have any regard for me, pray do. Why need you be in such a hurry? We shall be time enough at Torrenieri. Then open your purse. I may go to every shop in Siena, and not get such another coat. And to tell me that I must leave it for eight-and-thirty shillings, when it is worth more than forty, is doing me a double injury." Angiolieri, vexed to the last degree at seeing himself robbed, and then kept in talk in that manner, turned his horse, and rode towards Torrenieri. When Fortarrigo, who had still a more knavish design, ran after him for two miles together, begging for his coat; and as the other was going to put on, in order to get rid of his noise, it happened that there were some labourers by the road where Angiolieri was to pass, when he called out to them, "Stop thief;" so they took their forks and spades, and seized him, imagining that he had robbed the other, who was following after in that manner. And it was in vain that he offered to tell them how the case really was.—In the meantime, Fortarrigo came up, and said, with an angry countenance, "I have a good mind to knock your brains out, you rascal you! to ride away with what belongs to me;" and turning to the people, he added, "You see, gentlemen, in what plight he left me yonder at the inn, having first gamed away all that he had of his own. I may well say that it is you I am obliged to for getting them back, and I shall always acknowledge it." Angiolieri then told them a different story, but they had no regard to what he said. So Fortarrigo dismounted him, with their assistance, and stripped him of his clothes, which he put on himself, and got upon his horse, leaving him there in his shirt, and barefoot; when he returned to Siena, giving it out everywhere that he had won Angiolieri's horse and clothes at play; whilst Angiolieri thinking to have visited the cardinal in a sumptuous manner, returned poor and naked to Buonconvento, and he was so ashamed of himself, that he would not go back to Siena, but procuring some money upon the horse that Fortarrigo had

ridden on, he clothed himself, and went to his relations at Cor signano, where he stayed till he got a supply from his father. Thus Angiolieri's good design was entirely frustrated by the other's subtle villany, which yet in due time met with its deserved punishment.

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NOVEL V.

Calandrino is in love with a certain damsel, when Bruno prepares a charm for her, by virtue of which she follows him, and they are found together by his wife.

NEIPHILE'S short novel was concluded, without either too much talk or laughter, when the queen ordered Flametta to follow, which she did cheerfully in this manner:— There is nothing can be so often repeated, but what will please the more always, if mentioned in due time and place. When I consider, therefore, the intent of our meeting, which is only to amuse and divert ourselves whilst we are here, I judge nothing either ill-timed or ill-placed which serves to answer that purpose. For which reason, though we have had much about Calandrino already, yet I will venture to give you another story concerning him; in relating which, were I disposed to vary from the truth, I should carefully have disguised it in different names; but, as romancing upon these occasions greatly lessens the pleasure of the hearer, I shall report it in its true shape, relying on the reason before assigned.

Niccolo Cornacchini was a citizen of ours, and a very rich man, who, amongst his other estates, was possessed of one at Cameratta, where he built himself a seat, and agreed with Bruno and Buffalmacco to paint it, but there being a great deal of work, they took Nello and Calandrino in to assist them. Where, as there were some chambers furnished, and an old woman there to look after the house, a son of this Niccolo's named Philippo, being a gay young gentleman, would frequently bring a mistress thither for a day or two, and then send her away. Amongst the rest that used to come along with him, was one named Niccolosa, an agreeable and facetious woman enough, who going from her chamber one morning in a loose white bedgown, to wash her hands and face at a fountain in the court, it happened that Calandrino was there at the same time, when he made his compliments to her, which she returned with a kind of a smile at the oddity of the man.

Upon this he began to look wistfully at her, and seeing she was very handsome, he found pretences for staying, but durst not speak a word. Still her looks seemed to give him encouragement, whilst the poor man became so enamoured, that he had no power to leave the place, till Philippo chanced to call her into the house. He then returned to his friends in a most piteous taking, which Bruno perceiving, said, "What the devil is the matter with you, that you seem to be in all this trouble?" He replied, "Ah! my friend, if I had any one to assist me, I should do well enough."—"As how?" quoth the other. "I will tell you," he replied. "The most beautiful woman you ever saw, exceeding even the fairy queen herself, fell in love with me just now, as I went to the well."—"Alas!" said Bruno, "you must take care it be not Philippo's mistress."—"I believe it is the same," he replied; "for she went away the moment he called her: but why should I mind that? Was she the king's I would lie with her if I could."—"Well," quoth Bruno, "I will find out who it is, and if she proves the same, I can tell you in two words what you have to do; for we are well acquainted together; but how shall we manage that Buffalmacco may know nothing of the matter? I can never speak to her but he will be present."—"As to Buffalmacco," said he, "I am in no pain for him, but we must take care of Nello, he is my wife's relation, and would spoil our whole scheme." Now Bruno knew her very well, and as Calandrino was gone out one day, to get a sight of her, he acquainted Buffalmacco and Nello with it, when they agreed together what to do in the thing. Upon his return, therefore, Bruno whispered him, and said, "Have you seen her?"—"Alas!" quoth he, "I have, and she has slain me outright."—"I will go and see," said he again, "whether it be the person I mean; if it should, you may leave the whole to me." So he went and told Philippo what had passed, and how they had resolved to serve him; when he came back and said, "It is the same, therefore we must be very cautious; for if Philippo should chance to find it out, all the water in the river would never wash off the guilt in his sight. But what shall I say to her on your part?" He replied, "First you must let her know that she shall have joy and pleasure without end, and afterwards that I am her most obedient servant, and so forth. Do you take me right?"—"Yes," quoth Bruno, "I do, and you may now trust me to manage for you. When supper time came, they left their work, and went down into the court,

where they found Philippo and his mistress waiting to make themselves merry with the poor man, whilst Calandrino began to ogle her in such a manner, that a person that was blind almost must have perceived it; in the meantime Philippo pretended to be talking to the others, as if he saw nothing of the matter. But after some time they parted, and as they were returning to Florence, said Bruno to Calandrino, "I tell you now, that you have made her melt like ice before the sun; do you bring your guitar, and play her a tune, and she will throw herself out of the window to you."—"Do you think so?" quoth Calandrino. "Most certainly," replied the other. "Well," quoth he again, "who but myself could have made such a conquest in so small a time? I am not like your young fellows, that whine for years together to no manner of purpose. Oh! you would be vastly pleased to hear me play and sing: besides, I am not old, as you suppose, which I will soon convince her of." Thus he was so overjoyed that he could scarcely contain himself, and accordingly the next morning he carried his instrument with him, and diverted them all very much; whilst he was running to the window and to the door, at every turn, to see her, so that he did little or no work.

Bruno, on the other part, answered all his messages, as from her; and when she was not there, he would bring letters, which gave him hopes that she would soon gratify his desires, but that then she was with her relations, and could not see him.—Thus they diverted themselves at his expense for some time, often getting little presents from him to her, as a purse, or knife or some such thing, for which he brought him in return counterfeit rings of no value, with which he was vastly delighted. Having gone on in this manner for two months, when seeing that the work was near finished, and imagining that unless he brought his love to a conclusion before that time, he should have no opportunity of doing it afterwards, he began to be very urgent with Bruno about it. When the lady being returned, and Bruno having conferred with her and Philippo upon the matter, he said to Calandrino, "You know that she has made us a thousand promises to no purpose, so that it appears to me as if she only did it to lead us by the nose; my advice therefore, is, that we will make her comply, whether she will or not." The other replied, "Let us do it then immediately."—"But," says Bruno, "will your heart serve you to touch her with a certain charm that I shall give you?"—

"You need not doubt that," quoth Calandrino. "Then," continued Bruno, "you must procure me a little virgin-parchment, a living bat, three grains of incense, and a consecrated candle." All that night was he employed in taking a bat, which at length he brought with the other things to Bruno, who went into a room by himself and scribbled some odd characters upon the parchment, when he gave it him, saying, "Be careful only to touch her with this, and she will do that moment what you would have her. Therefore, if Philippo should go from home, take an opportunity of coming near, and having touched her, then go into the barn, which is a most convenient place for your purpose, whither she will follow you, when you know what you have to do." Calandrino received it with great joy, saying, "Let me alone for that." Whilst Nello, whom he was most afraid of, was as deep as any in the plot, and went, by Bruno's direction, to Calandrino's wife, at Florence, when he said, "Cousin, you have now a fair opportunity to revenge yourself of your husband, for his beating you the other day without cause; if you let it slip, I will never look upon you more, either as a relation or friend. He has a mistress, whom he is frequently with, and at this very time they have made an appointment to meet; then pray be a witness to it, and correct him as he deserves." This seemed to her beyond a jest; so she said, "Oh, the villain! But I will pay all his old scores." Accordingly, taking her hood, and a woman to bear her company, she went along with him; and when Bruno saw them at a distance, he said to Philippo, "Behold, our friends are coming, you know what you have to do." On this, Philippo went where Calandrino and the people where at work, and said, "Sirs, I must go to Florence, you will take care not to be idle when I am away." And he went and hid himself in a place where he might see what passed; whilst Calandrino, thinking that he was far enough off, went into the court, where he found the lady, who, well knowing what he meant to do, came near to him, and shewed herself freer than usual, upon which he touched her with the writing, and then withdrew towards the barn, whilst she followed him in, and shut the door; when, laying fast hold about his arms, without suffering him to stir at all, she stood for some time as if she was feasting her eyes with the sight of him. At length she cried out, "O my dear Calandrino! my life! my soul! my only comfort! how long have I desired to have thee in this manner" — unable to move, said, "My

dearest joy! do let me have one kiss."—"My jewel," replied she, "thou art in too much haste; let me satisfy myself first with gazing upon thee." Bruno, Buffalmacco, and Philippo, heard and saw all this; and just as he was striving to get a kiss from her comes Nello along with the wife, who immediately said, "I vow they are together." With this she burst open the door, which, when Niccolosa saw, she left her spark, and went to Philippo; whilst the wife ran and seized him by the hair, crying out, "You poor pitiful rascal, to dare to serve me in this manner! You old villain you! What! have you not enough to do at home? A fine fellow, truly, to pretend to a mistress, with his old worn-out carcass! and she as fine a lady, to take up with such a precious thing as you are!" He was confounded to that degree, that he made no defence; so she beat him as she pleased, till at length he humbly begged of her not to make that clamour, unless she had a mind to have him murdered, for that the lady was no less a person than the wife of the master of the house. "A plague confound her," she said, "be she who she will."

Bruno and Buffalmacco, who with Philippo and Niccolosa, had been laughing heartily at what passed, came in upon them now, as though they had been drawn thither by the noise, when they pacified her with much ado; persuading him to go home, and to come no more, for fear Philippo should do him a mischief. So he went to Florence, miserably scratched and beaten, without having the heart ever to return; and plagued with the perpetual reproaches of his wife, he put an end to his most fervent love, after having afforded great matter for diversion to his friends, Niccolosa, and to Philippo.

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NOVEL VI.

Two young gentlemen lie at an inn, one of whom goes to bed to the landlord's daughter; whilst the wife, by mistake, lies with the other. Afterwards, he that had lain with the daughter gets to bed to the father, and tells him all that had passed, thinking it had been his friend: a great uproar is made about it; upon which the wife goes to bed to the daughter, and very cunningly sets all to rights again.

GALANDRINO, who had so often diverted the company, made them laugh once more; when the queen laid her next commands upon Pamphilus, who therefore said:—

Ladies, the name of Niccolosa mentioned in the last, puts me in

mind of a novel concerning another of the same name; in which will be shewn how the subtle contrivance of a certain good woman was the means of preventing a great deal of scandal.

In the plain of Mugnone lived an honest man, not a long time since, who kept a little hut for the entertainment of travellers, serving them with meat and drink for their money; but seldom lodging any, unless they were his particular acquaintance. Now he had a wife, a good comely woman, by whom he had two children, the one an infant, and the other a girl of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, but unmarried, who had taken the fancy of a young gentleman of our city, one who used to travel much that way: whilst she, proud of such a lover, by endeavouring, with her agreeable carriage, to preserve his good opinion, soon felt the same liking for him: which love of theirs would several times have taken effect, to the desire of both, had not Pinuccio, for that was the young gentleman's name, carefully avoided it, for her credit as well as his own. Till at last, his love growing every day more fervent, he resolved, in order to gain his point, to lie all night at her father's house, that it might then be effected without anyone's privity. Accordingly he let a friend of his, named Adriano, into the secret, who had been acquainted with his love; so they hired a couple of horses one evening, and having their portmanteaus behind them, filled with things of no moment, they set out from Florence; and, after taking a circuit, came, as it grew late, to the plain of Mugnone; when turning their horses, as if they had come from Romagna, they rode on to this cottage, and knocking at the door, the landlord, who was always very diligent in waiting upon his guests, immediately went and opened it. When Pinuccio accosted him, and said, "Honest landlord, we must beg the favour of a night's lodging, for we designed to have reached Florence, but have so managed, that it is now much too late, as you see." The host replied, "Sir, you know very well how ill I can accommodate such gentlemen as yourselves; but as you are come in at an unseasonable hour, and there is no time for your travelling any farther, I will entertain you as well as I can." So they dismounted, and went into the house, having first taken care of their horses; and as they had provision along with them, they sat down and supped with him. Now there was only one little chamber in the house, which had three beds in it, namely, two at one end, and the third at the other, opposite to them, with just room to go between; the least bad and incom-

modious of which the landlord ordered to be sheeted for these two gentlemen, and put them to bed. A little time afterwards, neither of them being asleep, though they pretended it, he made the daughter lie in one of the beds that remained, and he and his wife went into the other, whilst she set the cradle with the child by her bed-side. Things being so disposed, and Pinuccio having made an exact observation of every particular, as soon as he thought it a proper time, and that everyone was asleep, he arose, and went softly to the bed of the daughter, where he continued to his great satisfaction. In the meantime, a cat happened to throw something down in the house, which awakened the good woman, who, fearing it was something else, got up in the dark, and went where she had heard the noise. Whilst Adriano rose by chance, upon a particular occasion, and finding the cradle in his way, he removed it, without any design, nearer to his own bed; and having done what he rose for, went to bed again, without taking care to put the cradle in its place. The good woman, finding what was thrown down to be of no moment, never troubled herself to strike a light, to see farther about it, but returned to the bed where her husband lay; and not finding the cradle, "Bless me," she said to herself, "I had like to have made a strange mistake, and gone to bed to my guests!" Going farther then, and finding the cradle which stood by Adriano, she stepped into bed to him, thinking it had been her husband. He was awake, and treated her very kindly, without saying a word all the time to undeceive her. At length Pinuccio, fearing lest he should fall asleep, and so be surprised with his mistress, after having made the best use of his time, left her to return to his own bed: when meeting with the cradle, and supposing that was the host's bed, he went farther, and stepped into the host's bed indeed, who immediately awoke; and Pinuccio thinking it was his friend, said to him, "Surely, nothing was ever so sweet as Niccolosa; never man was so blessed as I have been with her all night long." The host hearing of this, and not liking it over well, said first to himself, "What the devil is the man doing here?" Afterwards, being more passionate than wise, he cried out, "Thou art the greatest of villains to use one in that manner; but I vow to God I will pay thee for it." Pinuccio, who was none of the sharpest men in the world, seeing his mistake, without ever thinking how to amend it, as he might have done, replied, "You pay me? What can you do?" The hostess, imagining that she had been with her husband, said

to Adriano, "Alas! dost thou hear our guests? What is the matter with them?" He replied, with a laugh, "Let them be hanged, if they will; they got drunk, I suppose, last night." The woman now distinguished her husband's voice, and hearing Adriano, soon knew where she was, and with whom. Therefore she very wisely got up, without saying a word, and removed the cradle, though there was no light in the chamber, as near as she could guess, to her daughter's bed, and crept into her; when, seeming as if she had been awoke with their noise, she called out to her husband to know what was the matter with him and the gentleman. The husband replied, "Do not you hear what he says he has been doing to-night with our daughter?"—"He is a liar," quoth she, "he was never in bed with her, it was I, and I assure you I have never closed my eyes since. Therefore you were to blame to give any credit to him. You drink to that degree in the evening, that you rave all night long, and walk up and down, without knowing anything of the matter, and think you do wonders; I am surprised you do not break your neck. But what is that gentleman doing there? why is he not in his own bed?" Adriano, on the other side, perceiving that the good woman had found a very artful evasion, both for herself and daughter, said, "Pinuccio, I have told you a hundred times that you should never lie out of your own house; for that great failing of yours, of walking in your sleep, and telling your dreams for truth, will be of ill consequence to you some time or other. Come here then to your own bed." The landlord, hearing what his wife said, and what Adriano had just been speaking, began to think Pinuccio was really dreaming; so he got up and shook him by the shoulders to rouse him, saying, "Awake, and get thee to thy own bed." Pinuccio, understanding what had passed, began now to ramble in his talk, like a man that was dreaming, with which our host made himself vastly merry. At last he seemed to awake, after much ado; and calling to Adriano, he said, "Is it day? what do you wake me for?"—"Yes, it is," quoth he; "pray come hither." He, pretending to be very sleepy, got up at last, and went to Adriano. And in the morning the landlord laughed very heartily, and was full of jokes about him and his dreams. So they passed from one merry subject to another, whilst their horses were getting ready, and their portmanteaus tying upon them; when, taking the host's parting cup, they mounted and went to Florence, no less pleased with the

manner of the things being effected, than what followed. Afterwards Pinuccio contrived other means of being with Niccolosa, who still affirmed to her mother that he was asleep. Whilst she, well remembering how she had fared with Adriano, thought herself the only person that had been awake.

NOVEL VII.

Talano di Molese dreamed that a wolf tore his wife's face and throat: and he bids her take care of herself: but she not regarding him, it happens as he dreamed.

RAMPHILUS'S novel being concluded, and the good woman's ready thought much commended, the queen turned next to Pampinea, who spoke as follows:—

We have had a great deal heretofore upon the subject of dreams, which many people think nothing of; but notwithstanding what has been said, I shall relate what happened, not long since, to a neighbour of mine, for not believing her husband's dream.

I do not know whether you are acquainted with Talano di Molese, a man of great worth: he had a wife, a very handsome woman, but the most fantastical, cross-grained piece of stuff that could be; insomuch, that she would never do anything that was agreeable to other people, neither could anything ever be done to please her; which, though a great affliction to him, Talano was forced to bear with. Now it happened one night as they were together at a country house of his, that he dreamed he saw her going through a pleasant grove not far from his house, when a monstrous fierce wolf seemed to leap from a corner of it, which seized her by the throat, and threw her down, and would have dragged her away, whilst she cried out aloud for help; and upon the wolf's leaving her, it appeared that her face and throat were most miserably torn. In consequence of this dream, he said to her in the morning, "Wife, though your nasty froward temper would never suffer me to have one happy day with you, yet I should be sorry if any harm was to befal you; therefore, if you would be ruled by me, you should not stir out of your house to-day." Being asked the reason, he related his whole dream. Upon which she shook her head, and said, "He that means a person ill, dreams the same. You express a good deal of concern for me, indeed, but you dream only as you could wish it: assure yourself, however, that both now and at all times, I shall be very careful not to give you any such pleasure."

Talano replied, "I really thought what you would say; such thanks a person has for currying a scald head! But think as you will, I spoke it with a good design, and I advise you again to stay at home, or at least not to go into such a grove."—"Well," she replied, "I will oblige you in that." Afterwards, she began to say to herself, "This rogue has been making an assignation with some base woman or other in yonder place, and thinks to fright me from going thither: I should be blind, indeed, not to see through this artifice; but I will see what sort of cattle they are he is to meet, though I stay the whole day." Having said this, the husband was no sooner out of one door but she went out at the other, posting away to the grove; and being come into the thickest part of it, she stood waiting to see whether anybody came. Continuing upon the watch in this manner, without any fears of the wolf, behold, a monstrous large one rushed out of a close thicket, and seized her by the throat, before she had time, from the first seeing of it, to say so much as Lord, help me! and was carrying her away as he would a lamb. She could make no noise, because he pinched her throat, nor was she able to help herself in any other manner, so that she must inevitably have been strangled had he not come in the way of some shepherds, who made a noise, and forced him to quit her. When, being known by them, she was carried to her own house, all torn as she was, attended by several surgeons, who made a cure at last; yet not in such a manner, but that one side of her face was strangely seamed and disfigured, so that there was an end of her beauty. Afterwards, being ashamed to appear abroad, did she lament all her life long her perverse disposition, in not giving credit, in a point which would have cost her nothing, to the true dream of her husband.

—o—

NOVEL VIII.

Biondello imposes upon one Ciacco with regard to a dinner: who revenges himself afterwards, and causes the other to be soundly beaten.

IT was generally agreed, that what Talano had seen in his sleep was no dream, but rather a vision, every part of it having so exactly come to pass. But, being all silent, the queen commanded Lauretta to follow, who therefore said,—

As everybody that has spoken hitherto has given something which has been treated of before, the severe revenge taken by the

scholar, as related by Pampinea, reminds me of another revenge, grievous enough to the person concerned, although less cruel than that was.

In Florence there was a man, the greatest epicure perhaps that ever was born, for which reason he was nicknamed Ciacco, *i.e.*, glutton; who, unable to support the expense which such a craving disposition required, and being in other respects a very agreeable and merry companion, he used frequently to go amongst the rich people, such particularly as loved to live well, and to dine and sup with them, though perhaps he was not always invited. There was also a little dapper spark called Biondello, a perfect butterfly; so exact and finical always as to his person, that there never was a hair amiss; and he followed the same way of life. Being therefore in the fish-market one morning in Lent, and buying a couple of very large lampreys for Signor Vieri de' Cierchi, he was taken notice of by the other, who immediately asked who they were for? He replied, "Yesterday Signor Corso Donati had three larger than these sent him, along with a sturgeon; which, not thinking sufficient for all his company, he has ordered me to buy two more: will not you go?" Ciacco replied, "You know very well that I shall." So soon as he thought it was the time, he went to Signor Corso's house, when he found him with some of his neighbours, dinner not being quite ready, who asked him whither he was going? He replied, "Sir, I came to dine with you and your friends." Signor Corso replied, "You are welcome; it is about the time then, let us go in." So they sat down to some peas, and a few small fish fried, without anything more. Ciacco now saw the trick, and resolved to return it. A few days afterwards he met with Biondello, who had made many people merry with the thing, who had accosted him, asking how he liked Signor Corso's lampreys? Ciacco replied, "Before eight days are at an end, you will know much better than I." So the moment he parted from him, he met with a porter, whom he carried near to the hall of Cavicciuli, where he shewed him a certain knight named Philippo Argenti, the most boisterous ill-conditioned man that could be; and he said, "Go, take this bottle in your hand, and say thus to yonder gentleman, 'Sir, Biondello gives his service, and desires you would erubinate this flask with some of your best red wine, to treat his friends with;' but take care he does not lay his hands upon you, for you would have a bad time of it if he should, and my scheme be quite defeated." Quoth

the porter, "Must I say anything else?"—"No," said Ciacco, "only say as I bid you, and when you come here again I will pay you." Accordingly the man delivered his message, whilst Philippo, who was easily provoked, imagining that this was done on purpose to enrage him, arose in a great passion, saying, "Stay a little, honest friend, and I will give thee what thou comest for; and was going to have laid hold of him, but the man was aware of it, and took to his heels, returning to Ciacco, who saw the whole proceeding, and who paid him with a great deal of pleasure. His next business was to find out Biondello; when he said, "Have you been lately at the Cavicciuli?"—"No," he replied, "but why do you ask the question?"—"Because," quoth he, "Philippo has been everywhere to seek for you; I do not know what it is for."—"Then," said he, "I will go and speak to him." So he went, whilst the other followed at some distance, to see how he would be received. Now Philippo had not yet digested the porter's message, and thinking over and over about it, he concluded it could have no other meaning than that Biondello had a mind to affront him. In the meantime Biondello comes up to him, when he arose, and struck him with his double fist; whilst Biondello cried out, "Alas! what is this for?" He took him by the hair, and threw him upon the ground, saying, "Villain, I will teach thee to make thy jests of me." At last, after he had beaten him a good deal, the people interposed, and rescued him, telling him how it came to pass, and blaming him for the message, adding: "You should know Philippo better than to exercise any of your wit upon him." He protested that he never sent any such message, and departed full of grief to his own house, concluding that this was a trick of Ciacco. Some time afterwards Ciacco happened to meet with him, when he said, with a laugh, "Well! what think you of Philippo's wine?" He replied, "Just as you thought of Corso's lampreys."—"Whenever you are disposed then," quoth Ciacco, "to give me such a dinner, I can give you as good wine as this you have tasted." Biondello now finding that the other was more than his match, begged to be friends, and from that time took care to give him no more provocation.

NOVEL IX

Two young men go to King Solomon for his advice; the one to know how he is to behave to be beloved, the other how to manage an untoward wife. To the first he replies, Love; to the second, Go to Goosebridge.

ONLY the queen now remained to speak, saving his privilege to Dioneus; who, after they had laughed at the unfortunate Biondello, began in this manner:—

Whoever rightly considers the order of things may plainly see the whole race of woman-kind is by nature, custom, and the laws, made subject to man, to be governed according to his discretion: therefore it is the duty of every one of us that desires to have ease, comfort, and repose, with those men to whom we belong, to be humble, patient, and obedient, as well as chaste; which is the great and principal treasure of every prudent woman. And though the laws which regard the good of the community may not teach this in every particular, any more than custom, the force of which is very great, and worthy to be esteemed, yet it is plainly shewed by nature, who has formed us with delicate and sickly constitutions, our minds timorous and fearful, gentle and compassionate as our tempers, of little bodily strength, our voices soft and pleasing, and the whole motion of our limbs sweetly pliant, as so many apparent proofs that we stand in need of another's guidance and protection. And whom should we have for our rulers and helpers but men? To them, therefore, let us submit ourselves with all due reverence and honour; and she that shall depart from this, I hold worthy not only of reproof, but severe chastisement. I am led to these reflections by what Pampinea has just now told us of the perverse wife of Talano, on whom Providence inflicted a heavier judgment than the husband ever could have thought of. Therefore, as I said before, such women as are not mild, gracious, and compassionate, as nature, custom, and the laws require, are deserving of the greatest punishment; for which reason I shall give you some of Solomon's advice, as a salutary medicine, which I would not have understood by such as stand in no need of it, as if any way designed for them. Although men have the following proverb, "A good horse and a bad one both require spurs—a good wife and a bad one both want a cudgel." Which words we will admit to be true, if spoken only by way of mirth and pastime; and even in a moral sense, we will allow that women are naturally

prone and unstable, and therefore a stick may be requisite to correct the evil dispositions of some, as well as to support the virtue of others, who behave with more discretion, and to be a terror to prevent them from offending. But to let preaching alone, and to proceed with my story.

The fame of Solomon's most wonderful wisdom being carried throughout the whole world, and his being very communicative to such as resorted to him for proofs of it, people were flocking to him from all parts to beg his advice in their most urgent and momentous affairs. Amongst the rest was a young nobleman of great wealth, called Melisso, who came from the city of Laiazzo, where he was born and dwelt; and as he was riding on towards Jerusalem, he happened, going out of Antioch, to meet with another young gentleman, named Gioseffo, passing the same road, when they travelled for some time together, falling into discourse, as is usual for people that travel, and knowing who Gioseffo was, and from whence he came, he inquired whither he was going, and upon what account. When Gioseffo replied that he was going to King Solomon for advice what method to take with a most perverse ill-conditioned woman that he had married, and whom no entreaties nor fair speeches had the least effect upon to cure her of that temper. He then asked whither he was bound, and upon what occasion. Melisso made answer, "I am of Laiazzo, and have an affair that troubles me in like manner; I am rich, and keep a most noble table, entertaining all my fellow citizens, and yet it is a most unaccountable thing, there is nobody that cares for or respects me: so I am going to the same place to know what I must do to be beloved." Thus they rode on together till they came to Jerusalem; when they were introduced to King Solomon by one of his barons. Melisso briefly set forth his misfortune, and Solomon replied, "Learn to love." Immediately he was shewed out of doors, and Gioseffo related his grievance: when Solomon made no reply but this, "Go to Goosebridge." Accordingly he was also dismissed; and coming to Melisso, who was waiting for him without, he told him what the answer was he had received; who thinking much upon the words, and being able to find out no sense or meaning in them, or to draw any use from them, they considered it as all a mockery, and were making the best of their way home again. After travelling some days, they came to a bridge, where being a great caravan of mules and horses laden, they were obliged to stay

till they had passed. The greatest part was now on the other side; but there was a mule that took fright, which would by no means go over: upon which one of the drivers took a stick, and began to beat her gently, in order to make her pass; but she leaped this way and that way, and sometimes would turn back; therefore when he found her so stubborn, he began to lay on as hard as ever he could strike, but all to no purpose. This our two gentlemen saw, and would often say to the man, "You sorry rascal! have you a mind to kill the mule? You should lead her gently over; she will go better in that manner than by so much beating." The man replied, "Gentlemen, you know your horses, and I know my mule; suffer me, then, to manage her as I will." And he beat her again, laying on her so thick, that at last he got the better of her, and made her pass. So as they were going away, Gioseffo asked a man that was sitting at the end of the bridge, what the name of it was? "Sir," quoth the man, "this place is called Goosebridge." This made him call to mind the words of Solomon; and he said to Melisso, "Now, trust me, friend, Solomon's counsel may be very good and true; for I never yet beat my wife, but this man hath just now shewed me what I have to do." And, coming to Antioch, he kept Melisso at his house for some days, when, being received by her with great joy, he ordered her to dress the supper according to Melisso's direction, who, seeing that it was his friend's will, gave his instructions for that purpose. But she, according to custom, did everything quite the reverse of what Melisso had told her; which Gioseffo saw with a good deal of vexation, and said, "Were not you told in what manner to dress this supper?" She replied, with great disdain, "What is that to you? If you have a mind to eat, do; if not, you may let it alone." Melisso was surprised at her reply, and began to blame her for it. But Gioseffo said, "I find, madam, you are still the same person; but I will make you change your manners." Then, turning to Melisso, he added, "Well, we shall now make trial of Solomon's advice; however, I must beg of you to consider it all as a joke, and not to offer me any hindrance; but remember what the man said when we were pitying the mule." Quoth Melisso, "I am in your house, and shall conform to your pleasure." So he took a good oaken stick, and followed her into the chamber, whither she was gone in a pet, and began to give her some severe discipline. When she cried out, and threatened him very much; but finding that he still persisted,

she threw herself upon her knees, and begged for mercy, promising that for the future she would always be obedient to his will and pleasure. He continued, nevertheless, laying on till he was weary, that in short she had not a free part about her. And when he had done, he came to Melisso, and said, "To-morrow we shall see the effect of the advice to go to Goosebridge." Then he washed his hands, and they sat down to supper, and afterwards, when it was the time, they went to repose themselves. The poor lady had much trouble to get up from the ground, when she threw herself upon the bed, and betimes in the morning she arose and sent to her husband, to know what he would have for dinner. He smiled at this, with his friend, and told her.

When the time came, therefore, they found everything prepared according to the directions given; upon which they highly commended the advice which they so ill understood. Some time afterwards Melisso parted from Gioseffo, and went home; when he acquainted a certain wise man in the neighbourhood with what Solomon had told him; who said, "No better or truer advice could possibly be given you; you know that you have a regard for no one person, and that the entertainments you make are for no love you bear those people, but only mere pomp and show. Love, then, as Solomon advises, and you shall be beloved." Thus the unruly woman was managed, and the man by loving others was himself beloved.

NOVEL X.

Don John, at the request of his companion Peter, proceeds by enchantment to turn his wife into a mare; but when he is about to attach the tail, Peter, in crying out that he will not have the tail, breaks the enchantment.

THE foregoing novel related by the queen, though it made the men laugh, caused some disapprobation among the ladies; but they were presently appeased: and it being the turn of Dioneus, he said:

By your leave, fair ladies, I will tell you a tale which shall not be so long, by which you will understand how carefully we must observe whatever is commanded by those who are about to do anything by force of incantation, and how a trifling mistake will frustrate everything the enchantment would have effected.

There was last year at Barletta, a priest named Don John of

Barolo, whose benefice being so poor as not to afford a sufficient livelihood, he began, with a single mare, to carry on a traffic at the fairs of Puglia. In travelling the country he became particularly intimate with a man who followed the same trade, and carried his merchandise on an ass, and who was called Pietro di Tresanti. Don John, in token of kindness and friendship, and according to the custom of Puglia, never called his acquaintance otherwise than his "Comrade Peter;" and whenever he came to Barletta he invited him to sleep at his poor dwelling, and gave him the best cheer in his power. Peter, however, was still poorer, having only a little cabin in the village of Tresanti, which was merely big enough for himself, his young and handsome wife, and his ass; nevertheless, when Don John came to Tresanti he brought him to his cabin, and received and honoured him in the best manner he could, out of gratitude for the treatment he had met with at Barletta. But when bed-time arrived, Peter could not accommodate Don John in the manner he could wish, for he had but one little bed for himself and wife; therefore Don John was obliged to sleep on some straw near to his mare, who was lodged in a little stable with the ass. Peter's wife, knowing the hospitable reception which the priest gave her husband when he went to Barletta, was desirous of going to sleep with a female neighbour, in order that he might have her half of the bed. The priest would not suffer this, but said to her, "My good Dame Gemmata, be not troubled on my account, for I am very well off; I can when I please turn this mare into a beautiful girl, and be happy with her; and when I wish to go, I can again transform her into a mare: therefore I never separate myself from her." The young wife was greatly astonished at this, but believing it implicitly, related it to her husband, saying, "If he is so much your friend as you tell me, why do you not make him teach you this enchantment, in order that you might make a mare of me, and carry on your business with the ass and the mare, by which means we should gain double: when we came home, you could make me return into a woman, as I am." Peter, who was more dull than otherwise, thought well of it, agreed to her proposition, and began, with the best grace he could put on, to solicit Don John to teach him the secret. Don John endeavoured to persuade him from such nonsense, but Peter would not be refused. He therefore said, "Since you will have it so, we must rise to-morrow, as usual, before day-break, and I will show you how it is

done; but the most difficult part of this affair is the putting on the tail, as you will see."

Peter and his wife having scarcely slept during the night, and being so anxious about this affair, rose the moment the time had arrived, and called Don John, who got up and came in his shirt to their chamber. He said, "I know no one in the world for whom I would do this but you; but as it pleases you, I'll do it: you must, however, do what I tell you, if you wish the incantation to succeed." They promised to do everything he bade them; Don John then took a candle, and putting it in the hand of Peter, said, "Notice well what I do, and remember what I say; but have a care, as you love yourself, that whatever you see you utter not a single word, or you will spoil the whole, and pray to God that the tail may be well put on." After this, Don John made Gemmatta strip herself stark naked, and go down upon all-fours, after the manner of a mare. He then began with his hands to rub her face and head, saying, "this will be a fine mare's head;" and touching her hair, "this will be a fine mare's main;" examining her arms, "these will be fine legs and fine feet for a mare;" next, he felt her stomach, and finding it firm and round, he made her rise up and stand erect, saying, "this will make a good mare's chest;" and when he had in this manner gone over her back, her buttocks, her thighs, and her legs, and there remained nothing else to make but the tail,* *levata la camiscia, e presso il piuolo col quale egli piantava gli uomini, e prestamente nel solco per cio fatto messolo*, saying, "and this will be a fine mare's tail." Peter, who to this moment had silently regarded everything that was done, seeing this conclusion, and thinking everything was not right, cried, "Stop, Don John, I will not have a tail—I will not have a tail." *Era già l'umido radicale, per lo qual e*

* Pierre regardoit attentivement tout son manege, et s'inquietoit du peu de progrès de l'opération magique. En effet le plus difficile restoit à arranger; une jument ne peut se passer de queue; une femme n'a rien que puisse aider à cette metamorphose; l'obligeant ami se voyoit obligé d'y suppléer, et ce dénouement étoit vraiment le moment le plus intéressant de la pièce; mais à l'instant où Barolle attachoit cette queue tant attendue, et sentoit ce délire, cette fureur, ces transports qui annonce que le charme va se consommer, ne voilàt-il pas le benêt de mari qui s'écrie: "Alte là, messire Barolle, je n'y veux point de queue; et qui diable attacha jamais une queue si bas? messire Barolle, je n'y veux point de queue." Tant que Pierre se contenta de parler, l'opération continua; mais lorsque impatient é de l'obstination du magicien, il alla se tirer pas sa soutane.

tutte le piante s' appiccano, venuto, quando Donno Gianni tiratolo indietro, saying, "Alas, my dear friend Peter, what have you done! did I not tell you not to utter a word about what you saw? the mare was almost made; but you have spoilt the whole affair by speaking, and 'tis now impossible to repair the mischief you have done." Peter replied, "It is as well as it is, for I will not have such a tail; why did you not tell me to do it myself? you have also attempted to put it on too low." "Because," said Don John, "you would not, for the first time, have known how to put it on so well as I do." The young wife hearing these words, raised herself on her feet, and said, in good earnest, to her husband, "Brute that you are; why have you ruined both your own fortune and mine? What mare have you ever seen without a tail? You are poor; but if God aids me you shall be well employed if you are not still poorer." There being no other means of turning the young wife into a mare, in consequence of the words spoken by Peter, she, in a grievous and melancholy mood, put on her clothes, and her husband endeavoured to carry on his usual business, as he had previously done, with his single ass, and did not go with Don John to the fairs of Bitonto; nor did he, ever since that period, seek to enrich himself by the aid of such services.

This tale was received with considerable laughter, and it appeared that the ladies understood it better than Dioneus had intended.

The novels were now concluded, and the sun began to grow warm, when the queen, knowing that her reign was at an end, arose, and taking the crown from her own head, she placed it upon Pamphilus, who was the only person on whom that honour had not yet been conferred, saying, with a smile, "Sir, a very great charge now rests upon you; for, as you are the last, you have to supply my defect, and that of the rest who have been in my place, which I hope you will do." Pamphilus, pleased with the honour done him, replied, "Your virtue, madam, and that of my other subjects, will cause me to receive praise, as well as the rest that have gone before me." So, after giving the usual orders to the master of the household, he turned to the ladies, and said, "It was Emilia's great prudence yesterday to let us choose our own subjects by way of ease and respect: therefore, being now a little recruited, I will that we return to our old law; and for to-morrow the subject shall be as follows: of such persons who have done some gallant or generous action, either as to love or anything else.

The relating such stories as these will kindle in our minds a generous desire of doing the like; so that our lives, the continuance of which in these frail bodies can be but short, may be made immortal in an illustrious name; which all persons, not devoted to their lustful appetites, like brute beasts, ought, with their whole study and diligence, to covet and seek."

The theme was agreeable to the whole assembly. And with the leave of the new king they parted, and went, as they were severally disposed, to divert themselves till supper, when everything was served up with great elegance and order. Afterwards they danced as usual, singing also a thousand songs, more agreeable indeed as to the words than music; when the king, at last, ordered Neiphile to give one relating more to herself, which she did very agreeably in the following manner:

SONG.

I.

Regardful through the meads I stray,
Where flowers their various hues display;
When all that's sweet and pleasing there.
I to my lover's charms compare.

II.

I pick out such as fairest seem,
And laugh and talk as 'twere to him,
Which, when my am'rous tale is said,
I to my lover's charms compare.

III.

Whilst thus employed an equal joy
I find, as though himself were by.
How great! no language can reveal,
'Tis that my sighs alone can tell:

IV.

Which, harshness and distrust apart,
Breathe warm the dictates of my heart;
Such as he ever shall approve,
And meet with equal zeal and love.

The song was much commended by the king, as well as the whole company: and, a good part of the night being spent, they were ordered to go and repose themselves till the next day.

Il Decamerone.

(Tenth Day.)

THE TENTH DAY.

NOW began certain little clouds, that were in the west, to blush with a vermilion tint, whilst those in the east grew bright at their extremities, like burnished gold, owing to the sunbeams approaching near, and glancing upon them, when Pamphilus arose, and assembled all his company.

After concluding whither they were to go, he led the way with an easy pace, attended by Philomena and Flammetta, the rest all following at a distance talking of many things relating to their future conduct; and taking a considerable circuit, they returned, as the sun grew warm, to the palace. There, plunging their glasses in the clear current, they quaffed their morning draughts, from whence they went amidst the shady walks of the garden to amuse themselves till dinner. After dining and sleeping as usual, they met where the king appointed, when he laid his first commands on Neiphile, who began very pleasantly in this manner.

NOVEL I.

A certain knight in the service of the King of Spain thinks himself not sufficiently rewarded, when the king gives a remarkable proof that it was not his fault so much as the knight's ill fortune; and afterwards nobly requites him.

BEHOLD it, ladies, as a singular favour, that the king has appointed me to speak first on so noble a subject as that of magnificence, which, as the sun is the glory of heaven, is the ornament and lustre of every other virtue. I shall relate, therefore, a pleasant novel enough, in my opinion, and which can be no other than useful.

Know, then, that amongst other worthy knights of our city was one Ruggieri de' Figiovanni, whose worth and valour made him equal at least to the best; and who, finding, according to the dispositions of his countrymen, that he had no opportunity of shewing his courage at home, resolved to go into the service of Alphonso, King of Spain, the most celebrated prince of his time. So he went

attended with an honourable train, and was most graciously received by the king, to whom he soon made his merit known as well by his gallant way of life, as glorious feats of arms. Continuing then some time there, and having particular regard to every action of the king's, he found that he gave away castles, cities, and baronies, sometimes to one, and sometimes to another, without the least judgment, and where there was no show of merit in the case, and that he came in for no part himself. Therefore being sensible of his own worth, and fearful lest his character should suffer by such an oversight, he took a resolution to depart, desiring the king's leave, which was granted him. His majesty also made him a present of a fine mule, which was very acceptable, on account of the long journey he had to perform. After which the king gave it in charge to one of his servants to contrive to fall in with him upon the road, but in such a manner that the knight should have no suspicion of his sending him, when he was to note what he should say concerning the king, in order to carry a full account back, and the next morning he was to command his return with him to the king. Accordingly the servant waited for the knight's departure, and soon joined him, giving him to understand that he was going towards Italy. Thus they rode on, chattering together. The knight being upon the mule which the king had given him, and it being now about three o'clock, he said, "We should do well to give our beasts a little rest." This being agreed, they put them in a stable, when they all staled except the mule. Going on afterwards, the servant attentive all the time to the knight's words, they came to a river, where, watering all their beasts, the mule chanced to stale in the river, which when the knight saw, he said, "Plague on thee for an ill-conditioned beast, thou art just like thy master that gave thee to me." The servant took particular notice of this, and though he had picked up many things upon the road, there was no other but what redounded to the king's credit; so the next morning, as they had mounted their horses, and were setting out for Italy, he delivered the king's mandate, upon which the knight immediately turned back. And the king being informed of what he had said concerning the mule, had him brought before him, when he received him with a cheerful countenance, demanding why the mule and he were compared to each other. He very frankly replied, "It is, my lord, because you give where you ought not, and where you ought, there you give

nothing ; just as the mule would not stale where she should, but did it where she should not."—"Believe me, Signor Ruggieri," replied the king, "if I have not given to you as I have done to divers others, who are no way your equals, this happened not because I have not known you to be a valiant knight, and deserving of all I could do for you ; but it was entirely your ill fortune, as I will soon convince you."—"My lord," answered the knight, "I do not complain because I have yet received nothing from your majesty, out of any desire of becoming richer, but only as you have borne testimony in no respect to my virtue ; and though I hold your excuse to be good, I should yet be glad to see what you promise to shew me, notwithstanding I want no such proof." The king then led him into a great hall, where as he had before given order, stood two large coffers, when he said, in the presence of many of his lords, "Sir Knight, in one of these coffers is my imperial crown, sceptre, globe, with all the best jewels that I have ; the other is filled only with earth ; then choose which you will, and it shall be yours ; so you will see whether it is I that am ungrateful to your merit, or whether it be your ill fortune." Ruggieri, seeing it was the king's pleasure, made his choice of one, which the king ordered to be opened, and it was full of earth, upon which the king laughed, and said, "You see now, sir, that what I said of your fortune is true ; but most assuredly your valour deserves that I interpose in the case. I know very well that you have no desire to become a Spaniard, for which reason I would give you neither castle nor city ; but this chest, which your ill fortune deprived you of, I will shall be yours, in despite of her. Take it home with you, that you may value yourself upon your virtue amongst your neighbours and friends, by this testimony of my bounty." The knight received it, and, after returning his majesty the thanks that were due for such a present, departed joyfully therewith to his native country.

NOVEL II.

Ghino di Tacco takes the Abbot of Cligni prisoner, and cures him of a pain in his stomach, and then sets him at liberty; when he returns to the court of Rome, and reconciling him with Pope Boniface, he is made prior of an hospital.

ALPHONSO'S magnificence was much applauded, when the king, who seemed more particularly pleased with it, laid his next commands upon Eliza, and she immediately said,—

For a king to be magnificent, and to give proofs of it to a person that had served him, must be allowed a great and commendable action. But what will you say to the wonderful generosity of a clergyman towards one too that was his enemy; can anything be objected to that? Nothing surely can be said less than this, that if the one was a virtue in a king, the other in a churchman was a perfect prodigy; inasmuch as they are for the most part more sordid than even women, and avowed enemies to everything of generosity. And though it is natural to desire revenge, they, notwithstanding their preaching up patience, and recommending the forgiveness of injuries to others, pursue it with more rancour than other people. This thing, therefore (I mean the generosity of a certain prelate) will be made appear in the following story.

Ghino di Tacco was a man famous for his bold and insolent robberies, who being banished from Siena, and at utter enmity with the counts di Santa Fiore, caused the town of Radicofani to rebel against the church, and lived there whilst his gang robbed all who passed that way. Now when Boniface the Eighth was pope, there came to court the Abbot of Cligni, reputed to be one of the richest prelates in the world, and having debauched his stomach with high living, he was advised by his physicians to go to the bath of Siena, as a certain cure. And, having leave from the pope, he set out with a goodly train of coaches, carriages, horses, and servants, paying no respect to the rumours concerning this robber. Ghino was apprised of his coming, and took his measures accordingly; when, without the loss of a man, he enclosed the abbot and his whole retinue in a narrow defile, where it was impossible for them to escape. This being done, he sent one of his principal fellows to the abbot, with his service, requesting the favour of him to alight and visit him at his castle. Upon which the abbot replied, with a great deal of passion, that he had nothing to do with Ghino, but

that his resolution was to go on, and he would see who dared to stop him. "My lord," quoth the man, with a great deal of humility, "you are now in a place where all excommunications are kicked out of doors; then please to oblige my master in this thing, it will be your best way." Whilst they were talking together, the place was surrounded with highwaymen, and the abbot, seeing himself a prisoner, went with a great deal of ill-will with the fellow to the castle, followed by his whole retinue, where he dismounted, and was lodged, by Ghino's appointment, in a poor, dark, little room, whilst every other person was well accommodated according to his respective station, and the carriages and all the horses taken exact care of. This being done, Ghino went to the abbot, and said, "My lord, Ghino, whose guest you are, requests the favour of you to let him know whither you are going, and upon what account?" The abbot was wise enough to lay all his haughtiness aside for the present, and satisfied him with regard to both. Ghino went away at hearing this, and resolving to cure him without a bath, he ordered a great fire to be kept constantly in his room, coming to him no more till next morning, when he brought him two slices of toasted bread, in a fine napkin, and a large glass of his own rich white wine, saying to him, "My lord, when Ghino was young, he studied physic, and he declares that the very best medicine for a pain in the stomach is what he has now provided for you, of which these things are to be the beginning. Then take them, and have a good heart." The abbot, whose hunger was much greater than was his will to joke, eat the bread, though with a great deal of indignation, and drank the glass of wine; after which he began to talk a little arrogantly, asking many questions, and demanding more particularly to see this Ghino. But Ghino passed over part of what he said as vain, and the rest he answered very courteously, declaring that Ghino meant to make him a visit very soon, and then left him. He saw him no more till next morning, when he brought him as much bread and wine as before, and in the same manner. And thus he continued during many days, till he found the abbot had eat some dried beans, which he had left purposely in the chamber, when he inquired of him, as from Ghino, how he found his stomach? The abbot replied, "I should be well enough were I out of this man's clutches. There is nothing I want now so much as to eat, for his medicines have had such an effect upon me, that I am fit to die with hunger." Ghino, then, having furnished a room with the

abbot's own goods, and provided an elegant entertainment, to which many people of the town were invited, as well as the abbot's own domestics, went the next morning to him, and said, "My lord, now you find yourself recovered, it is time for you to quit this infirmary." So he took him by the hand, and led him into the chamber, leaving him there with his own people; and as he went out to give orders about the feast, the abbot was giving an account how he had led his life in that place, whilst they declared that they had been used by Ghino with all possible respect. When the time came, they sat down, and were nobly entertained, but still without Ghino's making himself known. But after the abbot had continued some days in that manner, Ghino had all the goods and furniture brought into a large room, and the horses were likewise led into the court-yard which was under it, when he inquired how his lordship now found himself, or whether he was yet able to ride. The abbot made answer, that he was strong enough, and his stomach perfectly well, and that he only wanted to quit this man. Ghino then brought him into the room where all his goods were, shewing him also to the window, that he might take a view of his horses, when he said, "My lord, you must understand it was no evil disposition, but his being driven a poor exile from his own house, and persecuted with many enemies, that forced Ghino di Tacco, whom I am, to be a robber upon the highways, and an enemy to the court of Rome. You seem, however, to be a person of honour; as, therefore, I have cured you of your pain in your stomach, I do not mean to treat you as I would do another person that should fall into my hands, that is, to take what I please, but I would have you consider my necessity, and then give me what you will yourself. Here is all that belongs to you; the horses you may see out of the window: take either part or the whole, just as you are disposed, and go or stay, as is most agreeable to you." The abbot was surprised to hear a highwayman talk in so courteous a manner, which did not a little please him; so, turning all his former passion and resentment into kindness and good-will, he ran with a heart full of friendship to embrace him: "I protest solemnly, that to procure the friendship of such a one as I take you to be, I would undergo more than what you have already made me suffer. Cursed be that evil fortune which has thrown you into this way of life!" So taking only a few of his most necessary things, and also of his horses, and leaving all the rest, he came back to Rome. The pope had heard of the abbot's

being a prisoner, and though he was much concerned at it, yet upon seeing him, he inquired what benefit he had received from the baths? The abbot replied, with a smile, "Holy father, I found a physician much nearer, who has cured me excellently well;" and he told him the manner of it, which made the pope laugh heartily, when, going on with his story, and moved with a truly generous spirit, he requested of his holiness one favour. The pope, imagining he would ask something else, freely consented to grant it. Then said the abbot, "Holy father, what I mean to require is, that you would bestow a free pardon on Ghino di Tacco, my doctor, because, of all people of worth that I ever met with, he certainly is most to be esteemed, and the damage he does is more the fault of fortune than himself. Change but his condition, and give him something to live upon, according to his rank and station, and I dare say you will have the same opinion of him that I have." The pope, being of a noble spirit, and a great encourager of merit, promised to do so, if he was such a person as he reported, and, in the meantime, gave letters of safe conduct for his coming thither. Upon that assurance, Ghino came to court, when the pope was soon convinced of his worth, and reconciled to him, giving him the priory of an hospital, and creating him a knight. And there he continued as a friend and loyal servant to the holy church, and to the Abbot of Cligni, as long as he lived.

NOVEL III.

Mithridanes envied the generosity of Nathan, and went to kill him; when, conversing together, without knowing him, and being informed in what manner he might do it, he went to meet him in a wood as he had directed. There he calls him to mind, is ashamed, and becomes his friend.

THE abbot's extraordinary generosity seemed next to a miracle to all that heard it; when Philostratus was commanded to speak, who instantly said,—Great, most noble ladies, was the magnificence of the King of Spain; and that of the Abbot of Cligni something quite unusual; but perhaps it will appear no less strange to you to be told how a person, as a proof of his liberality to another, who thirsted after his blood, nay, and his very soul too, should contrive industriously to gratify him. And he had done so, if the other would have taken what was so offered, as I am going to shew you.

Most certain it is, if any faith may be given to the Genoese, and others that have been in those parts, that in the country of Cattaio lived a person of noble extract, and rich beyond comparison, called Nathan, who having an estate adjoining to the great road which led from the east to the west, and being of a generous spirit, and desirous of shewing it by his good works, summoned together many master artificers, and in a very short time raised one of the most grand and beautiful palaces that ever was seen, furnishing it with everything necessary for the more honourable reception of persons of distinction. He had also great numbers of servants, and kept open house for all comers and goers, continuing this noble way of living, till not only the east but the west also resounded his fame. Being grown into years, and his hospitality no way abated, it happened that his renown reached the ears of a young gentleman named Mithridanes, living in a country not far from the other, who, thinking himself full as wealthy as Nathan, began to envy his fame and virtue, resolving to annul or cloud them both by a superior generosity. So he built such another palace as Nathan's, and was extravagantly generous to everybody, that how famous he soon became it is needless to say. Now one day it happened, as he was all alone in his palace-court, that a woman came in at one of the gates, and demanded alms, which she received; after which she came in at a second, and was relieved a second time, and so on for twelve times successively, and returning the thirteenth, he said, "Good woman, you grow troublesome;" but yet he gave her. The old woman, at hearing these words, said, "The prodigious generosity of Nathan! O how greatly is it to be admired! I went in at all the thirty-two gates which are at his palace, as well as this, and received an alms at every one, without being known all the time, as it seemed to me, and here I come but thirteen, and am known and flouted!" and so went away without ever coming there more. Mithridanes, imagining that this concerning Nathan was a diminution of his own fame, grew extremely incensed, and said, "Alas! when shall I come up to Nathan in great things, not to say surpass him, as is my intention, when I fall short even in the smallest matters? Undoubtedly, it is all labour in vain, unless I dismiss him from the world, which, seeing old age ineffectual, I must do instantly with my own hands. So rising up in a passion, without making anyone acquainted with his design, he mounted his horse, taking very few attendants with him, and the third day he arrived

at Nathan's palace, when he ordered his people not to seem to belong to him, but provide themselves with lodgings till they heard further from him. Coming there towards the evening, and being left by himself, he found Nathan alone, not far from his palace, taking a walk for his amusement, in a very plain habit, when he, not knowing him, desired he would show him the way to Nathan's dwelling. Nathan cheerfully replied, "Son, there is nobody in this country can shew you better than myself; then, if you please, I will conduct you thither." The young gentleman replied, "I should be extremely obliged to you; but could wish, if it were possible, neither to be seen nor known by Nathan."—"This also," quoth Nathan, "I will do for you, if it be your design." So he alighted, and walked along with him, falling agreeably into discourse together, till they came to the palace, when Nathan bid one of his servants take the horse, and he whispered in the fellow's ear for him to acquaint all the people in the house that none of them should let the gentleman know he was Nathan, which was done. Being entered into the palace, he put Mithridanes into a very fine apartment, where nobody should see him but those whom he had appointed to wait upon him; and shewed him all possible respect, himself constantly keeping him company.

After Mithridanes had been for some time with him, he asked, with a great deal of reverence, who he was. When he replied, "I am an inferior servant of Nathan's, who have grown old in his service, and yet he never promoted me to anything more than what you see me; and, therefore, though other people commend him, I have little reason to do so." These words gave Mithridanes some hopes that he might the better and more securely effect his base purpose. Nathan then inquired very courteously of him concerning who he was, and the occasion of his coming thither, offering him his best advice and assistance. Mithridanes hesitated a little upon that, but at length resolved to let him into his design; so, after a long preamble requesting secrecy, and that he would lend him a helping hand, he declared who he was, what he came thither for, and his inducement. Nathan, hearing his detestable resolution, was quite changed within himself; nevertheless, without any appearance thereof, he replied boldly, and with a steady countenance, "Mithridanes, your father was truly a noble person, nor are you willing to degenerate, having undertaken so glorious an enterprise as is that of being liberal to all people; I do greatly

commend the envy you bear to Nathan's virtue, because, were there many more men of the same principle, the world, though bad enough at present, would soon grow better. Your affair I shall most assuredly keep secret, which I can further more by my advice, than any help I am able to give you, and that in the following manner :—

"About half a mile from hence is a grove, where he generally takes a walk for a considerable time every morning; there you may easily meet with him, and do what you purpose. If you should kill him, in order to return home without any hindrance, do not go the way you came, but take a path that leads out of the grove to the left, which, though not so much frequented as the other, is yet a shorter way to your house, as well as more secure." When Mithridanes had received this instruction, and Nathan was departed, he let his attendants, that were in the same house, know privately where they were to wait for him the next day. And early in the morning Nathan arose, his mind being no way changed from the counsel given to Mithridanes, and went to the grove with a design of meeting with his death. Mithridanes also took his bow and sword, having no other weapon, and rode to the same place, where he saw Nathan walking at a distance by himself; and being minded before he put him to death, to hear what he had to say, he laid hold of the turban that was upon his head, and cried out, "Old dotard! thou art a dead man." Nathan made no reply but this: "Then I have deserved it." Mithridanes, hearing his voice, and looking in his face, found it was the same person that had so kindly received him, kept him company, and faithfully advised him: upon which his rage and malice were turned into shame and remorse, and throwing away his sword, which he had ready drawn to stab him, he dismounted, and fell with tears at his feet, saying, "My dearest father, I am now convinced of your liberality, considering what pains you have taken to bestow your life upon me, which I was very unjustly desirous of having. But God, more careful of my doing my duty than I was myself, opened the eyes of my understanding, which envy had closed, at a time when there was the greatest need of it. The more ready, therefore, you were to oblige me, so much the greater I acknowledge my remorse to be. Take that revenge then, of me which you think adequate to the nature of my crime." Nathan raised him up and embraced him, saying, "Son, your design, call it wicked, or what

you will, needs neither your asking any pardon nor yet my granting it; because it was out of no hatred, but only a desire to excel. Be assured, then, there is nobody regards you more than I do, considering the greatness of your soul, which was given you not for the amassing of wealth, as is the case of misers, but the distribution of it; be not ashamed of your design of cutting me off, to become more famous, nor think I am at all surprised at it: the greatest monarchs, by no other art than that of killing not one man only, as you would have done, but infinite numbers, destroying whole countries, and laying cities in ruins, have enlarged their empire, and consequently their fame. Therefore, to kill me alone, to make yourself famous, is neither new nor strange." Mithridanes far from excusing his evil intent, but commending Nathan's honest gloss upon it, proceeded so far as to tell him, that he wondered exceedingly how he could bring himself to such a readiness to die, and be even advising and aiding to it.

When Nathan replied, "I would not have you wonder at all at it; for ever since I have been my own master, and resolved to do that wherein you have endeavoured to follow my example, nobody ever came to my house, whom I did not content to the utmost of my power, as to what was required of me. Now it was your fortune to come for my life; therefore, that you should not be the only person who went away ungratified, I resolved to give it, advising you in such a manner that you might be secure of it without losing your own. Therefore I conjure you to take it, if it will be any pleasure to you: I do not know how I can better bestow it. Eighty years have I had the full enjoyment of it; and, according to the course of nature, and as it fares with other men, and all other things, I can keep it but very little time longer: so I hold it better to part with it of my own accord, as I have done my wealth and estate, than to keep it till it is wrested from me by nature. A hundred years are no great matter; what then, are six or eight, which are all that are left me? Take it, then, I say again, if you please, for I never met with any one before that desired it, nor do I expect any other will accept it, if you do not. Besides, the longer it is kept, of the less value it grows, so take it once for all, whilst it is worth something." Mithridanes was extremely confounded and said, "God forbid that, so far from touching a thing of the value your life is, I should even desire it as I did just now. Instead of lessening your years, I would

willingly add of my own, if it were possible."—"And would you," he replied, "if you could? That would be doing to you what I have done yet to no one, I mean robbing you to enrich myself. But I will tell you what you shall do: you shall come and live here, and be called Nathan, and I will go to your house, and take the name of Mithridanes." He replied, "If I knew how to behave as well as you do, I should readily embrace your offer; but as I am sensible I should only lessen the fame of Nathan, I shall never seek to impair that in another which I cannot increase in myself, so pray excuse me." With these and more such compliments, they returned to the palace, where Nathan shewed great respect to Mithridanes, confirming him in his great and noble design; who, being disposed to return home, took his leave, fully convinced that he could never come up to Nathan in liberality.

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NOVEL IV.

Signor Gentil de' Carisendi takes a lady out of her grave, whom he had loved, and who was buried for dead. She recovers, and is brought to bed of a son, which he presents along with the lady to her husband.

IT seemed strange to them all for a man to be lavish of his blood, and it was agreed that Nathan had outdone both the King of Spain and the Abbot of Cligni. When the king signified his will to Lauretta that she should begin, which she did to this effect:—

Great, as well as beautiful, most noble ladies, are the incidents which have been already related, nor does anything seem wanting, in my opinion, to bring our argument home to the subject, but that we take in the affair of love, which affords matter enough for discourse upon any question whatever. For this reason, then, and as it is always an agreeable topic to youth, I shall mention the generosity of an enamoured young gentleman, which, all things considered, will appear, perhaps, no way inferior to the others: if it be true that people give away their wealth, forget animosities, run a thousand risks of their lives, and, what is more, their fame and honour too, and all to come at the thing desired.

In Bologna was a knight, of great consequence and worth, called Gentil Carisendi, who was in love with Catalina, the wife of Niccoluccio Caccianimico; and, meeting with no return, he went in a kind of despair to Modena, whither he was called as Podesta. In

the meantime, Niccoluccio being absent from Bologna, and his lady at a country-house about three miles distant, where she was gone to stay, being with child, it happened she was taken with an hysteric fit, which quite extinguished all signs of life, so that her physician declared her dead. And because her acquaintance said, they had been informed by her that she was not quick with child, she was immediately buried in a vault belonging to a neighbouring church. This was soon signified by a friend to Signor Gentil, who, though he had never received the least mark of her favour, grieved extremely, saying at last to himself, "Behold, my dear Catalina, you are dead; living you would never deign me one kind look; now, however, that you cannot prevent it, I will please myself with a kiss." So, giving orders that his departure should be a secret, towards evening he mounted his horse, and taking a servant along with him, he rode directly to the vault where she was buried, which he opened, and laying down by her, he put his cheek to hers, and wept. At length, laying his hands for some time upon her bosom he thought he felt something beat, when, throwing all fear aside, and attending more nicely to the circumstance, he was convinced she had a small spark of life remaining in her; therefore, by the help of his servant, he took her out of the vault as gently as possible, and, laying her upon the horse, he brought her privately to his house at Bologna. There his mother, a worthy, good lady, having the whole account from him, by warm baths and other means, soon brought her to herself; when, after fetching a deep sigh, she said, "Alas! where am I?" The good lady replied, "Make yourself easy, you are in a very good place." Looking then all round, and seeing Signor Gentil before her, her astonishment was great, and she desired his mother to inform her by what means she had come thither. He then related everything to her; at which she was concerned, and, after giving due thanks, she requested of him, by his love and generous deportment, to attempt nothing contrary to her honour and that of her husband, and that, when it was daylight, he would suffer her to go home. "Madam," he replied, "whatever my love has been heretofore, I promise both now and hereafter, seeing I have been so fortunate to bring you to life, to use you with the same regard as I would my sister; but, as I think myself entitled to some reward, I must insist upon your granting me one favour."—"Sir," said she, "you may command anything from me consistent with modesty." He made answer,

"Madam, your relations and all the people of Bologna are assured of your being dead; therefore I insist only upon your staying here with my mother till I return from Modena, which will be very soon. My reason is, that I would then, in the presence of the principal inhabitants here, make a valuable and solemn present of you to your husband." The lady, knowing her obligations to the knight, and that his demand was honourable, consented, and gave her word to abide by it, notwithstanding she longed extremely to gratify her relations with the news of her being alive. And whilst they were talking, she felt labour-pains come upon her, and she was soon delivered of a son, which added greatly to their joy. Signor Gentil ordered that she should have the same care taken of her as if she had been his own wife, and then returned privately to Modena. There he continued till the expiration of his office, and the morning he was to come home, he ordered a great entertainment to be made at his house, to which Niccoluccio Caccianimico, with many of the principal citizens, were invited: and after he had dismounted, and found the company waiting for him, understanding too that the lady and child were both very well, he received them all with a great deal of joy; and dinner was immediately served up in the most magnificent manner possible. Towards the end, having concerted everything beforehand with the lady, he addressed himself to his guests in the following manner: "Gentlemen, I remember to have heard of a pretty custom in Persia, that when anyone has a mind to shew the greatest respect in his power to any of his friends, that he invites them to his house, and produces that thing, be what it will, wife, mistress, or daughter, that is most dear to him, declaring thereby that he would, if he was able, lay his very heart before them. This custom I mean to introduce at Bologna. You do me honour with your company at this feast, and I will return it, by shewing that thing which is the most dear to me of all that I have in the world, or ever shall possess. But I must first beg your solution of a difficulty which I am going to start to you.

"A certain person had a very honest and trusty servant, who was taken extremely ill, whom, without more to do, he sent out into the street in that condition; when a stranger, out of mere compassion, took him into his house, and with a great deal of trouble and expense had him restored to his former health. Now I would gladly know whether the first master has any right to complain of the second, for keeping him in his service, and refusing to restore

him." This occasioned a great deal of argument, and all agreed at last in opinion, leaving Niccoluccio Caccianimico, who was an elegant speaker, to report it. He, therefore, after commending the Persian custom, said, they were all persuaded that the first master had no right, after he had not only abandoned him, but thrown him away as it were; and that, on account of the kindness done to him, he justly belonged to the second, who offered no violence or injury to the first in detaining him. The rest of the company, being all wise and worthy persons, declared that they joined in opinion with Niccoluccio. When the knight, pleased with the answer, and having it too from Niccoluccio, affirmed that those were his sentiments, adding, "It is now time for me to honour you according to promise." So he sent two of his servants to the lady, whom he had taken care to be very gaily dressed, desiring her to favour his guests with her company. Accordingly, she came into the hall, followed by two servants, with the little infant in her arms. And after she had seated herself, he said, "Behold, this is what I value beyond everything else; see if you think I am in the right." The gentlemen all praised her extremely, pronouncing her worthy of his esteem: and, after looking more nicely at her, many of them were going to have owned her, had it not been that they thought her dead. But none viewed her so much as Niccoluccio, who, the knight having stepped a little aside, grew impatient to know who she was; and, unable any longer to contain himself, demanded of her if she was a citizen or stranger. The lady, hearing this from her husband, could scarcely refrain from giving him an answer, yet, in regard to her injunctions, she held her peace. Another inquired whether that was her child; and a third, whether she was wife, or any relation to Signor Gentil. Still she made no reply to any. So when the knight returned, one of the company said, "Sir, this is really a pretty creature, but she appears to be dumb: is she actually so?" "Gentlemen," he replied, "her silence is no small argument of her virtue." "Tell us, then," quoth one, "who she is." "That I will," said the knight, "with all my heart, if you will promise me in the meantime that none of you stir from your places till I have made an end." This being agreed, and the tables all removed, he went and sat down by her, saying, "Gentlemen, this lady is that good and faithful servant of whom I proposed the question; who, being set at nought by her friends, and thrown into the street, as it were, for a thing of no account, was by me with great care taken

up, and redeemed from death, and from so terrible an object as she once was, brought to what you now see. But, for your more perfect understanding of what has happened, I will make it plain to you in a few words." So he began from his being first enamoured, and related everything particularly that had happened, to the great amazement of the hearers; adding, at last, "For these reasons, if you stick to what you said just now, and Niccoluccio especially, the lady is mine, and nobody has any right to demand her from me." No reply was made to this, but all stood expecting to hear what he had further to say. In the meantime, Niccoluccio and the rest of the company, as well as the lady, were so affected, that they all wept. But Signor Gentil arose, and taking the child in his arms, and the lady by the hand, he went towards Niccoluccio, and said, "Rise, my friend; behold I do not give you your wife, whom you and her relations had thrown away, but I bestow this lady upon you, as an acquaintance of mine, along with her little son, which is yours, and whom I have called by my own name: and I entreat you not to have the worse opinion of her, for having been three months in my house; for I call Heaven to witness, that, though my love was the cause of her being preserved, she has lived with the same honour in my house, along with my mother, as she could have done with her own parent." Then, turning to the lady, he said, "Madam, I now acquit you of your promise, and give you freely up to your husband." So giving him the lady and the child into his arms, he returned, and sat down. Niccoluccio received them with the greater joy, as it was the more unexpected, loading the knight with infinite thanks, whilst the company, who could not refrain from weeping, highly commended his generosity, as did every one also that heard it. The lady now was brought to her own house with great demonstrations of joy, and the people all beheld her with the same wonder as if she had been raised from the dead. Moreover, the knight was in the greatest esteem ever after, both with her and Niccoluccio, as well as their relations and friends. What will you say, then, ladies? Is a king's giving away his crown and sceptre, an abbot's reconciling a malefactor to the pope, or an old man's offering his throat to an enemy's dagger, anything like this action of Signor Gentil's? who, being in the bloom and heat of youth, and seeming to have a good title to that which other people's carelessness had thrown away, and he by good fortune happened to pick up, not only restrained his desire, much to

his honour. but generously resigned what he had entirely coveted, and sought at all events to possess. To me they seem no way comparable.

—o—

NOVEL V.

Dianora requires Ansaldo to present her with a garden in January as beautiful as in May. He engages a necromancer to do it. Her husband, upon this, gives her leave to keep her word with Ansaldo; who, hearing of the husband's generosity, quits her of her promise; and the necromancer likewise takes nothing for his trouble.

SIGNOR GENTIL was extolled to the very skies by the whole assembly, when the king ordered Emilia to follow; who immediately, as though she were desirous of speaking, began in this manner:—

There is no one but must allow that Signor Gentil did a very noble action, but to say that nothing greater could be done is saying too much, as I shall shew in a very short novel.

In the country of Frioli, which, though very cold, is yet beautified with many pleasant mountains, fine rivers, and crystal springs, is a place called Udine, where lived a worthy lady, named Dianora, the wife of a very agreeable man, and one of great wealth, called Gilberto. Now she had taken the fancy of a great and noble lord, called Ansaldo, one of extraordinary generosity and prowess, and known to all the country; who used frequently to solicit her with messages and offers of love, but in vain. At length, being quite wearied with his importunity, and seeing that he still persisted notwithstanding her repeated denials, she resolved to rid herself of him by a new, and, as she thought, impossible demand. So she said to his emissary one day, "Good woman, you have often told me that Ansaldo loves me beyond all the world, and have offered me great presents on his part, which he may keep to himself, for I shall never be prevailed upon to a compliance in that manner. Could I be assured, indeed, that his love is really such as you say, then I should certainly be brought to return it: therefore, if he will convince me of that by a proof which I shall require, I will instantly be at his service." "What is it, then," quoth the good woman, "that you desire him to do?" "It is this," she replied: "I would have a garden in the month of January, which is now coming on, as full of green herbs, flowers. and trees laden with fruit, as though it were the month of May: unless he does this

for me, charge him to trouble me no more, for that I will instantly make a complaint to my husband and all my friends."

He being acquainted with the demand, which seemed next to an impossibility, and knowing that it was contrived on purpose to deprive him of all hopes of success, resolved yet to try all possible means in such a case, sending to every part of the world to find out a person able to assist him; when at length he met with a magician, who would undertake it for a large sum of money; and having agreed upon a price, he waited impatiently for the time of its being done. On the first of January, therefore, at night, the cold being extreme, and everything covered with snow, this wise man, in a meadow near to the city, made one of the finest gardens spring up that ever was seen, filled with all kinds of herbs, flowers, and fruits, which Ansaldo saw with infinite pleasure, and picking some of the fairest fruit and flowers, he sent them privately to the lady, inviting her to come and see the garden which she had required, in order to be convinced of his love, and that she might call to mind the promise she had made, and so be reputed a woman of her word. The lady, viewing the present, and hearing also from many people of this wonderful garden, began to repent of what she had done. But with all this repentance, being still desirous of seeing strange sights, she went thither with many more ladies, and having highly commended it, returned home sorrowful enough, thinking of her engagement. She continued so very uneasy, that her husband at last perceived it, and demanded the reason. For some time she was ashamed to speak, but being constrained at last, she related the whole thing. Gilberto was greatly disturbed about it, till, considering the upright intention of his lady in the affair, he began to be something pacified, and said, "No wise and virtuous lady would ever receive any messages, or make any conditions with regard to her chastity. Words have a more ready admittance to the heart than many people imagine, and with lovers nothing is impossible. You were highly to blame first to listen, and afterwards to covenant: but as I know the purity of your intention, and to free you from your engagement, I will grant what nobody else would do in such a case. For fear of this necromancer, who, by Ansaldo's instigation, may do us some mischief if you disappoint him, I consent that you go to Ansaldo, and if you can by any means get quit of that tie with safety to your honour, that you endeavour to do it, otherwise that you

comply, in deed, though your will be chaste and pure." She wept and shewed great reluctance, but he insisted upon it. So, early in the morning, without any great care to make herself fine, she went with her woman and two men-servants to Ansaldo's house, who, hearing the lady was there, arose with great surprise, and called the wise man, saying to him, "You shall now see the effect of your skill." So he went to meet her, and shewed her into a handsome room, where there was a great fire, and sitting down together, he said, "Madam, I beg, if the long regard I have had for you merit any reward, that you would please to tell me why you come here at this time, and with this company." She blushed, and replied, with tears, "Sir, it was neither love, nor yet regard to my promise, but merely my husband's order, who, shewing more respect to the labours of your inordinate love than his honour and mine, has forced me to come hither; therefore, as it is commanded, I submit to your pleasure." If Ansaldo was surprised at the sight of the lady, he was now much more so at hearing her talk; and, being moved with Gilberto's generosity, his love was changed into compassion, and he said, "Madam, Heaven forbid that I should ever take away the honour of a person who has shewed such pity for my love: therefore, you are as safe with me as if you were my sister, and when it seems good to you, you may depart, upon condition that you tender your husband, in my name, those thanks which you think are due to his great generosity, requesting him, for the time to come, to esteem me always as his brother and faithful servant." The lady, overjoyed with this, replied, "All the world, sir, could never make me believe, when I consider your character, that anything could have happened on my coming hither, otherwise than now it has done; for which I shall always be obliged to you." So she took her leave, and returned to her husband, when, relating what had happened, it proved the occasion of a strict friendship ever after between him and Ansaldo. The necromancer now being about to receive his reward, and having observed Gilberto's generosity to Ansaldo, and that of Ansaldo to the lady, said, "As Gilberto has been so liberal of his honour, and you of your love, you shall give me leave to be the same with regard to my pay: knowing it then to be worthily employed, I design it shall be yours." Ansaldo was ashamed, and pressed him to take all or part, but in vain. And after the third day was passed that the necromancer had taken

away his garden, and was willing to depart, he thankfully dismissed him, having extinguished his inordinate desires out of a mere principle of honour. What say you now, ladies? Shall we prefer the dead lady and the love of Gentil, grown cold, as destitute of all hope, to the liberality of Ansaldo, who loved more than ever, and who was fired with the greater expectation, since the prey so long pursued was then in his power? It is mere folly to suppose that generosity can ever be compared to this.

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NOVEL VI.

Old King Charles, surnamed the Victorious, being in love with a young lady, and ashamed afterwards of his folly, marries both her and her sister much to their advantage.

WHO can recount the various disputes that arose amongst the company, whether Gilberto's generosity, or Ansaldo's, or, lastly, the necromancer's, with regard to Dianora, was the greatest? Surely it would be too tedious at this time. But the king, after suffering them to dispute a while, ordered Flammetta to put an end to the debate; who began presently to this effect:—

Ladies, I was always of opinion that, in such company as ours, people should speak so fully as to leave no room for doubt concerning the meaning of anything that is advanced; for disputes more properly belong to students in the schools than to us, who can scarcely manage our wheels and our distaffs. Therefore, seeing you have been already embroiled, I shall leave something of doubt which I was going to mention, to relate an affair of no insignificant person, but of a most mighty king, stating how he behaved with regard to his honour.

You must all have heard of King Charles the Ancient, or the First, by whose glorious enterprise and great victory obtained over King Manfredi, the Ghibelline faction was driven out of Florence, and the Guelphs restored. On which account a certain knight, called Neri de gli Uberti, departed with his whole family and great store of wealth, meaning yet to live under the protection of no other king; and choosing a solitary place, with a design to end his days in quiet, he went to Castello da Mare, where he purchased, about a bow-shot from all other houses, amongst the olives and chestnuts with which that place abounds, a little estate, and built

a small convenient house upon it, by the side of which was a most delightful garden, and in the middle of that, according to our taste, as there was a great command of water, he made a fine canal, storing it well with fish; and attending only to the care of his garden, it happened that King Charles came during the summer to amuse himself at Castello da Mare for a few days; when, hearing of Neri's fine garden, he had a great desire to see it; and, considering he was of the adverse party, he resolved to use the more familiarity towards him; so he sent him word, that he and four friends should come and sup with him the next evening in his garden. This was an agreeable message to Signor Neri, who made the necessary provision for his entertainment, receiving him afterwards in the best manner he was able. The king highly commended both the houses and garden; and the table being spread by the side of the canal, he sat down, ordering Count Guido di Monforte, who was amongst his attendants, to sit on one side, and Signor Neri on the other; and as for the remaining three, they sat as they were placed by Signor Neri. Supper now was served up in the most delicate order, with the best and richest wine, greatly to the king's liking; and whilst he was eating, with great admiration of the beauty of the place, two young damsels, of about fifteen years of age, entered the garden, with their hair like golden wire, most curiously curled, and garlands of flowers upon their heads, whilst their mien and deportment bespoke them rather angels than mortal creatures: their garments were of fine linen cloth, as white as snow, which were girt round their waists, and hung in large folds from thence to their feet. She that came first had two fishing-nets, which she carried in her left hand upon her shoulder, and in her right was a long stick: the other that followed had a frying-pan upon her left shoulder, and under the same arm a faggot of wood, with a trevet in her hand, and in the other hand a bottle of oil and a lighted torch; at which the king was greatly surprised, and waited attentively to see what it meant.

The damsels being come before him, made their obeisance in the humblest and modestest manner; and at the entrance of the pond, she that had the pan with the other things, laid them down upon the ground; and taking up the stick which the other carried, they both stepped into the canal, the water of which came up to their breasts. A servant immediately kindled a fire, and laying the pan upon the trevet, and putting oil therein, he began to wait till the

damsels should throw him some fish. So one of them beating the places where the fish lay, and the other holding the net, they soon caught fish enough, to the great diversion of the king; and throwing them to the servant, who put them alive as it were into the pan, they took out some of the finest, as they had been before instructed, and cast them upon the table before the king, Count Guido, and their father. The king was highly delighted with seeing them jump about, and he took and tossed them about in like manner, and so they diverted themselves, till the servant had fried that which he had in his pan, which was set before the king by Signor Neri's order, more as a curiosity than anything nice and dainty. The damsels, thinking they had now done enough, came out of the water, with their garments hanging about them in such a manner as scarcely to conceal any part of their bodies, and modestly saluting the king as before, they returned into the house. The king, with the count and gentlemen that attended, were much taken with their extraordinary beauty and modest behaviour: the king especially, who was perfectly lost in admiration, and finding a secret passion stealing upon him, without knowing which to prefer, they were so exactly alike, he turned to Signor Neri, and asked who those two damsels were? When he replied, "My lord, they are my daughters, born at a birth, one of whom is called Gineura, the pretty, and the other Isotto, the fair." The king commended them very much, and advised him to marry them; but he excused himself, alleging that he was not in circumstances to do it. Nothing now remained to be served up but the dessert, when the two ladies came attired in rich satin, with two silver dishes in their hands, full of all manner of fruit, which they set before the king; and retiring afterwards to some distance, they sang a song, beginning in the following manner:

Thy power, O love! who can resist? &c.,

with such exquisite sweetness, that it seemed to the king as if choirs of angels were descended fron heaven for his entertainment. No sooner was the song ended, but they fell upon their knees before him, to take their leave, which the king, though he was secretly grieved at it, seemed graciously to comply with. When supper was concluded, the king, with his attendants, mounted their horses, and returned to the palace, where, being unable to forego the love that he had conceived for Gineura, for whose sake he also loved her sister, as

resembling each other, he grew so uneasy that he could think of nothing else; upon which account he cultivated, under other pretences, a strict friendship with the father, and used frequently to visit him at his garden, in order to see Gineura; till, unable to contain any longer, seeing he could think of no better way, he resolved to take not one only, but both from him by force, and he signified his intention to Count Guido, who, being a nobleman of strict honour, said to this effect: "My liege, I am greatly surprised at what you now say, and more perhaps than any other person would be, since I have known you more, even from your infancy, and as I never remember any such thing of you in your youth, when love has the greatest power over us, it seems so odd and out of the way, that I can scarcely give credit to it. Did it become me to reprove you, I know very well what I might say, considering that you are yet in arms in a kingdom newly conquered, amongst a people not known to you, abounding with treachery and deceit, and have many great and weighty affairs upon your hands; yet you can sit down at ease in such circumstances, and give way to such an idle passion as love. This is not like a great king, so much as an inglorious stripling. And what is worse, you say you are resolved to take the two daughters away from a poor gentleman, whom he had to wait upon you out of his abundant respect, as well as to shew his great confidence in you, believing you to be a generous prince, and not a rapacious wolf. Have you so soon forgotten that it was Manfredi's taking the same liberties which opened your way to this kingdom? Can there be a baser crime than to take away from one that honours you, his honour, his hope, and entire comfort? What will people say in such a case? Do you think it any excuse, his being of a different party? Is this kingly justice, to treat people in that manner, be they of what party they will, that throw themselves under your protection? It was great glory to conquer Manfredi, but, let me tell you, it will be much greater to conquer yourself. You, therefore, who are ordained to correct vice in others, learn to subdue your own; curb that unruly appetite, nor stain with so foul a blot the character you have so gloriously acquired." These words touched the king to the quick, and so much the more as he knew them to be true: therefore he sighed, and said, "Count, I hold it an easy conquest over any enemy, however formidable, compared to one's own passion; but, be the difficulty ever so great, such is the force of your words, that, before many days are past, I

will convince you, if I know how to conquer others, that I am able also to withstand myself." So he went to Naples soon after, when, to put it out of his power to do a base thing, as well as to reward the knight for the favours shewn him, he resolved, however grating it seemed, to give another the possession of that which he himself coveted, to marry both the ladies, not as Signor Neri's daughters, but his own. Bestowing, then, large fortunes upon them, Gineura, the pretty, he gave to Signor Maffeo da Palizzi; and Isotto, the fair, to Signor Gulielmo della Magna, both worthy knights, retiring himself afterwards to Puglia; where, with great pains and trouble, he got the better at last of his passion, and lived with ease and quiet ever after. Now some people, perhaps, may say, that it is a small thing for a king to have bestowed two ladies in marriage. I allow it: but for a king to give away the very lady that he himself was in love with, and without plucking the least bud, flower, or fruit of his love, that I will maintain to be great indeed.—Such, then, were the virtues of this most generous king; rewarding the courtesy of a noble knight, shewing a great and proper regard to his beloved fair one, and subduing his own desires with strict resolution and honour.

NOVEL VII.

King Pietro, knowing that a lady was love-sick for him, makes her a visit, and marries her to a worthy gentleman; then kissing her forehead, calls himself ever afterwards her knight.

ELAMMETTA'S novel was concluded, and the manly king's generosity much commended, although there were some of the Ghibelline faction present that seemed not to relish it; when Pampinea, having the king's command, began as follows:—

Every one must praise the king for what he did, excepting such as bear him ill-will upon some other account; but as I now call to mind a thing no less praiseworthy, that was done by an enemy of his to a lady of our city, I shall beg leave to relate it.

At the time when the French were driven out of Sicily, there dwelt at Palermo, a Florentine apothecary, called Bernardo Puccini, one of very great substance, and who had an only daughter, a fine young lady, and of age to be married. Now King Pietro being become lord of the whole island, made a great feast for all his barons at Palermo; and, justing in the street called Catalana, it

chanced that Bernardo's daughter, whose name was Lisa, observed him, as she was in company with other ladies, out of a window, with great pleasure, and she gazed so long, that at last she found herself deeply in love. The feast being over, she returned home, still thinking of nothing but this great and exalted love. But what troubled her most was the consideration of her mean rank, which left her no hopes of success ; nevertheless, she would by no means withdraw her affection, at the same time that she was afraid to disclose it. Love thus getting every day more power over her, the fair maid, unable to hold up any longer, fell at last into a languishing sickness, wasting manifestly like snow before the sun. The father and mother, by their own continual care, as well as the help of physicians, did all in their power to relieve her, but to no purpose ; she despaired in her love, and so desired to die. Now one day it happened, as the father was offering his best services, that a thought came into her head, to make her love known to the king before her death, and she desired that Minuccio d'Arezzo might come to her. This Minuccio was a fine singer, and often with the king. The father, therefore, supposing that she had a mind to be a little diverted, sent for him ; when he came and played a tune or two upon his violin, and sang her several songs, which, instead of appeasing, only added to her love. At length she expressed a desire to speak to him in private ; so every one else having left the room, she spoke to this purpose : "Minuccio, I have chosen to entrust you with a secret, hoping in the first place, that you will only reveal it to the person concerned ; and secondly, I desire you would assist me to the utmost of your power. The case, you must know, is this : the day of King Pietro's rejoicing for his accession, I fell so much in love on seeing him run his tilts, that it has brought me to what you see. Knowing, therefore, how ill-placed my love is on a king, and not being able to shake it off, or any way impair it, I have resolved, seeing it is too grievous to be borne, to die. It is true, I shall die with great uneasiness, unless he knows it first ; and as I have nobody that I can trust in this affair but yourself, I therefore commit it entirely to you, in hope that you will not refuse me this service ; and when you have done to let me know it, that so, being disburdened, I may die with more ease and comfort." Minuccio was surprised both at the greatness of her soul, and her cruel resolution ; and being grieved for her, he thought of a way whereby he might fairly do her

service; so he said, "Madam, be assured I will never deceive you: I commend your fancy in the choice of so great a king, and offer you my best assistance, hoping that before three days are expired, I shall bring you news that will be agreeable. To lose no time, then, I will go directly about it."—She promised to comfort herself as well as she could, and wished him success. He consequently went to one Mico da Siena, a tolerable poet in those days, who, at his request, composed the following song.

CHORUS.

Go, love, and to my lord declare
The torment which for him I find;
Go, say I die, whilst still my fear
Forbids me to declare my mind.

I.

With hands uplifted, I thee pray,
O love! that thou wouldst haste away,
And gently to my lord impart
The warmest wishes of my heart;
Declare how great my sorrows seem,
Which sighing, blushing, I endure for him.
Go, love, &c.

II.

Why was I not so bold to tell,
For once, the passion that I feel?
To him for whom I grieve alone,
The anguish of my heart make known?
He might rejoice to hear my grief
Awaits his single pleasure for relief.
Go, love, &c.

III.

But if this my request be vain,
Nor other means of help remain,
Yet say, that when in armour bright
He march'd as if equipp'd for fight,
Amidst his chiefs, that fatal day
I saw, and gaz'd my very heart away.
Go, love, &c.

These words he set to a soft languishing air, as the subject required: and the third day he went to court, where the king was at dinner; and being ordered to give him a song, he began that, in such an easy, sweet manner, that all the people in the room seemed converted to statues; so silently, so attentively did they

stand to listen. But the king was more affected than all the rest, and after Minuccio had made an end, he demanded why he had never heard that song before? "My lord," the other replied, "the words and tune both are not yet three days old." The king then inquiring whom it was they concerned, he made answer, "That I can only tell your majesty." The king being desirous of knowing it, went with him into the chamber, as soon as the cloth was taken away, when Minuccio related the whole affair; with which the king seemed greatly pleased, and desired him to go directly to her, and assure her, on his part, that he would certainly visit her that evening. Minuccio, overjoyed to be the bearer of such news, went immediately with his violin, and after relating to her in private what had been done, he sung her the very song. From that time there appeared great signs of amendment; and, without any one having the least suspicion of it, she waited in full expectation of the evening, when she should see her lord. The king, who was a gracious and good prince, having thought much of what Minuccio told him, felt more and more pity for the lady, as being no stranger to her extraordinary beauty. So, getting on horseback in the evening, as if he was taking a ride, he rode to this apothecary's house, desiring to see a fine garden that he had; where after walking for some time together, the king inquired what was become of his daughter, and whether she was yet married? Bernardo replied, "My lord, she is not married; she has been extremely ill, and is still so, though we think since nine o'clock, that she is wonderfully mended." The king knew what that amendment meant, and said, "In good truth it would be a pity to lose such a pretty young lady; let us go and see her." So he went with two attendants only, and the father, into the chamber: and going to the bed-side, where she sat raised up, and full of expectation of his coming, and taking her by the hand, he said, "Fair maid, how comes it that you are ill? You are young, and should be a delight to others; then why will you suffer this illness to prey upon you? For my sake be comforted, and get well." The lady, feeling the touch of his hand, whom she loved beyond all the world, though she could not help blushing, thought herself in perfect paradise, and answered as well as she could: "My lord, by opposing my little strength to too heavy a burden, I have happened to languish in this manner; but you will soon see an amendment." Only the king knew her covert way of speaking, and after he had

stayed some time longer with her, and encouraged her as much as possible, he took his leave. This condescension of the king's was much commended, and thought a great honour both to the apothecary and his daughter, who was as much pleased with it as any other lady could be with her lover; and being assisted by better hopes, became in a little time quite well, and more fair than ever. Some time after, the king, having consulted with the queen about it, on a day appointed, went on horseback, attended by many of his barons, to the apothecary's house, and walking in the garden, he sent for him and his daughter. Presently after the queen came with a great number of ladies, and after they had spent some time in diversion, the king and queen called Lisa to them, when he said, "Fair lady, your love for me has obtained you this favour, with which, for my sake, I beg you would be satisfied; what I mean is, to give you a husband, but still I would preserve the character of your knight, without requesting anything in return but a kiss." She blushed, and replied, with a low and humble voice, to this effect: "My lord, were it to be publicly known that I had fixed my affection upon your majesty, I doubt not but I should be reckoned the greatest of fools, and unacquainted with my own meanness as much as your grandeur. But God, who knows my heart, is my judge, that I then thought of you as a great king, and of myself as an apothecary's daughter, and was sensible how ill it became me to fix my love upon an object so infinitely above me. But your majesty knows, as well as myself, there is no choice in love, it is fancy only; I opposed my feeble might, which was all I could do; so that I did, do still, and always shall love you. Since, therefore, I have found myself captivated by you, I thought it my duty to make your will my own; if then, you would command anything else, I should certainly obey it. But for you, who are my king, to be called my knight, that it becomes me not to speak to, any more than the kiss, which you require as the sole recompense of my love, without leave from our lady the queen. Nevertheless, for your great kindness towards me, as well as that of the queen, may Heaven shower down its blessings upon you both; for my part I am able to make no return." Here she was silent. The queen was pleased with the lady's reply, thinking her as prudent as the king had reported her; who instantly called for her father and mother, and finding they approved of his intention, he sent for a young gentleman of small fortune, whose name was

Perdicone, and caused him, not unwillingly, to espouse her; when, besides many jewels and other valuable presents given by them both, he bestowed Ceffalu and Calatabellotta, two very considerable estates, upon them, saying, "These I give by way of dowry with your wife; what I intend for yourself, you shall see some time hence." Then, turning to her, he said, "I must now receive the fruit that is due to me from your love;" and he just saluted her forehead. So the marriage was solemnized, to the great joy both of her husband, father and mother: and many report that the king was very constant to his promise; for that, as long as he lived, he always styled himself her knight, and never carried any other token of favour upon his arms, but what she sent him.—Such actions as these gain the hearts of the people, serve as an example for others to imitate, and secure at last an everlasting fame. But there are few now-a-days that trouble their heads about that, the greatest part of our princes being rather cruel tyrants.

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NOVEL VIII.

Sophronia, believing herself to be the wife of Gisippus, is really married to Titus Quintus Fulvius, who carries her to Rome; where Gisippus arrives some time after in great distress, and, thinking himself despised by Titus, confesses himself guilty of a murder, in order to put an end to his life. Titus recollects him, and, to save him, accuses himself; which, when the murderer sees, he delivers himself up as the guilty person. On which account they are all set at liberty by Octavius, and Titus marries Gisippus to his sister, and gives him half his estate.

PHILOMENA now, by the king's order (Pampinea having ceased to speak, and King Pietro being much commended by the whole company, but especially the Ghibelline lady) began in this manner:—

We all know, ladies, that kings can do, as often as they are so disposed, everything that is great and noble. Such things are more particularly required of them. He, therefore that does his duty does well; but yet we should not wonder in that manner, and extol them so highly for it, as we would do another, who, not having the ability, has less incumbent upon him, and yet does as much. If, therefore, you commend the actions of princes to that degree, and think them glorious, I make no doubt but those of our equals will be much more admired by you, when they are found to

resemble, or even exceed them. I shall, therefore, relate the great and noble behaviour of two citizens and friends.

At the time when Octavius Cæsar (afterwards Augustus) governed the empire as one of the triumvirate, there dwelt at Rome a gentleman called Publius Quintus Fulvius, who having a son named Titus Quintus Fulvius, a youth of wonderful parts and learning, sent him to Athens to study philosophy; recommending him to a nobleman there, called Chremes, who was his old friend. This noble person kept him in his own house, as a companion to a son of his own, named Gisippus, and they were both put under the tuition of a philosopher, whose name was Aristippus. Being brought up thus together, their ways and tempers were so conformable, that a brotherly affection and strict friendship sprung up between them, inseparable by any other accident than death; nor had they either happiness or repose but in each other's company. They began their studies together, and proceeded, as they had each an uncommon genius, to the greatest depths of philosophy with equal steps and marvellous applause. Thus they went on for three years, to the great joy of Chremes, who seemed to have the same regard for both; when it chanced that he died, being stricken in years, at which they expressed a like concern: nor could it be well said which was most disconsolate. In a few months afterwards, the friends and relations of Gisippus came to see him, and, along with Titus, began to comfort and persuade him to take a wife, recommending a citizen of theirs, a lady of extraordinary beauty and family, about sixteen years of age. The time of their marriage drawing near, Gisippus prevailed upon Titus, who had not yet seen her, to go with him to pay her a visit. Coming then to the house, and she seating herself between them, Titus, considering the charms of his friend's contracted spouse, began to view her with the greater attention; and being immoderately taken with every part and every feature of her, and praising them secretly to himself, he soon grew as much enamoured as ever man in the world was with a woman, without however shewing the least sign of it. After they had stayed some time, they left her, and returned home; and Titus, going into his chamber by himself, began to reflect upon what he had seen, and the more he thought, the more he grew in love. Recollecting himself at last, after many passionate sighs, he broke out to this effect: "Ah! unhappy Titus, where and on whom hast thou fixed thy heart, thy affection, and

thy whole hope? Knowest thou not, that for the favours received from Chremes and his family, as well as the close friendship betwixt thee and Gisippus, to whom she is espoused, thou oughtest to reverence her as a sister? Whom, then, dost thou love? Why suffer thyself to be thus ensnared? To what purpose that deceitful hope? Open the eyes of thy understanding, O miserable man! and know thyself. Give way to reason, curb thy inordinate appetite, moderate thy irregular desires, and direct them to a different object; subdue thy lascivious passion in the beginning, and be thy own master whilst it is in thy power. It is not convenient what thou desirest! it is not honest. What thou art in pursuit of, even wert thou sure to obtain it, as thou art not, thou oughtest to flee from, if thou hast any regard to what true friendship and thy own duty both require. What, then, wilt thou do? To act reasonably, thou must quit this love."

Then calling to mind the lady, and renouncing what he had before alleged, he said, "The laws of love are of greater force than any other; they disannul those of friendship, or even the laws divine. How often has a father loved his daughter, a brother his sister? which are much stranger things than one friend to love another friend's wife. Besides, I am young, and youth is wholly subject to the government of love. What that directs, then, I approve. Let people of more years think of what is honest: I can will nothing but to love. This her beauty commands from everyone. How am I then to blame? I love her, not because she is espoused to my friend, but I should love her to whomsoever she belonged. It is only fortune that is in fault, in having bestowed her upon him; and perhaps he may be less uneasy at my admiring her, than he would be with any other person."

Thus he kept reasoning with himself backwards and forwards, not that day and night only, but many others, insomuch that he neither eat nor slept, till at last he was forced to keep his bed. Gisippus had observed him pensive for some time, and now seeing him fall sick, was extremely grieved, and sought, by all manner of means, to comfort him, pressing earnestly to know the cause of his grief. When he returned frivolous answers, far from truth, which Gisippus knew to be such; and as he was still urgent to know the real cause, Titus, compelled, as it were, at length to speak, began with sighs and tears to this effect:

"O, Gisippus! if it had pleased the gods, death would have

been much more welcome to me than to live any longer, now I come to reflect that fortune has brought me into a strait, in which trial is to be made of my virtue, and I perceive that it is vanquished to my eternal reproach. But I expect ere long the proper reward, namely, death; which will be much more dear to me than to live with the consciousness of my own baseness; which, as I neither can nor ought to conceal anything from you, I now disclose with shame."

Here he related from the beginning the whole cause of his uneasiness and conflict within himself; as also which way the victory inclined; owning his extreme passion for Sophronia, and declaring, on account of the dishonourableness of it, his resolution to die, which he hoped would shortly come to pass. Gisippus, hearing this discourse, and seeing his affliction, stood some time in suspense, having a love for the lady, though in a more moderate degree: but at length his friend's life was preferred, and, sympathising with him, he wept, and said, "Titus, were it not that you stand more in need of comfort, I should upbraid you for a breach of friendship, in keeping your passion so long a secret. Admitting it to be dishonourable, yet ought it no more to be concealed than if it were otherwise; for if it be the part of a friend to rejoice at what redounds to his friend's credit, it is no less so to attempt to drive from that friend's heart what he judges contrary to it. But to leave this subject, and come to that of which you stand most in need. That you are so passionately in love with Sophronia, who is affianced to me, I am not at all surprised, but should wonder rather if it were otherwise, considering her extraordinary beauty, and the generosity of your soul, so much the more susceptible of love, in proportion to the excellency of the object. The more reason, then, there is for your loving Sophronia, the more unjustly do you complain of fortune in having bestowed her upon me, supposing your love would have been more reputable had she belonged to any other person. But you should rather be pleased that fortune has made her mine; for an indifferent person would have given the preference to himself, which you can never suppose in me, if you hold me as much your friend as I really am. And my reason is this; I do not remember, since the commencement of our friendship, that I ever possessed anything but it was as much yours as my own; and if it was so in every other case, it shall be the same in this. It is true she is my spouse, and I have

loved her most affectionately, waiting with impatience the consummation of our nuptials: but, as your desire and passion for her are the stronger, be assured that she shall be conducted into my chamber, not as my wife, but yours. Then leave these despairing thoughts, shake off that cloudy disposition, re-assume your former health and cheerful temper, and from this hour expect the reward and completion of your love, far more deserving of the lady than mine."

As much pleasure as Titus's hopes afforded him, with so much shame was he overwhelmed from this consideration, that the greater his friend's liberality, the greater disgrace it would be to accept it. Therefore, unable to refrain from tears, he thus feebly replied: "Gisippus, your sincere and generous friendship points out to me what on my part ought to be done. Heaven forbid that I should take her for mine, who was more deservedly destined to be yours: had the gods thought her a fit wife for me, they would have ordered it to have been so. Accept thankfully, then, thy own choice and her gift, and leave me to waste away in tears as unworthy of such a blessing; for either I shall get the better of this passion, and so continue your friend, or else it will get the better of me, and I shall then be out of my misery." Gisippus replied, "My dear friend, if our intimacy might permit me to force you in any respect to comply with my will, it is in this case that I would make use of such influence; if, then, you refuse to condescend to my entreaties, I shall, with that compulsion which is necessary for my friend's welfare, take care that Sophronia be wholly yours. I know full well the force of love, and that many of its votaries have been brought by it to an unhappy end; I see you also in such danger, that you would unavoidably sink under the burden; nor should I be long behind you. Therefore, were there no other reason, yet for my own sake would your life be dear to me. You, then, shall be possessed of her, because you will never meet with any so agreeable to yourself: but for my part I may fancy some other as well. There is no such generosity in this; women are easier found than friends; another wife I can easily procure, but such a friend, perhaps, never. I can better transfer my affection to another, than think of losing you. Rouse yourself, then, I entreat you, if you have any regard for me, from this affliction. Comfort at once both yourself and me, and prepare to receive the joy which your most passionate love so eagerly thirsts after."

Although Titus was ashamed to give his consent, yet love, and his friend's importunities, at length prevailed, and he replied, "Gisippus, in doing what you entreat, and say is so much your desire, I know not whether I may be supposed principally to consult your pleasure or my own. As, therefore, your liberality is such that it surmounts all shame in me, I will do as you command. But remember, it is not being gratified in my love only, however great that may be; but it is receiving my life also at your hands, for which I must own myself your debtor. And may the gods grant that I may be able, some time or other, to shew how much I think myself obliged, in your manifesting a greater regard for me than I had for myself!" After this was over, Gisippus said to him, "Titus, in order that we succeed in this affair, I hold it best to take this method: you know everything is concluded between her friends and mine, and were I now to declare my refusal of her, it would be a matter of great reproach, and I should for ever disoblige both her relations and mine, though the latter I should not so much regard, could I be assured you would obtain her by that means: but I am afraid, in such case, lest they should bestow her upon some other person, and so you lose what I gain not. If you think well of it, then I intend to proceed in the affair, and bring her home as my own spouse, when you shall privately be put to bed to her, as if she was your wife, and at a proper time the thing shall be made public; if they approve of it, it will be well; if otherwise, it will be done, and cannot then be undone, for which reason they must be satisfied." Titus liked this stratagem, and as soon as he was perfectly recovered, Gisippus brought her home with great rejoicings, when the women put her into his bed, and departed. Now Titus's chamber adjoined to Gisippus's, so that a person might go out of one into the other; Gisippus, therefore, having put out the candles, went silently to Titus, and told him that he might now go to bed to his lady. Upon which Titus was so overcome with shame, that he began to repent, and refused it. But Gisippus, who was as much his friend as he had always professed himself, after a long contest, sent him to her. When being gotten into bed, he softly asked if she was willing to be his wife. She, thinking it was Gisippus, replied, "Yes." Then taking a ring of value, and putting it upon her finger, he said, "And I will be your husband." Thus everything was consummated, she thinking all the time that she had been with Gisippus. By this time Publius, the father of

Titus, departed this life, when letters came to Titus, requiring him instantly to depart for Rome upon his private affairs ; which he instantly resolved upon, designing also to take with him Sophronia and Gisippus ; but not seeing how this could be well managed, without his first making a full discovery of what had been done, he therefore one day called her into the chamber, and told her the whole affair, which he made clear to her by many remarkable circumstances. Upon which she gazed first at one, and then the other, with a good deal of confusion, and at length burst out into tears, complaining bitterly of Gisippus's trick upon her ; but before she made any stir about it in the house, she went directly to her father's, and declared to him and her mother the whole treachery, affirming that she was not the wife of Gisippus, as they imagined, but of Titus. This was a most grievous thing both to them and all her relations, who complained heavily of Gisippus, and there was much disturbance and confusion about it. Great was the resentment of his own relations, as well as hers, and all declared him worthy not of reproof only, but severe chastisement. But he, notwithstanding, justified what he had done, averring that thanks were rather due to him from her friends, inasmuch as he had married her to one better than himself. Titus, on the other part, beheld all this with great concern, and knowing it to be the temper of the Greeks to make a mighty noise and stir when no opposition is made, but where there is any resistance, then to be tame and submissive, he resolved to bear their reproaches no longer without a reply ; and having an Attic genius, with a true Roman spirit, he had all Gisippus's and Sophronia's friends summoned together into a temple ; and coming thither, accompanied only by Gisippus, he addressed himself to the expecting multitude in the following manner :—

"It is the opinion of many philosophers that we mortals do nothing but what is pre-ordained by the immortal gods, from whence some conclude that our actions are determined by a fatal necessity, though others refer that necessity to things already past. Whoever has regard to either of these tenets, must allow, that to find fault with what cannot be revoked, is, in other terms, to quarrel with Providence, whom we should believe to govern by perpetual laws, not subject to error, both us and all our affairs ; and yet you yourselves are the people that presume to do this, if it be true what I hear, that you are continually exclaiming against my marriage with

Sophronia, whom you had given to Gisippus, never considering that it was decreed from the beginning that she should not be his wife, but mine, as the effect now proves. However, as discoursing upon the secrets of Providence is too knotty and intricate a subject for most people to comprehend, I am willing to suppose that no regard is had to what is done here below, and shall confine myself altogether to the dictates of human reason. Speaking, therefore, in that manner, I am forced to do two things contrary to my natural temper: to commend myself, and to blame or lessen other people. But as I shall keep strictly to the truth in both respects, and the nature of the case requires me to do both, I therefore proceed. Your complaints arise more from rage than reason; you are continually reviling Gisippus, because he generously parted with a lady whom you designed to be his wife. This action, nevertheless, deserves the highest commendation, and that for two reasons. First, because he has thereby performed a most noble act of friendship; and, secondly, he has acted more wisely than yourselves would have done. How far the sacred bonds of friendship oblige one friend to go for another, I shall not at present examine, but content myself barely with reminding you, that they are much stronger than the ties of blood.—Our friends are our own choice, but our relations we receive from the hands of fortune. If, therefore, Gisippus, who is my friend, valued my life beyond your favour, you need not be surprised. But, secondly, I will shew, by divers instances, seeing that you know little of Providence, and much less of the effects of friendship, that he has proved himself wiser than you all. You gave Sophronia to him, being a young gentleman and a philosopher; he bestowed her on a young gentleman and a philosopher also. You gave her to an Athenian; he conferred her upon a Roman. You gave her to one of a good family; he to a person of a better. You to one that was rich; he to another much richer. You to one who but little esteemed, and scarcely knew her; he to one that loved her as his own life. Consider, then, what I have said, article by article. We are of equal years, and our studies have been the same; he, indeed, is an Athenian, and I a Roman, but no one can pretend to put those two cities in competition. Rome is an independent, free city; Athens, a tributary one. Rome is mistress of the whole world; whilst Athens is under her subjection. Rome is justly famed for arms, extent of empire, and all sorts of polite learning; whilst Athens is only remarkable for a little philosophy

And though you see me here a scholar, and of no great account, yet I am not descended from the dregs of the people. My houses and the public places are filled with the statues of my ancestors, and our annals record the numberless triumphs of the Quintii brought home by them into the Roman Capitol. Nor has time itself tarnished our glory, but the lustre of our house continues the same as ever. I say nothing of my wealth, out of mere shame, remembering that a virtuous poverty was the noblest patrimony of the ancient Romans: but if you be of a different opinion, and think with the ignorant multitude there is any real excellence in riches, I can then tell you that I am abundantly provided, not from my own covetous desires, but the gift of fortune. I know very well that you desired his alliance, as he is of your own city: but why should not I be as much esteemed by you at Rome, considering that you will then have a faithful friend and advocate in all your affairs, both public and private? Upon all these accounts I must conclude that Gisippus has judged more wisely than yourselves. Sophronia is married to a noble and wealthy citizen of Rome, one of an ancient family, and a friend of Gisippus; therefore, whoever makes any complaint or stir about it, neither does as he ought, nor yet knows what he does. But some, perhaps, may say, "We do not so much blame the thing, as the manner in which it was done, she being made his wife, as it were, by stealth." Why, this is no such strange matter! How many examples are there of this kind in the world? Do not daughters marry without their parents' consent? Some go into foreign countries with their gallants, and others never discover their marriages at all, till their appearance or lying-in does it for them. Now there is nothing like this in Sophronia's case; she was decently and honourably disposed of by Gisippus to me. Others may allege that she was married to a person for whom she was never designed; but those complaints are now very foolish, and to no purpose. Fortune makes use of strange methods sometimes to bring things to pass. What is it to me, whether it be a cobbler or a philosopher that does any business of mine, or whether it be in public or private, provided the end be good? Indeed, if I find the cobbler indiscreet in his management, he shall have no more to do for me, but still I am obliged to thank him when he does me any real service. Gisippus has married Sophronia well; then to what purpose is it how he did it? If you question his prudence, let him have no more of your daughters to dispose of; but

still thank him for providing so well for this. I never meant to throw a stain upon your family, in the person of Sophronia; and though I married her in that manner, I neither came as a ravisher, nor one refusing your alliance; I was charmed with her beauty and virtue; and fearing if I proceeded in the usual way, that you would never give your consent, on account of my taking her away to Rome, I therefore had recourse to this artifice, and made Gisippus espouse her for me. Moreover, though I loved her most immoderately, yet, to shew that my designs were strictly honourable, I first espoused her with my own ring, as she can bear me witness, asking her whether she was willing to take me for her husband, when she made answer that she was; if she was deceived, she herself is to blame for not asking me who I was. This, then, is the mighty crime committed by him as a friend, and me as a lover: for this you lay snares for, and threaten his life. What could you do more, had he given her to the veriest scoundrel in the universe? But letting this alone for the present, the time is now come, on account of my father's unexpected death, for my returning to Rome; and, intending to take Sophronia along with me, I have thought it proper to declare what might otherwise have been kept secret; if you be wise, you will take it in good part, for were I capable of such an action, I might basely have left her. But Heaven forbid that such a thought should ever enter the breast of a Roman! Sophronia, therefore, is mine, by the will of Heaven, the laws of men, the generosity of my friend, and the innocent artifice wherewith love inspired me: whilst you, thinking yourselves wiser than other people, or even the gods themselves, contest this my title two ways, both very injurious to me: first, by detaining Sophronia, over whom you have no more power than what I please to give you; and, secondly, by your ill treatment of my friend, to whom yourselves are greatly obliged. How indiscreet you are in both cases I shall not say at present, but only advise you amicably to give up your resentment, and deliver Sophronia to me, that I may depart your friend, and continue so; assuring you, whether you be pleased or otherwise with what is done, that, if you offer to proceed in a different manner, I will then take Gisippus along with me; and when I come to Rome, fetch her, who is mine by right, in spite of you all, from amongst you, making you sensible, at the same time, what it is to incur the just displeasure of the Romans."

After Titus had done speaking, he took Gisippus by the hand,

and went out with him, knitting his brows, and shewing all the marks of passion at those within the temple; whilst they, moved partly with the reasons he had given, and partly terrified with his last words, thought it better to admit him as a relation, since Gisippus had refused it, than to lose the alliance of one, and procure the enmity of the other. So they went with one accord, and told him that they consented he should have Sophronia, and should esteem him as their kinsman, and Gisippus as their friend. Thus they made a solemn agreement together, and departed, delivering Sophronia up to him; who, being wise enough to make a virtue of necessity, the love which she had borne to Gisippus she immediately transferred to Titus, and went with him to Rome, where she was received with great honour and respect.

Gisippus continued at Athens in little esteem with the people; and powerful parties were formed against him, insomuch that he was at length driven from the place, and doomed, with all his family, to perpetual banishment. Being thus destitute of all friends, and no better than a common beggar, he travelled, as well as he could, for Rome, to see if Titus would take any notice of him. When, finding that he was alive, and in great favour with the people, he inquired for his house, and went thither, waiting till he should come past.

Not daring to speak a word, on account of his poverty, he yet put himself in his way, in hopes that he would recollect and challenge him; but he passed by, and Gisippus imagining that he had seen and despised him, and calling to mind what he had formerly done for him, he went away confounded with grief and despair. It was now night, and he had been fasting all that day, and being without a penny of money in his pocket, and desiring nothing so much as to die, he rambled, without knowing whither, till he came to a solitary part of the city, where he found a great cavern, and went into it, with a design of staying all night, when, laying himself down, almost naked, upon the hard ground, he wept himself asleep. To this place two thieves, who had been robbing all night, came with their booty towards break of day, and, quarrelling together about it, one killed the other, and departed. This Gisippus perceiving, and thinking he had now found a way to die, without laying hands upon himself, he stayed there till the officers, who had notice of the murder, came and hurried him violently away. Upon examination, he confessed

that he had committed the fact, and had not the power afterwards to stir from the place.

On this, Marcus Varro, who was the prætor, gave sentence that he should be crucified, as was the usual manner of death in those cases. Now it happened, by great chance, that Titus came into the hall at the very time, and looking attentively in the prisoner's face, and hearing the cause of his condemnation, he instantly knew him to be Gisippus. He wondered, therefore, greatly at this change of fortune, and what could bring him thither; and was determined, at all events, to save him; but seeing no other way but by accusing himself, he stepped resolutely forwards, and called aloud to the prætor in this manner: "Marcus Varro, recall thy sentence; for the person whom thou hast condemned is innocent: it was I who offended the gods, by the murder of that man whom the officers found slain this morning: then do not offend them still more by the murder of another innocent person." Varro was quite astonished, and grieved to that degree, that the whole hall heard him; but not being able, with regard to his own honour, to alter the course of the laws, he ordered Gisippus to come back, when he said, in the presence of Titus, "How couldst thou be so foolish to confess, without any torture, a crime whereof thou art no way guilty, and which would affect thy life? Thou saidst that thou wert the person that slew the man, and now here is another come, who says it was not thou, but he, that did it."

Gisippus lifted up his eyes, and saw that it was Titus, when, concluding that this was done out of a grateful remembrance of the favours he had received, he fell into tears, and said, "Indeed, sir, I did murder him, and Titus's regard for my safety comes now too late." Titus, on the other part, said, "Marcus Verro, take notice, this man is a stranger, and was found, without any arms, by the man's side that was murdered; it is only his poverty that makes him desirous of dying; then set him at liberty, and punish me, who have deserved it." Varro was greatly astonished at the pressing instances of both, presuming that neither one nor the other was guilty; and as he was thinking of a method how they might both be acquitted, behold, a young fellow, named Publius Ambustus, one of a notorious character, and who had actually done the thing, had the humanity, seeing each accusing himself, to come before the prætor, and say, "Sir, the Fates have forced me hither, to solve this difficulty. Some god or power

within me spurs me on to make a confession of my own guilt. Know, therefore, that neither of these people was any way accessary, who are impeaching themselves: I murdered the man early this morning, and this poor wretch was there asleep, whilst I and the man who is killed were dividing our spoil. As for Titus, there is no occasion for my vindicating him; his character is without reproach. Set them both, then, at liberty, and let me suffer what the laws require."

This affair was soon told to Octavius Cæsar, who, being desirous of knowing why they wanted so much to suffer, had all three brought before him, when each related fully how the thing really was. Upon which he set the two friends at liberty, because they were innocent, and pardoned the third also for their sakes. Titus then took his friend Gisippus, and, after reproving him for his distrust and cool credence of his friendship, brought him to his own house, when Sophronia received him with the same affection as if he had been her brother; and giving him clothes suitable to his worth and quality, he afterwards divided his whole substance with him, and bestowed a sister of his, named Fulvia, an agreeable young lady, upon him in marriage; saying further to him, "Gisippus, you have your free choice, whether to stay with me, or to go, with what I have given you, into Greece;" but he, moved partly by his exile, and partly by his love and friendship for Titus, agreed to stay at Rome, where they all lived together in one house, he with his Fulvia, and Titus with his fair Sophronia, to their mutual satisfaction, every day adding something, if possible, to their felicity. A most sacred thing, therefore, is friendship! and worthy not only of singular reverence, but to be celebrated with perpetual applause, as being the prudent mother of magnificence and honesty, the sister of gratitude and charity, and the enemy of hatred and avarice; always ready, without being requested, to manifest that virtuous kindness to others which she would have shewed to herself; whose divine effects are rarely now to be met with, to the great reproach of the sordidness of mankind, which has driven it in a long exile to the farthest corner of the earth. What degree of love, wealth, or affinity, could have wrought so effectually upon the heart of Gisippus, to make him feel the pangs of his friend, and give him up to his beloved spouse? What laws, what threats, or fears, could cause the youth and vigour of Gisippus to forsake his own bed, where a beautiful young lady lay

expecting him, and betake himself to dark and lonesome places? What greatness, what rewards, could make him heedless of disobliging all his own relations, as well as Sophronia's, despising the unjust murmurs and insults of the people, to serve his friend? What, I say, but this only? On the other part, what could prompt Titus, without deliberation, when he might have fairly pretended not to have seen him, to contrive his own death, in order to save Gisippus? What made him so liberal in parting with half his substance to Gisippus, whom fortune had dispossessed of his own patrimony? What induced Titus, when he saw him poor and destitute, to give him his sister, but only this? To what purpose, then, do men covet numbers of relations, brethren, and children, and procure, at a vast expense, great plenty of servants, when, for the least inconvenience that they may sustain, people are apt to forget their duty to parent, brother, or master? Whereas, in true friendship it is quite otherwise, that sacred obligation serves instead of all degrees of affinity.

NOVEL IX.

Saladin, disguising himself like a merchant, is generously entertained by Signor Torello; who, going upon an expedition to the Holy Land, allowed his wife a certain time to marry again. In the meantime he is taken prisoner, and being employed to look after the hawks, is known to the Soldan, who shews him great respect. Afterwards Torello falls sick, and is conveyed, by magic art, in one night, to Pavia, at the very time that his wife was to have been married: when he makes himself known to her, and returns with her home.

PHILOMENA had now concluded her story, and Titus's gratitude was much applauded; when the king began in this manner:—

Most certainly, ladies, Philomena is in the right as to what she has said upon friendship; and it was with reason she complained, last of all, of its being in such little esteem with mankind: and, had we met here to correct or reprove the vices of the age, I could proceed in a loose harangue to the same purpose; but, as that is foreign to our design, I intend to relate, in a long, but pleasant novel, one, out of the many generous actions of Saladin; to the end, that if, through our imperfections, we cannot attain the friendship of anyone, we should yet make it a pleasure to oblige, in hopes that a reward may ensue some time or other.

I say, therefore, that, in the reign of the Emperor Frederick the

First, a general crusade was undertaken by all the Christian princes, for the recovery of the Holy Land; which design of theirs coming first to the ears of Saladin, a most renowned prince, then Soldan of Babylon, he resolved to go in person to see what preparations were making against him, in order to provide the better for his own defence. So, settling all his affairs in Egypt, and taking with him two of his most sage and principal nobles, and three servants only, he set forwards, in the habit of a merchant, as if he was going on a pilgrimage. After travelling over many Christian countries, and riding through Lombardy, in order to pass the mountains, it happened, towards the evening, that, between Pavia and Milan, he met with a gentleman, named Torello d'Istria, who was going with his hawks, hounds, and servants, to a country-house that he had on the river Tesino. Torello, upon seeing them, supposed that they were strangers of some quality, and as such was desirous of shewing them respect. Therefore, Saladin having asked one of the servants how far it was to Pavia, and if they could get there time enough to be admitted, Torello would not let the servant reply, but answered himself, "Gentlemen, it is impossible for you to reach Pavia now before the gates are shut." "Then," quoth Saladin, "please to inform us, as we are strangers, where we may meet with the best entertainment." Torello replied, "That I will do with all my heart; I was just going to send one of my fellows to a place near Pavia, upon some particular business; he shall go with you, and bring you to a place where you will be accommodated well enough." So taking one of the most discreet of his men aside, and having told him what he should do, he sent him along with them, whilst he made the best of his way to his own house, where he had as elegant a supper provided for them as could be supposed for the time, and the tables all spread in the garden; which when he had done he went to the door to wait for his guests. The servant rode chatting along with them, leading them by other roundabout ways, till at last, without their perceiving it, he brought them to his master's house. As soon as Torello saw them, he advanced pleasantly, saying, "Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome." Saladin, who was a very shrewd person, perceived that the knight was doubtful whether they would have accepted his invitation, had he asked them to go with him home, and that he had contrived this stratagem not to be denied the pleasure of entertaining them. So he returned his compliment, and said, "If

it was possible for one person to complain of another's courtesy, we should have cause to blame yours, which, not to mention the hindrance of our journey, compelled us, without deserving your notice otherwise than by a casual salutation, to accept of such great favours as these." Torello, being both wise and eloquent, replied, "Gentlemen, it is poor respect you receive from me, compared to what you deserve, so far as I can judge by your countenances; but in truth there was no convenient place out of Pavia that you could possibly lie at; then pray take it not amiss that you have stepped a little out of your way, to be something less incommoded."

Having said this, the servants were all at hand to take their horses, when they alighted, and were shewn into rooms prepared for them; where they had their boots pulled off, and were refreshed with a glass of wine; falling into agreeable discourse together afterwards till supper-time.

Now Saladin and his people all spoke Latin extremely well, so that they were easily understood by each other, and Torello seemed, in their judgment, to be the most gracious, accomplished gentleman, and one that talked the best, of any they had ever met with. On the other part, Torello judged them to be people of great rank and figure, and much beyond what he at first apprehended; for which reason he was extremely concerned that he could not then have an entertainment and guests suitable. But for this he resolved to make amends the following day; and having instructed one of his servants what he would have done, he sent him to Pavia, which was near at hand, and by a way where no gate was locked, to his wife, who was a lady of great sense and magnanimity.

Afterwards, taking his guests into the garden, he courteously demanded of them who they were. Saladin replied, "We are merchants from Cyprus, and are going upon our affairs to Paris." "Would to Heaven, then," said Torello, "that our country produced such gentry as I see Cyprus does merchants!" So they fell from one discourse to another till the hour for supping, when they seated themselves just as they pleased, and a supper, entirely unexpected, was served up with great elegance and order. In some little time, after the tables were removed, Torello, supposing they might be weary, had them conducted to their chambers, where most sumptuous beds were prepared for them, and he in like manner went to take his rest.

The servant that was sent to Pavia delivered his message to the

lady; who, not with a feminine disposition, but a soul truly loyal, got together great numbers of the friends and servants of Torello, and had everything provided to make a feast indeed, sending through the city by torchlight to invite most of the nobility, and setting forth all the rooms with rich furniture of cloth of gold, fine tapestry, velvets, &c., according to his directions.

In the morning the gentlemen arose, and mounted their horses along with Torello, who ordered out his hawks, and carried them to a neighbouring lake, where he shewed two or three fair flights. But Saladin requesting somebody to direct him to the best inn in Pavia, Torello said, "That I will do, because I have business there." So they were satisfied, and rode on along with him, arriving there about the third hour of the day. And whilst they supposed that he would carry them to the best inn, he brought them directly to his own house, where were about fifty of the principal persons of the city ready to receive them. Saladin and his friends perceiving this, readily guessed how the matter was, and they said, "Sir, this is not what we desired; you did enough for us last night, and more than we could have wished; you might now, therefore, very well let us pursue our journey." He made answer, "Gentlemen, last night I was obliged to fortune, which surprised you upon the road in such manner that you were necessitated to take up with my little mansion; but now I shall be indebted to you, and these noble persons all around equally with me, if, out of your great courtesy, you will not refuse the favour of dining with me." Thus they were prevailed upon, and they alighted from their horses, when they were welcomed by the company with great joy and respect, and conducted into several apartments most richly set out for their reception, where, laying aside their riding dresses, and taking some refreshment, they then made their appearance in the grand hall. After washing their hands they sat down all in order, when such a prodigious entertainment was served up, that if the emperor himself had been present, he could not have been more sumptuously regaled. Even Saladin and his friends, who were people of figure, and accustomed to everything of grandeur, could not help being astonished, having regard to the rank of the person, whom they knew to be only a private gentleman.

When dinner was over, and they had discoursed a little together, the Pavian gentry, the weather being extremely hot, all withdrew

to repose themselves; and Torello, being left with his three guests, shewed them into a drawing-room, where, that nothing which he valued might be left unseen by them, he sent for his lady. She, therefore, being a person of extraordinary beauty, and most sumptuously attired, was speedily introduced between her two little sons, who seemed like angels, when she very modestly and genteelly saluted them. At her coming, they arose, and received her with great deference and respect, seating her down by them, and taking great notice of the children. In a little time, after some discourse together, and Torello was gone out of the room, she, in a modest and graceful manner, began to inquire of them whence they came, and whither they were going. To which they returned the same answer they had done to Torello. "Then," said she, very pleasantly, "I see, gentlemen, that my poor design may be acceptable, I beg, then, as a particular favour, that you will not think lightly of a very small present which I mean to offer you; but, considering that women give little things, according to their slender abilities, that you would accept it, more out of respect to the good intention of the donor, than the real value of the present." So she ordered two robes to be brought for each, the one lined with Taffeta, and the other with fur, not so much becoming a citizen or a merchant as a great lord; and three doublets of sarsenet, with the same of linen, saying, "Gentlemen, pray accept of these things: I clothe you as I do my husband; and, for the rest, considering that you are a great way from your wives, that you have come a long journey, and have far yet to go, they may be of service, though of small value; especially as you merchants love always to be genteel and neat." They were greatly surprised, seeing plainly that Signor Torello would let no part of his respect be wanting; doubting likewise, when they came to see the richness of the presents, whether they were not discovered.—But at length one of them said, "Madam, these are very great things, and such as we ought not to accept, unless you force them upon us; in which case we must comply." Her husband now returned, when she took her leave, and went and made suitable presents to their servants. Torello, with much entreaty, prevailed upon them to stay all that day: therefore, after taking a little sleep, they put on those robes, and took a ride with him round the city, and at their return were nobly entertained with a great deal of good company at supper. At due time they went to bed, and when they arose in the morning,

instead of their wearied steeds they found three strong, handsome, fresh ones, with new serviceable horses also for their servants; which, when Saladin saw, he turned to his friends, and said: "I vow to Heaven, a more complete, courteous, or a more understanding gentleman I never met with anywhere; and if the Christian kings be in degree like to him, the soldan of Babylon would never be able to stand against one, much less so many as are now preparing to invade us." Knowing well that it would be in vain to refuse them, after returning all due thanks, he and his attendants got on horseback, whilst Torello, with a great number of his friends, went with them a considerable distance from the city: and, though Saladin was grieved to separate, such was the regard he had conceived for him, yet, being constrained to depart, he begged he would return. He, yet loath to leave them, replied, "Gentlemen, I will do so, as it is your desire; but this I must tell you, I know not who you are, nor do I seek to be informed any farther than you desire I should; but, be you who you will, you shall never make me believe that you are merchants, and so I commend you to Providence."—Saladin then took leave of all the company; and to Torello he said, "Sir, we may chance to shew you some of our merchandize, and so convince you; but, in the meantime, fare you well." Thus Saladin departed, and his companions, with a firm resolution in case he lived, and the approaching war did not prevent it, to show no less respect and honour to Signor Torello than he had received from him: and talking much of him, his lady, and everything that he had said and done, he commended all to the greatest degree imaginable.—At length, after he had travelled over the west, not without great labour and fatigue, he embarked on board a ship for Alexandria, and being fully informed as to every particular, he prepared for a vigorous defence. Signor Torello returned to Pavia, full of conjectures who these three people should be, in which, however, he was far from the truth. But the time now drawing nigh for the march of the forces, and great preparations being made everywhere, Torello, notwithstanding the prayers and tears of his lady, resolved to go; and having everything in readiness, and being about to mount his horse, he said to her, whom he loved most affectionately, "My dear, you see I am going upon this expedition, as well for the glory of my body as the safety of my soul; I commend my honour and everything else to your care; and, as my departure is certain,

but my return, by reason of a thousand accidents which may happen, uncertain, I request, therefore, this one favour, that, happen what will to me, if you have no certain account of my being alive, you would only wait a year, a month, and a day, without marrying again, reckoning from the day of my leaving you." The lady, who wept exceedingly, thus replied, "My dear husband, I know not how I shall be able to bear the grief in which you leave me involved for your going from me: but, if I should outlive it, and anything happen amiss to you, you may live and die assured that I shall live and die the wife of Torello, and of his memory." He then said, "I make not the least doubt, but that what you promise will be performed, as far as lies in your power; but you are young, beautiful, and well descended, and your virtues so universally known, that I am afraid, should there be the least suspicion of my death, lest many great lords and noble personages should come, and demand you of your brethren and other relations, from whose most urgent solicitations you could never defend yourself, however you might be disposed, and so you be compelled to give way. It is then for this reason that I would tie you down to that time, and not a moment longer." The lady said, "I will do all in my power with regard to my promise; but should I ever think of acting otherwise, yet your injunction I will steadily abide by. Heaven grant, however, that I see you long before that time!" Here she embraced him, shedding abundance of tears, and taking a ring from her finger, gave it him, and said, "If I should chance to die before your return, remember me always when you look upon this." He received it, and bidding everyone farewell, mounted his horse and rode away, with a handsome retinue, for Genoa, where they all embarked, and soon arrived at Acre, when they joined the Christian army, which was visited by a mortal pestilence, that swept away a great part of the people; and the thin remains of it were, by the dexterity or good fortune of Saladin, taken prisoners almost to a man, and distributed into divers cities to be imprisoned; when it was Torello's fortune to be sent to Alexandria; where, being unknown, and fearing lest he should be discovered, he was driven by necessity to undertake the care of hawks, of which he was a great master. By that means he soon fell under the notice of Saladin, who set him at liberty, and made him his falconer. Torello, who went by no other name than that of the Christian, and neither remembered the soldan,

nor the soldan him, had all his thoughts at Pavia, and was often contriving how to make his escape, though without success. But some ambassadors from Genoa being come thither, to treat with the soldan about the redemption of certain of their countrymen, as they were just upon their departure, he resolved to write to his lady, to let her know he was alive, and would make all possible haste home; praying her, therefore, to be in daily expectation of his coming; and so he did. He earnestly entreated also one of the ambassadors, whom he knew, that he would take care those letters came to the hands of the abbot of San Pietro, who was his uncle. Whilst Torello remained in this condition, it happened one day, as Saladin was talking with him about his hawks, that he chanced to laugh, when he made a certain motion with his lips, which Saladin, when he was at his house in Pavia, had taken particular notice of. Upon which he recollected him, and looking steadfastly at him, believed he was the same person. Now leaving his former discourse, he said, "Tell me, Christian, of what country in the west art thou?"—"My lord," replied he, "I am a Lombard, and born in a city called Pavia; but am a poor man, and of no account." When Saladin heard that, he became assured of what he doubted before, saying joyfully to himself, "Providence has now given me an opportunity of shewing how acceptable his generosity was to me." So causing his wardrobe to be set open, he carried him thither, and said, "Take notice, Christian, if there is any one robe amongst these that thou hast seen before." Torello soon cast his eye upon that which his lady had given to Saladin, but not imagining it could be the same, he replied, "My lord, I know not one; two there are, indeed, which are like what I have worn formerly, and which I gave to three merchants that were at my house." Now Saladin could contain no longer, but taking him joyfully in his arms, he said, "You are Signor Torello d'Istria, and I am one of the three merchants to whom your lady gave these robes: and now the time is come for me to convince you what my merchandise is, as I said at my leaving you might possibly happen." Torello, at hearing these words, was overwhelmed both with joy and shame; joy in having had such a guest, and shame to think how indifferently he had received him. When Saladin said, "Torello, as Providence hath sent you hither, account yourself to be master, and not me." So, after great expressions of joy, he clothed him in royal apparel, and having recommended him to

all his principal barons, and spoken highly in his praise, he commanded them to shew him the same respect and honour as they would himself, if they expected any favour at his hands; which accordingly they all observed, especially the two lords who had accompanied Saladin to his house.

The great pitch of grandeur and glory to which Torello saw himself so suddenly advanced, had made him forgetful of his affairs in Lombardy, especially as he was in hopes that his letters had been conveyed safely to his uncle. Now there was amongst the Christians, on the day they were surprised by Saladin, a gentleman of small esteem, dead and buried, called Torello di Dignes; consequently, as Torello d'Istria was universally known through the whole army, on account of his nobility, whoever heard that Torello was dead concluded it was he of Istria, and not of Dignes: and they being all taken prisoners immediately upon it, prevented people being undeceived, so that many Italians returned home with the news, and some were daring enough to affirm that they had seen him dead, and were present at his interment. This occasioned great grief both to his wife and relations, as also to every one that knew him. It would be tedious to shew the lady's trouble and affliction, who, after wearing out some months in mourning, and beginning now to be a little comforted, was much pressed by her brethren and relations, seeing she was courted by divers great lords of Lombardy, to marry again. She several times, with tears, withstood their solicitations, till, being over-importuned, she consented at last, provided they would let her wait the time prescribed by Torello.

Things proceeding thus at Pavia, and there wanting only eight days for her taking a second husband, it happened one day that Torello met with one of the people whom he had seen go on board with the Genoese ambassadors, and inquired of him what sort of a voyage they had, and when they arrived at Genoa. The other replied, "Sir, they had a very bad one, as we understood at Crete, whither I was bound; for, as they came near to Sicily a strong north wind arose, which drove them upon the sands of Barbary, so that every soul of them perished, and amongst the rest two of my brethren were lost." Torello gave credit to this account, which indeed was very true, and calling to mind that the limited time was near expiring; supposing likewise that no tidings had come to Pavia concerning him, he took it for granted that she

would be married again, and laid it so much to heart that he began to loathe his victuals, and was brought to death's door; which, when Saladin understood, who had a great affection for him, he came to visit him, and learning after great importunity the cause of his disorder, he reproved him for not acquainting him with it sooner, desiring him nevertheless to be easy, and promising that he should be at Pavia within the time, and he told him in what manner. Torello gave credit to these words, hearing it was possible, and had been often done, and he began to take heart, and to press Saladin about it; who, therefore, had recourse to a necromancer, whose skill he had made trial of, desiring he would convey Torello upon a bed to Pavia in one night's time. The necromancer promised it should be done, but said it would be convenient for him to be thrown into a sleep. This was concerted, whilst Saladin returned to Torello, and found him bent upon being at Pavia, if possible, within the time, otherwise wishing to die; when he said to him, "Torello, if you have that prodigious value for your lady, and are in such concern lest she should be given away to another, Heaven knows my heart, I can in no way blame you for it; because, of all the women I ever saw, her address and behaviour, setting beauty aside, which is only a fading flower, are most to be commended and esteemed. I should have been glad, as fortune has sent you hither, that what time we have to live we might have reigned together in these our kingdoms. But as I am not likely to have this favour, and you seem resolved to go to Pavia in due time, or else to die, I could greatly have wished to have known it early enough, that I might have sent you home with that state and equipage which your virtue justly requires. But as this did not happen, and you are desirous of being instantly there, I will take care you shall be conveyed in the manner I related to you." Torello then replied, "My lord, the effects, without words, have sufficiently made manifest your disposition towards me, and which, in that supreme degree, is far beyond my deserts; and what you say, living or dying, I shall most assuredly rely upon you. As that then, is my desire, I beg it may be done immediately, for to-morrow is the last day of my being expected."—This Saladin promised, and resolving to send him away the following night, he had a most beautiful and rich bed put up in his grand hall, made of fine velvet and cloth of gold, according to their custom, over which was a most curious counterpoint, wrought in

certain figures, with the largest pearls and other precious stones, supposed to be of an immense value, with two noble pillows, suitable to such a bed. When this was done, he ordered Torello to be clothed after Saracen manner, with the richest and most beautiful robes that were ever seen, and a large turban folded upon his head; and, it now growing late, he went with divers of his nobles to the chamber where Torello was; when, sitting down by him, he began to weep, and say, "Torello, the hour is now at hand which must divide us; and, as I can neither attend you myself, nor cause you to be attended, through the nature of the journey you have to go, which will not admit of it, I must, therefore, take leave of you in your chamber, for which purpose I am now come hither. First, then, I commend you to God's providence, begging you, by the love and friendship existing between us, to be mindful of me always, and, if it be possible, before we finish our lives, that you would settle your affairs in Lombardy, and come once more at least to see me, in order to make some amends for the pleasure which your hasty departure now deprives me of: and, till this shall happen, do not think much to visit me by letters, asking whatever favours you please from me, being assured there is no person living whom I would so readily oblige as yourself." Torello could not refrain from tears, and answered, as well as he could for weeping, in a few words, that it was impossible the favours he had received should ever be forgotten by him, and that, at a proper time, he would not fail to do what he desired. Saladin then embraced him, and saying, "God be with you!" departed out of the chamber, weeping: the nobles also took their leave, and went with Saladin into the great hall, where the bed was provided. But it now waxing late, and the necromancer desiring dispatch, a physician came with a certain draught, and telling him that it was to fortify his spirits, he made him drink it off, when he was immediately cast into a profound sleep. He was then, by Saladin's order, laid upon that magnificent bed, on which was set a most beautiful crown, of prodigious value, written upon in such a manner, as to shew that it was designed by Saladin as a present to Torello's lady. On his finger he put a ring, wherein was a carbuncle, that appeared like a flaming torch, the value of which was not to be estimated. To his side was a sword girt with such ornaments, that the like was scarcely ever seen. About his neck was a kind of solitaire, not to be equalled for the value of the

pearls, and other precious stones, with which it was embellished. And lastly, on each side were two great basins of gold, full of double ducats, with many strings of pearl, rings, girdles, and other things too tedious to mention, which were laid all round him. When this was done, he kissed Torello once more, as he lay upon his bed, commanding the necromancer then to use all possible expedition. Instantly the bed, with Torello upon it, was carried away in presence of them all, leaving them in discourse about it, and set in the church of San Pietro di Pavia, according to his own request, where he was found by the sacrist, fast asleep, with all these jewels and other ornaments, in the morning when it rung to matins; who, coming into the church with a light in his hand, and seeing that rich bed, was frightened out of his wits, and ran out. When the abbot and monks saw him in this confusion, they were greatly surprised, and inquired the reason, which the monk told them. "How!" quoth the abbot, "thou art no child or stranger here, to be so easily terrified; let us go and see this bugbear." They then took more lights, and went altogether into the church, where they saw this wonderful rich bed, and the knight lying upon it fast asleep. And as they stood gazing at a distance, and fearful of taking a nearer view, it happened, the virtue of the draught being gone, that Torello awoke, and fetched a deep sigh; at which the monks and abbot cried out, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" and away they ran. Torello now opened his eyes, and looking all around him, saw he was where he had desired Saladin to have him conveyed, at which he was extremely satisfied; so raising himself up, and beholding the treasure he had with him, whatever Saladin's generosity seemed to him before, he now thought it greater than ever, as having had more knowledge of it. Nevertheless, without stirring from the place, seeing the monks all run away in that manner, and imagining the reason, he began to call the abbot by name, and to beg of him to entertain no doubts in the affair, for that he was Torello, his nephew.—The abbot, at hearing this, was still more afraid, as he supposed him dead many months before; till being assured, by good and sufficient reasons, and hearing himself again called upon, he made the sign of the cross, and went to him. When Torello said, "Father, what are you in doubt about? I am alive, God be thanked, and now returned from beyond sea." The abbot, notwithstanding he had a great beard, and was dressed after the Turkish fashion, soon remembered him; and

assuming some courage, he took him by the hand, and said, "Son, you are welcome home." And he added, "You need not be surprised at my fear, for there was nobody here but was fully persuaded of your death, insomuch that, I must tell you, your lady, Madam Adalieta, overpowered by the prayers and threats of her friends, is now married again, contrary to her own will, and this morning she is to go home to her new husband, and everything is prepared for solemnizing the nuptials."

Torello now arose, and saluted the abbot and all the monks, begging of them to say nothing of his return, till he had dispatched a certain affair. Afterwards, having carried all the jewels and wealth into a place of safety, he related all that had passed to the abbot, who was extremely rejoiced. He then desired to know who that second husband was, and the abbot informed him; when he replied, "I should be glad before she knows of my return, to see how she relishes this wedding; therefore, though it be unusual for the clergy to go to such entertainments, yet, for my sake, I wish you would contrive so that we may be both there." The abbot answered, that he would with all his heart. When it was daylight, he sent to the bridegroom to let him know, that he and a friend would come together to his wedding. The bridegroom replied, that he should be obliged to them for the favour. And when dinner-time came, Torello, in the same habit in which he arrived, went along with the abbot to the bridegroom's house, where he was wonderfully gazed at, though known by nobody; the abbot giving out that he was going as an ambassador from the soldan to the King of France. Torello then was seated at a table opposite to his wife, whom he beheld with great pleasure, and thought he saw uneasiness in her looks at these nuptials. She would likewise give a look sometimes towards him, not out of any remembrance she had of him, for that was quite taken away by his great beard, strange dress, and her full persuasion that he was dead. At last, when he thought it a fit time to try if she would remember him, he took the ring in his hand which she had given him at his departure, and calling one of the young men that was in waiting, he said, "Tell the bride, from me, that it is a custom in our country, when any stranger as I may be, is at such an entertainment as this, for the bride, in token of his being welcome, to send the cup in which she herself drinks, full of wine; when after the stranger has drunk what he pleases and covered the cup, the bride then

pledges him with the rest." The youth delivered the message to the lady, who, thinking him to be some great personage, to let him see his company was agreeable, ordered a large golden cup, which she had before her, to be washed, and filled with wine, and to be carried to him. Torello, having put the ring into his mouth, contrived to let it fall into the cup, without any one's perceiving it; and leaving but little wine therein, he covered it up and sent it to the lady, who received it; and, in compliance with the custom, uncovered and put it to her mouth, when she saw the ring; and, considering it a while, and knowing it to be the same she had given her husband, she took it, and began to look attentively at the supposed stranger; when, calling him to mind, like a distracted person, she threw all the tables down before her, crying out, "This is my lord! This is truly Torello!" Then running to the table where he was sitting, without having regard to anything that was on it, she cast that down likewise, and clasped her arms about him in such a manner, as if she would never separate from him more. At last, the company being in some confusion, though for the most part pleased with the return of so worthy a knight; Torello, after requesting silence, gave them a full account of what had befallen him to that hour; concluding, that he hoped the gentleman who had married his wife, supposing he was dead, would not be disobliged, seeing he was alive, that he took her back again. The bridegroom, though he was not a little disappointed, replied freely, and as a friend, that no doubt he might do what he pleased with his own. She consequently gave up the ring and crown, which she had received from her new husband, and put on that ring instead which she had taken out of the cup, and likewise the crown sent to her by Saladin; and, leaving the bridegroom's house, she went home with all nuptial pomp along with Torello, whither his friends and relations, whom his loss rendered disconsolate, and all the citizens likewise, looking upon him as a miracle, went joyfully to see him, and pay him their respects. Part of the jewels Torello gave to him who had been at the expense of the marriage-feast, and part to the abbot, and to divers others; and having signified his happy arrival to Saladin, he remained from that time his friend and faithful servant, living many years afterwards with his most worthy spouse, and continuing more generous and hospitable than ever. This, then, was the end of both their afflictions, and the reward of their most

cheerful and ready courtesy. Many there are that attempt the like, who, though they have the means, do it yet with such an ill grace, as turns rather to their discredit. If, therefore, no merit ensue from thence, neither they nor any one else ought to be surprised.

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NOVEL X.

The Marquis of Saluzzo having been prevailed upon by his subjects to marry, in order to please himself in the affair, made choice of a countryman's daughter, by whom he had two children, which he pretended to put to death. Afterwards, seeming as though he was weary of her, and had taken another, he had his own daughter brought home, as if he had espoused her, whilst his wife was sent away in a most distressed condition. At length, being convinced of her patience, he brought her home again, presented her children to her, who were now of considerable years, and ever afterwards loved and honoured her as his lady.

THE king's long novel being concluded, which had all the appearance of pleasing, Dioneus, as the only person left to speak, began in this manner:

We seem, to-day, most gracious ladies, to have had only to do with kings, soldans, and such-like people: therefore, that I may not be left too far behind, I intend to speak of a marquis; not with regard to anything noble and great, but rather monstrously vile and brutish, although it ended well at last; which, notwithstanding the event, I would yet advise nobody to imitate.

It is a long time ago, that, amongst the marquises of Saluzzo, the principal or head of the family was a youth, called Gualtieri, who, as he was a bachelor, spent his whole time in hawking and hunting, without any thought of ever being encumbered with a wife and children; in which respect, no doubt, he was very wise. But this being disagreeable to his subjects, they often pressed him to marry, to the end he might neither die without an heir, nor they be left without a lord; offering themselves to provide such a lady for him, and of such a family, that they should have great hopes from her, and he reason enough to be satisfied. "Worthy friends," he replied, "you urge me to do a thing which I was fully resolved against, considering what a difficult matter it is to find a person of a suitable temper, with the great abundance everywhere of such as are otherwise, and how miserable also the man's life must be who is tied to a disagreeable woman. As to your getting at a woman's temper from her family, and so choosing one to please

me, that seems quite a ridiculous fancy: for, besides the uncertainty with regard to their true fathers, how many daughters do we see resembling neither father nor mother? Nevertheless, as you are so fond of having me noosed, I will agree to be so. Therefore, that I may have nobody to blame but myself, should it happen amiss, I will make my own choice; and I protest, let me marry whom I will, that, unless you show her the respect that is due to her as my lady, you shall know, to your cost, how grievous it is to me to have taken a wife at your request, contrary to my own inclination." The honest men replied that they were well satisfied, provided he would but make the trial. Now he had taken a fancy, some time before, to the behaviour of a poor country girl, who lived in a village not far from his palace; and thinking that he might live comfortably enough with her, he determined, without seeking any farther, to marry her. Accordingly he sent for her father, who was a very poor man, and acquainted him with it. Afterwards he summoned all his subjects together and said to them, "Gentlemen, it was and is your desire that I take a wife: I do it rather to please you, than out of any liking I have to matrimony. You know that you promised me to be satisfied, and to pay her due honour, whoever she is that I shall make choice of. The time is now come when I shall fulfil my promise to you, and I expect you to do the like to me: I have found a young woman in the neighbourhood after my own heart, whom I intend to espouse, and bring home in a very few days. Let it be your care, then, to do honour to my nuptials, and to respect her as your sovereign lady; so that I may be satisfied with the performance of your promise, even as you are with that of mine." The people all declared themselves pleased, and promised to regard her in all things as their mistress. Afterwards they made preparations for a most noble feast, and the like did the prince; inviting all his relations, and the great lords in all parts and provinces about him: he had also most rich and costly robes made, shaped by a person that seemed to be of the same size with his intended spouse; and provided a girdle, ring, and fine coronet, with everything requisite for a bride. And when the day appointed was come, about the third hour he mounted his horse, attended by all his friends and vassals; and having everything in readiness, he said, "My lords and gentlemen, it is now time to go for my new spouse." So on they rode to the village, and when he was

come near the father's house, he saw her carrying some water from the well, in great haste, to go afterwards with some of her acquaintance to see the new marchioness; when he called her by name, which was Griselda, and inquired where her father was. She modestly replied, "My gracious lord, he is in the house." He then alighted from his horse, commanding them all to wait for him, and went alone into the cottage, where he found the father, who was called Giannucolo, and said to him, "Honest man, I am come to espouse thy daughter; but would first ask her some questions before thee." He then inquired whether she would make it her study to please him, and not be uneasy at any time, whatever he should do or say; and whether she would always be obedient; with more to that purpose. To which she answered, "Yes." He then led her out by the hand, and made her strip before them all; and ordering the rich apparel to be brought which he had provided, he had her clothed completely, and a coronet set upon her head, all disordered as her hair was; after which, everyone being in amaze, he said, "Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband." Then, turning towards her, who stood quite abashed, "Will you," said he, "have me for your husband?" She replied, "Yes, if so please your lordship."—"Well," he replied, "and I take you for my wife." So he espoused her in that public manner, and mounting her on a palfrey, conducted her honourably to his palace, celebrating the nuptials with as much pomp and grandeur as though he had been married to the daughter of the King of France; and the young bride shewed apparently that with her garments she had changed both her mind and behaviour. She had a most agreeable person, and was so amiable, so good-natured withal, that she seemed rather a lord's daughter than that of a poor shepherd; at which everyone that knew her before was greatly surprised. She was, too, so obedient to her husband, and so obliging in all respects, that he thought himself the happiest man in the world; and to her subjects likewise so gracious and condescending that they all honoured and loved her as their own lives; praying for her health and prosperity, and declaring, contrary to their former opinion, that Gualtieri was the most prudent and sharp-sighted prince in the whole world; for that no one could have discerned such virtues under a mean habit and country disguise, but himself. In a very short time, her discreet behaviour and good works were the common subject of

discourse, not in that country only, but everywhere else; and what had been objected to the prince, with regard to his marrying her, now took a contrary turn. They had not lived long together before she proved with child, and at length brought forth a daughter, for which he made great rejoicings. But soon afterwards a new fancy came into his head; and that was, to make a trial of her patience by long and intolerable sufferings: so he began with harsh words, and an appearance of great uneasiness; telling her that his subjects were greatly displeased with her for her mean parentage, especially as they saw she bore children; and that they did nothing but murmur at the daughter already born. Which, when she heard, without changing countenance or her resolution in any respect, she replied, "My lord, pray dispose of me as you think most for your honour and happiness: I shall entirely acquiesce, knowing myself to be meaner than the meanest of the people, and that I was altogether unworthy of that dignity to which your favour was pleased to advance me." This was very agreeable to the prince, seeing that she was no way elevated with the honour he had conferred upon her. Afterwards, having often told her, in general terms, that his subjects could not bear with the daughter that was born of her, he sent one of his servants, whom he had instructed what to do, who, with a very sorrowful countenance, said to her, "Madam, I must either lose my own life, or obey my lord's commands: now he has ordered me to take your daughter, and ——" without saying anything more.

She, hearing these words, and noting the fellow's looks, remembering also what she had heard before from her lord, concluded that he had orders to destroy the child. So she took it out of the cradle, kissed it, and gave it her blessing; when, without changing countenance, though her heart throbbed with maternal affection, she tenderly laid it in the servant's arms, and said, "Take it, and do what thy lord and mine has commanded; but prithee leave it not to be devoured by the fowls or wild beasts, unless that be his will." Taking the child, he acquainted the prince with what she said; who was greatly surprised at her constancy, and he sent the same person with it to a relation at Bologna, desiring her, without revealing whose child it was, to see it carefully brought up and educated. Afterwards the lady became with child the second time, and was delivered of a son, at which he was extremely pleased.— But, not satisfied with what he had already done, he began to

grieve and persecute her still more; saying one day to her, seemingly much out of temper, "Since thou hast brought me this son, I am able to live no longer with my people; for they mutiny to that degree, that a poor shepherd's grandson is to succeed, and be their lord after me, that, unless I would run the risk of being driven out of my dominions, I must be obliged to dispose of this child as I did the other; and then to send thee away, in order to take a wife more suitable to me." She heard this with a great deal of resignation, making only this reply: "My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, without the least care for me; for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to yourself." Not many days after, he sent for the son in the same manner as he had done for the daughter; and, seeming also as if he had procured him to be destroyed, had him conveyed to Bologna, to be taken care of with the daughter. This she bore with the same resolution as before, at which the prince wondered greatly, declaring to himself that no other woman was capable of doing the like. And, were it not that he had observed her extremely fond of her children, whilst that was agreeable to him, he should have thought it want of affection in her; but he saw it was only her entire obedience and condescension. The people, imagining that the children were both put to death, blamed him to the last degree, thinking him the most cruel of men, and shewing great compassion for the lady. Who, whenever she was in company with the ladies of her acquaintance, that they condoled with her for her loss, she would only say, "It was not my will, but his who begot them." But more years being now passed, and he resolving to make the last trial of her patience, declared, before many people, that he could no longer bear to keep Griselda as his wife, owning that he had done very foolishly, and like a young man, in marrying her, and that he meant to solicit the pope for a dispensation to take another, and send her away: for which he was much blamed by many worthy persons; but he said nothing in return, only that it should be so. She, hearing this, and expecting to go home to her father's, and possibly tend the cattle as she had done before; whilst she saw some other lady possessed of him whom she dearly loved and honoured, was perhaps secretly grieved; but as she had withstood other strokes of fortune, so she determined resolutely to do now. Soon afterwards, Gualtieri had counterfeit letters come to him, as from Rome, acquainting all his people that his holiness thereby

dispensed with his marrying another, and turning away Griselda; he had her brought before them, when he said, "Woman, by the pope's leave I may dispose of thee, and take another wife. As my ancestors, then, have been all sovereign princes of this country, and thine only peasants, I intend to keep thee no longer, but to send thee back to thy father's cottage, with the same portion which thou broughtest me; and afterwards to make choice of one more suitable in quality to myself." It was with the utmost difficulty she could now refrain from tears; and she replied, "My lord, I was always sensible that my servile condition would no way accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been, I own myself indebted to Providence and you; I considered it as a favour lent me: you are now pleased to demand it back; I, therefore, willingly restore it. Behold the ring with which you espoused me; I deliver it to you. You bid me take the dowry back which I brought you; you will have no need for a teller to count it, nor I for a purse to put it in, much less a sumpter-horse to carry it away; for I have not forgotten that you took me naked: and if you think it decent to expose that body which has borne you two children in that manner, I am contented; but I would entreat you, as a recompense for my virginity, which I brought you, and do not carry away, that you would please to let me have one shift over and above my dowry." He, though ready to weep, yet put on a stern countenance, and said, "Thou shalt have one only then." And, notwithstanding the people all desired that she might have an old gown, to keep her body from shame who had been his wife thirteen years and upwards, yet it was all in vain. So she left his palace in that manner, and returned weeping to her father's, to the great grief of all who saw her. The poor man, never supposing that the prince would keep her long as his wife, and expecting this thing to happen every day, had safely laid up the garments of which she had been despoiled the day he espoused her. He now brought them to her, and she put them on, and went as usual about her father's little household affairs, bearing this fierce trial of adverse fortune with the greatest courage imaginable. The prince then gave it out that he was to espouse a daughter of one of the counts of Panago; and, seeming as if he made great preparation for his nuptials, he sent for Griselda to come to him, and said to her, "I am going to bring this lady home whom I have just married, and intend to shew her all possible respect at her

first coming: thou knowest that I have no women with me able to set out the rooms, and do many other things which are requisite on so solemn an occasion. As, therefore, thou art best acquainted with the state of the house, I would have thee make such provision as thou shalt judge proper, and invite what ladies thou wilt, even as though thou wert mistress of the house; and when the marriage is ended, return thee home to thy father's again." Though these words pierced like daggers to the heart of Griselda, who was unable to part with her love for the prince so easily as she had done her great fortune, yet she replied, "My lord, I am ready to fulfil all your commands." She then went into the palace, in her coarse attire, from whence she had but just before departed in her shift, and with her own hands did she begin to sweep, and set all the rooms to rights, cleaning the stools and benches in the hall like the meanest servant, and directing what was to be done in the kitchen, never giving over till everything was in order, and as it ought to be. After this was done, she invited, in the prince's name, all the ladies in the country to come to the feast. And on the day appointed for the marriage, meanly clad as she was, she received them in the most genteel and cheerful manner imaginable.

Now Gualtieri, who had his children carefully brought up at Bologna (the girl being about twelve years old, and one of the prettiest creatures that ever was seen, and the boy six), had sent to his kinswoman there, to desire she would bring them, with an honourable retinue, to Saluzzo, giving it out all the way she came that she was bringing the young lady to be married to him, without letting any one know to the contrary.

Accordingly, they all set forwards, attended by a goodly train of gentry; and, after travelling some days, reached Saluzzo about dinner-time, when they found the whole country assembled, waiting to see their new lady. The young lady was most graciously received by all the women present; and being come into the hall where the tables were all covered, Griselda, meanly dressed as she was, went cheerfully to meet her, saying, "Your ladyship is most kindly welcome." The ladies, who had greatly importuned the prince, though to no purpose, to let Griselda be in a room by herself, or else that she might have some of her own clothes, and not appear before strangers in that manner, were now seated, and going to be served round; whilst the young lady was universally admired, and everyone said that the prince had made a good change; but

Griselda in particular highly commended both her and her brother. The marquis now thinking that he had seen enough with regard to his wife's patience, and perceiving that in all her trials she was still the same, being persuaded likewise that this proceeded from no want of understanding in her, because he knew her to be singularly prudent, he thought it time to take her from that anguish which he supposed she might conceal under her firm and constant deportment. So, making her come before all the company, he said, with a smile, "What thinkest thou, Griselda, of my bride?" "My lord," she replied, "I like her extremely well; and if she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest man in the world with her: but I most humbly beg you would not take those heart-breaking measures with this lady as you did with your last wife; because she is young, and has been tenderly educated, whereas the other was inured to hardships from a child."

Gualtieri perceiving, that though Griselda thought that person was to be his wife, that she nevertheless answered him with great humility and sweetness of temper, he made her sit down by him, and said, "Griselda, it is now time for you to reap the fruit of your long patience, and that they who have reputed me to be cruel, unjust, and a monster in nature, may know that what I have done has been all along with a view to teach you how to behave as a wife; to shew them how to choose and keep a wife; and, lastly, to secure my own ease and quiet as long as we live together, which I was apprehensive might have been endangered by my marrying. Therefore I had a mind to prove you by harsh and injurious treatment; and not being sensible that you have ever transgressed my will, either in word or deed, I now seem to have met with that happiness I desired: I intend, then, to restore in one hour what I have taken away from you in many, and to make you the sweetest recompence for the many bitter pangs I have caused you to suffer. Accept, therefore, this young lady, whom you thought my spouse, and her brother, as your children and mine. They are the same which you and many others believed that I had been the means of cruelly murdering; and I am your husband, who love and value you above all things; assuring myself that no person in the world can be happier in a wife than I am."

With this he embraced her most affectionately, when, rising up together, (she weeping for joy, they went where their daughter was sitting, quite astonished with these things, and tenderly saluted

both her and her brother, undeceiving them and the whole company. At this the women all arose, overjoyed, from the tables, and taking Griselda into the chamber, they clothed her with her own noble apparel, and as a marchioness, resembling such an one even in rags, and brought her into the hall. And being extremely rejoiced with her son and daughter, and every one expressing the utmost satisfaction at what had come to pass, the feasting was prolonged many days. The marquis was judged a very wise man, though abundantly too severe, and the trial of his lady most intolerable; but as for Griselda, she was beyond compare. In a few days the Count da Panago returned to Bologna, and the marquis took Giannucolo from his drudgery, and maintained him as his father-in-law, and so he lived very comfortably to a good old age.

Gualtieri afterwards married his daughter to one of equal nobility, continuing the rest of his life with Griselda, and shewing her all the respect and honour that was possible. What can we say, then, but that Divine spirits may descend from heaven into the meanest cottages; whilst royal palaces shall produce such as seem rather adapted to have the care of hogs, than the government of men. Who but Griselda could, not only without a tear, but even with seeming satisfaction, undergo the most rigid and unheard of trials of her husband? Many women there are who, if turned out of doors naked in that manner, would have procured themselves fine clothes, adorning at once their own persons and their husbands' brows.

Dioneus's novel, which was now concluded, was much canvassed by the company, this blaming one thing, and that commending another, according to their respective fancies; when the king, seeing the sun was now far in the west, and that the evening drew on apace, said, without rising from his seat, "I suppose you all know, ladies, that a person's sense and understanding consist, not only in remembering things past, or knowing the present; but to be able, by both these means, to foresee what is to come, is, by the more knowing part of mankind, judged the greatest proof of wisdom. To-morrow, you are sensible, it will have been fifteen days since we, by way of amusement, and for the preservation of our lives, came out of Florence, avoiding all those cares and melancholy reflections which continually haunted us in the city, since the beginning of that fatal pestilence.—And, in my opinion, we have

done honestly and well. For, though some light things have been talked of, and a loose given to all sorts of innocent mirth, yet am I not conscious of any thing blameworthy that has passed among us; but everything has been decent, everything harmonious, and such as might well beseem the community of brothers and sisters.

Lest, therefore, something should happen, which might give us uneasiness, and make people put a bad construction upon our being so long together, now all have had their days, and their shares of honour, which at present rests in me, I hold it most advisable for us to return from whence we came. Besides, as people know of our being together, our company may probably increase, which would make it entirely disagreeable. If you approve of it, then, I will keep the power till to-morrow, that we depart; but if you resolve otherwise; I have a person in my eye to succeed me." This occasioned great debates, but at last it was thought safest and best to comply with the king. He consequently called the master of the household, and, after giving proper directions for the next morning, dismissed them all till supper-time. They now betook themselves, as usual, some to one thing, and some to another, for their amusement; and, when the hour came, supped very agreeably together, after which they began their music; and whilst Lauretta led up a dance, the king ordered Flammetta to sing a song, which she did in a pretty, easy manner, as follows :—

SONG.

CHORUS.

Did love no jealous cares infest,
No nymph on earth would be so blest.

I.

If sprightliness, and blooming youth,
An easy and polite address,
Strict honour, and regard for truth,
Are charms which may command success;
Then sure you will my choice approve,
For these all centre in my love
CHORUS. Did love, &c.

II.

But when I see what arts are tried,
By nymphs as fair and wise as I,
A thousand fears my heart betide,
Lest they should rob me of my joy

Thus that for which I triumph'd so
Becomes the cause of all my woe.
CHORUS. Did love, &c.

III.

Would he prove firm to my desire,
No more I should myself perplex,
But virtues like to his inspire
The same regard in all our sex:
This makes me dread what nymph be nigh,
And watch each motion of his eye.
CHORUS. Did love, &c.

IV.

Hence, then, ye damsels, I implore,
As you regard what's just and fit,
That you, by am'rous wiles, no more
This outrage on my love commit:
For know, whilst thus you make me grieve,
You shall repent the pain you give.

CHORUS.

Did love no jealous cares infest,
No nymph on earth would be so blest.

As soon as Flammetta had finished her song, Dioneus, who sat close to her, laughed, and said, "Madam, it would be kind to let ladies know whom you mean, for fear some other should take possession out of ignorance, and you have cause to be offended." This song was followed by many others, and, it now drawing near midnight, they all went, at the king's command, to repose themselves. By break of day they arose, and, the master of the household having sent away their carriages, returned, under the conduct of their discreet king, to Florence, when the three gentlemen left the seven ladies in New St. Mary's church, where they first met, going from thence where it was most agreeable to themselves; and the ladies, when they thought fit, repaired to their several houses.

THE END.

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